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AUTHOR'S NOTE

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SPAIN AFTER THE WAR

I

THE OUTLOOK

THE Spaniards of to-day have done a real service to Europe. By remaining neutral they have not only saved their country, but they have preserved more of the European spirit—or what we used to believe was the European spirit—than any other of the belligerent peoples. Travel and conversation with men of very different classes in very different provinces shows convincingly that the European view of life and its values—that mixture of idealism, humanity and common sense with other ingredients not so easily described—is more alive to-day in Spain than in most other countries. Listening to Spaniards I have often felt that they are expressing a point of view which is very "English." It is a point of view which an Englishman can admire or at any rate understand with sympathy, one which (he is aware) is or was held by many people in his own country, and one of which he is rather proud. In modern Spain it frequently happens that people say things and do things in a way which seems more ultimately English than you ever heard in any country but England itself.

In preserving in a distracted Continent the spirit of idealism, humanity and common sense, especially in their outlook on the doings of their neighbours,

the Spanish people has also preserved itself. Intervention in the European war would never have carried the people with it in 1914, and such intervention is less likely than ever to do so in the future. The government may enter into defensive and offensive alliances, and commit the people whom they are supposed to represent to untold hardship and misery in the future ; but the government in Spain cannot by the wildest flight of imagination be considered to represent the wishes of the Spanish people. The fact of Spanish neutrality, which was realized more by accident than anything else, is almost the only occasion on which the government has expressed the will of the majority of Spanish men and women, or even acted according to common sense. In Spain, as in other countries, it is most important to distinguish between the government mind and the mind of the people who are governed.

From its economic aspect, intervention would have been fatal to the welfare of Spain : abstention has not entirely saved it, but has put the country in a better position than it has been for some hundreds of years. For the first time for several generations there has been money in Spain, money, that is, in free circulation, and money which people were willing and able to spend on things like books, music, architecture and —a thing which is of the utmost importance in Spain —on education. There is or should be money, too, for making the conditions of life more tolerable. There has been plenty of money available for speculation in the depreciated currency of other nations ; and gifts of money as well as enormous quantities of fruit and vegetables have been sent to Vienna to mend conditions of want and misery to which no Spaniard could remain insensible. And although the social discontent caused by the war has spread from the belligerent countries to Spain, yet individual as

apart from social discontent has not yet become common.

Educated Spaniards who have been in England, France and the United States since the armistice have been surprised to find that there are few signs of the great spiritual and moral regeneration which the fact of being in the war was supposed to have brought about. What they see are exhausted countries and worn out, nervous individuals; social classes which are discontented to the point of violence, and men and women whose restlessness seems to destroy any chance of their ever being happy again. Social discontent was no new thing for a Spanish observer; but the sight of so much individual unhappiness alongside of the loss of so much personal dignity and the fever for distraction and dissipation has led many of them to the conclusion that, after all, Spain is a country in which it is possible to live and be reasonably happy.

The few reliable Englishmen who have written on Spanish things bring out one point very clearly. Travellers like Ford and Havelock Ellis, possessed *el vivo afan de comprender*, the real desire to find out the truth and understand it, and had no wish to construct a romantic, imaginary Spain for home consumption. They had no doubt of the fundamental soundness of the Spaniard himself, the ordinary man of whatever class he belongs to. "Juan Español" has all the good points that Ford says he has; the tragedy is that for three centuries or more he has been under a bad government, and brief intervals of enlightenment, such as the reign of Charles III. in the eighteenth century, have always been followed and nullified by periods of reaction and oppression. It is not that his rulers have been fundamentally vicious; but often they have not known their job or have not been interested in it; and, in many cases, they have acted on political or economic theories which were

afterwards proved to be wrong. Militarism and legislation against aliens have left a devastating effect upon Spanish history.

The patient, rather "English" attitude of Juan Español towards government has been exploited by all his rulers; just as his fund of natural and very real religion has been used by his ecclesiastical governors to support monstrous and grotesque institutions like the Holy Inquisition. So the Spanish tradition has grown up; and starting from much the same position and much the same sort of people as the English of Elizabethan times, it has led Spain from misadventure to misadventure through three wasted centuries. "Is it not bitter sarcasm," says Don José Ortega Gasset—a writer whom no one interested in Spain can afford to neglect—"that after three and a half centuries of misdirected wandering, we are invited to follow the national tradition! What is our tradition? In Spain the reality of tradition has always consisted in the progressive annihilation of Spanish possibilities. For me the word *Español* signifies a thing of great promise which only in the rarest cases has been fulfilled."

The Spanish government has always been the chief enemy of Spain; but the man who did as much harm to his country as any other, King or commoner, was Ferdinand VII. In the eighteenth century attempts at reform had been made; and however tentative in their execution and uncertain in their results, they were in a fair way towards bringing Spain into a condition to face the industrial revolution and multifarious problems brought by the nineteenth. The Spanish rising against the French in the War of Liberation showed what stuff the Spanish people was made of; indeed, a race as exhausted as the Spanish is said to have been at the end of the eighteenth century could hardly have produced a mind

like that of Goya. But Ferdinand spoiled Spain's chances of success in the nineteenth century. It was not so much his reactionary rule in the later twenties, after French troops had once more been let loose in Spain and had compelled the Cortes of Cadiz to liberate the King and dissolve. His worst crime, or at the least his most unfortunate action, was to abolish the Salic Law ; and by disinheriting his brother, Don Carlos, he plunged Spain into fifty years of confusion and fighting.

The history of the years between 1833 and 1876 in England and Germany is a history of great intellectual achievement and of unrivalled material progress, which neither war nor imperialism could seriously hinder. The construction of railways may be taken as the most characteristic product of nineteenth-century civilization, facilitating intellectual as well as commercial intercourse, while, in the beginning, their use in military operations hardly dawned in the minds of strategists. It was a period of real constructive progress ; and though it did not by any means solve all the problems which had arisen from the new industrial conditions, it aimed at producing things which were useful and cheap, while the manufacture of artillery remained on about the same level as it had been in the times of Napoleon. The history of this period in Spain is the history of various generals ; their only interest to us now is in the inexhaustible supply of " Episodios nacionales " which they provided, and in the fact that the next generation produced, in Benito Pérez Galdós, a really great novelist who was capable of turning them into literature.

But national episodes are apt to interfere with national culture. English opera, for instance, has never recovered from the Civil War ; Spain is only just catching up the time wasted in the nineteenth century. The wonder is, not how little material and

intellectual progress there was, but how much. Reading about the various generals in Galdós' "National Episodes," or in Baroja's "Memoirs of a Man of Action" should make us forget the deficiencies of the Spanish railway system, or at all events understand them; and the interesting novels of writers of genius like Valera, Pereda, and Palacio Valdés should make us look tolerantly upon the illiteracy and general lack of education of their times.

While every man and woman in the rest of Europe has been involved in war, Spaniards have been catching up their more progressive neighbours, and making good the loss of time, money and individual happiness which came in the nineteenth century. Early in 1916 a much-travelled observer, writing to me in France on the death of so many of the generation of Rupert Brooke, said: "What I notice is not so much the loss of life, as the loss of personality in those who are left." It is a most striking thing about the Spaniards of to-day, of all classes, that they have more personality than many people in England. Here many of us have been left limp and thoughtless by five years of war; the strongest personalities can easily command a following for any object. This may lead to great things, if the strong personalities turn out to be wise and great men; their task should be to make us once more a reasonable people, not a flock of sheep. The task of the Spanish statesman, when he arrives, is somewhat different. His flock have more determination than sheep, and will soon have all the material advantages of the rest of Europe; his job will be to educate their rulers, and to educate them to choose their rulers, to lead them in the way they deserve to be led towards the real personal, individual welfare which a Spaniard has always deserved.

There are dangers ahead undoubtedly. Profiteering during the war and high prices now that it is over,

combined with the intransigeance of both masters and men, have produced grave conditions in Barcelona ; and the social unrest, after showing itself in stoppages at Valencia and a certain amount of violence in Saragossa, is not unlikely to spread to Madrid. In Madrid the unruly elements are no more debased or vicious than in any other town of its size ;[1] but there is a peculiar quality in the climate which stimulates active tempers to thoughtless action, and produces bad attacks of " nerves " on the more thoughtful and, unfortunately, on those in official positions as well. Politically, the government of Spain is often in a state of absolute chaos ; crisis follows crisis with bewildering frequency. One feels that if the army and the committees of generals would only mind their own business it should not be impossible for wise and skilful statesmanship to surmount the difficulties. But people in Spain have learnt long ago that a change of government is only a change of names, and does not affect them personally in any way whatever.

II

WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF IT ALL

In these few pages and those that follow I have tried to point out the way of approach to what I have found to be the attitude adopted by thinking men and women in Spain. If it is desired to hear the other side—and the " other " side in this connexion is, as

[1] The patience of all classes towards the muddling of the administration is incredible. Prices are, if anything, higher than they are in London ; bread, tobacco, oil, and sometimes even water, can only be obtained by waiting many hours in a queue. Yet the Madrileños, or rather the women of Madrid (for it is they who chiefly suffer) accept all these things without protest and without violence. ¡ *Paciencia* ! *No hay más remedio* ! (There's nothing else for it, but patience.)

one would naturally expect, the side which is most "vocal" and most easily heard—a good idea of its case can be obtained from the newspaper *A. B. C.*

To begin with, it is important not to under-estimate the resources of the instrument or the technique with which it is played. If *El Sol* and *La Libertad* represent all that is best in European journalism combined with up-to-date methods, *A. B. C.*, with methods and news services hardly less efficient, represents that kind of journalism which used to be called "yellow," and which did unspeakable harm in embittering the belligerents and spreading hatred and misrepresentation instead of truth and understanding. *A. B. C.* is, and has always been, the paper of men who do not think and cannot reason. "They talk, but they never discuss." They read their paper, but are incapable of analysing or connecting the statements contained in it. They swallow their information like pills, and the pills have been carefully prepared so as to slip into the system with as little disturbance as possible. These men have hardly a single opinion that is really their own ; all their judgments have been manufactured for them, and administered in the form of pills. A man who shows signs of the power to form judgments for himself is to be considered either as wrong or as a dangerous example. He is neglected, avoided by all good patriots, or becomes a writer for *A. B. C.* For it must never be forgotten that the duty of the press is not to report facts, but to publish opinions. The public has no business to form opinions ; its duty is to accept and propagate the opinions formed by men who know, *i.e.* those who write in its press. Criticism is no part of the public's job ; that is all done for them in the newspaper office ; they have simply to believe what they are told by the men qualified to know. Asking questions is not only a waste of time, bordering on

impertinence; it is playing into the hands of that insignificant group of unpatriotic men who are always trying to belittle the traditions of Spain and speaking evil of the Spaniards.

All this is merely a form of that anti-intellectual movement which we, in England, have got to know only too well during the war, both in newspapers and government offices. But we must not make the mistake of undervaluing the brains of the men who conduct this new crusade against all freedom of thought. *A. B. C.* has several able writers working for it; besides the admirable "Azorín."[1] They are all clever and possess what is sometimes called "limpidity of style"; it might be described as bluntness refined by a certain amount of polish, or polish relieved by a certain amount of bluntness. They are clear and easy to follow, and they say what they want to say in a comparatively short space. The comparatively short space is, of course, the space of an article in *A. B. C.* They have made a very careful study of the technique of writing articles; they have realized that it is a form—as personal as the essay, as didactic as the lecture—but their teaching is based, not on facts, but on "oughts" tricked out to look like facts. They are much occupied with "the greater Spain"—kilometrically greater, that is, not a Spain greater for the happiness and well-being of its people, or for its triumphs of the mind and spirit. They are obsessed with the notion of the *Raza Española.* They write about South America. They have nothing particularly new to say about the *Conquistadores*; and "El poema de la Pampa" is not a poem which any one would ever want to read unless he found it in a dentist's waiting room. You feel that they are not

[1] "Azorín" (Don José Martínez Ruiz) is one of the oldest and best contributors to *A. B. C.* But his delicate fancy seems curiously out of place there, and the following remarks have no application to him.

really interested in the *Conquistadores*, or even in literature for that matter; what they care about is that you should look at them in the right way, which means to say the way convenient to the policy of *A. B. C.* Their articles are all instruments of propaganda, pills of information made up so as to produce the state of mind which "the paper" requires of its readers.

Some of these writers have, I believe, lived in England; their views sometimes have in them a suggestion of an Englishman—one might almost say of "an Englishman"—who reads a certain newspaper solidly every day of the week. Yet it is strange to reflect that many of the regular contributors to *A. B. C.* went against the Allies. Before I went to Spain, I vowed that the fact of a man's having been pro-this or pro-that in 1914 should have no influence on my opinion of his art or thought or personal character in 1919; the opinions held about the war could not (I thought) have much more than a historical significance, now that that unfortunate series of events was definitely over. But I had forgotten to reckon with the individualism of the Spanish character, which asks of every new fact presented to it, "How is this going to affect me personally and my own people?" When war was declared the Spanish people, almost alone in the whole of Europe, asked themselves this question. They were not selfish; they were merely wise enough to see that of all the possible effects the most important to them was the effect a state of war would have on domestic concerns. News of the declaration of war polarized Spanish opinion about two centres; every one had to come down definitely in one place or the other. But the considerations which weighed with them were not those with which the other nations went to war: justice, revenge, land-grabbing, or what not; they were all questions of internal political ideals. The names German, French and English

stood for systems, ways of looking at things, ideals which were confined to domestic affairs. It is therefore more than a matter of merely antiquarian interest to see what sort of people came down on which side when the news of the various declarations of war reached Spain. The army, of course, was pro-German ; it was the natural attitude for any army, and the Spanish army stands for the same things which the German army stood for—reaction and militarism. With the army came many of the clericals, seeing in the German military state a model of what the Church militant had once been in Spain and might be again. And the Clerical party included many of the aristocracy and many members of the government. They had no particular love for the Germans, no particular dislike of the French, and no dislike at all for the English, unless it was over the possession of Gibraltar ; but German militarism stood for the triumph, in Spain, of all the things which they were interested in preserving, and these necessarily included superstition, ignorance, social inequality and a conscript army. *A. B. C.* and its comfortably-off bourgeois subscribers went pro-German almost to a man. Pro-Germanism with them was simply an affair of domestic politics. They did not object to the English ; and some of their writers, like Sr. Salaverría, might well have called England his spiritual home. What they dreaded was anything in the nature of social reform, having to pay more wages and to pay more attention to the condition of their work-people. *A. B. C.* represented the " masters " as opposed to the " men," and the masters were determined under no consideration to give ground of which the unions might make tactical use. Many of them had begun life as working men themselves, and they had no false idealism or philanthropic interest in the welfare of the working classes. " Each for himself and the

devil take the hindmost" was, and is still, the motto of every Spanish labour dispute. With this edifying labour policy went, naturally, a feeling of intense if vicarious patriotism. All had not been lost in Cuba; a certain imperial feeling still remained, and this should be stimulated, in all the territories which had formerly been colonies, by propaganda, *fiestas de la Raza*, and so on, and also by expeditions in Morocco. Prestige was what was wanted; and the only sort of prestige which counted was military prestige, as all the belligerent governments were endeavouring to show.

But who then, it may be asked, was pro-Ally? The answer is, any one in Spain who had any intelligence. The "Intellectuals" themselves were pro-Ally almost without exception. Being pro-Ally meant being against the army dictatorship from which Spain has always suffered, against conscription, against the traditional hatred of foreigners so sedulously preached by *A. B. C.*, against Moroccan expeditions; and, most of all, it meant being against the ecclesiastical systems of education, and the ignorance and illiteracy which are the product of only too many of the Church schools. Most of these men had been educated in Germany. "The first books which taught me anything at all were German books," said a cultivated Spaniard to me when we were discussing this question. "I was at a German university, and have a great many German friends, yet I never felt a moment's hesitation when war broke out as to whether I was pro-Entente or pro-German." The choice of Spaniards in taking sides in the war was decided, as we have said before, by other forces than the names "German" and "Entente" seem to imply. To Spaniards the meaning of these words was referred strictly to domestic concerns, and they became equivalent to Reactionary and Progressive, nothing more.

Eventually the war ended in an Allied success

beyond the wildest dreams of the most fervent Spanish partisans of the Entente. "I was always pro-Ally," said another friend to me, "but I must confess that I thought that the Germans were bound to win." This man is not an "Intellectual"; but he has a penetrating intelligence, as is proved by his success in business, and his attitude is typical of that of a great many Spaniards. When the success came, however, the Intellectuals quickly saw that a French peace dictated by M. Clemenceau was not at all the ideal for which they had supported the Allied cause in countless discussions with the "plain men" of *A. B. C.* They began to see that the newly-formed Europe was a very old Europe really, hastily put together by old men in a rage; what they had hoped for was a "young Europe" which every one of intelligence could help to make. They witnessed with amazement the break-up of Austria-Hungary by a collection of men whom they conceived to be half-educated propagandists; they had expected that the division and rearrangement of the Dual Monarchy would have received the most anxious consideration of a body like the Supreme Economic Council, and have been carried out strictly in accordance with that Council's recommendations. In all the mass of papers which were produced in connexion with the Peace Conference, almost the only one which seemed worthy the attention of seriously-minded Spaniards was the manifesto of the French Intellectuals, signed by men whom they could really respect, like Anatole France, Romain Rolland and Henri Barbusse This document was received in Spain with a feeling of relief. It was the reply of that "other France" to those who had been indulging in riotous peace celebrations, thinking that at last they had made up for Leipzig, Waterloo and Sedan, as if the whole thing were a game and the object of it to make points.

Apart from the protest of the French Intellectuals, Spaniards see clearly that this war, like other wars, has ended in there being victors and vanquished. But they see, too, that the sympathies of people in belligerent countries are running much more on class lines than in national channels. Reactionaries in Entente countries, they think, really favour monarchist restoration in Germany ; government officials seem to understand the government officials of other countries far better than the people whose government servants they are supposed to be. Syndicalists in all countries are beginning to understand one another only too well. The fall of autocracy in Russia and Germany has let people in general see how diplomatic business was carried on behind their backs. The showing-up of some of these diplomatists has been one of the only useful things produced by the war ; their outraged feelings have given Spaniards a good deal of amusement. "Surely," said a Spanish acquaintance to me one day, "the real reason why the English Government is fighting the Bolsheviks is not connected with atrocities or loss of trade ; it is because the Bolsheviks published the secret treaties. Wasn't *that* the unforgivable sin ?" I could only agree with him, and remember the shocked horror with which the affair had been spoken of by government officials, as if it had been some act of unspeakable irreverence and profanity committed in a parish church.

Another acquaintance thought that the new danger to Europe lay not in autocracy, or even in bureaucracy, but in ethnocracy. "Young men in government offices," he said, "discovered how diverting an occupation it was making ethnographic maps ; but the frontiers they proposed (which were not so very unreasonable at first) were pulled about and pushed in and out by the old men, for reasons of strategy or to deprive the Central Powers of as many railways as

possible, until they have become a real danger for future ethnographic wars. And those people who like to think out new wars and make them appear inevitable have a new power on their side—ethnocracy. It was rather a trumped-up force even for this war. I knew people on both sides," he went on ; " but they didn't really hate individuals on the other side until their newspapers had persuaded them that they did. But now that internationalism has been rather discredited by stories of communization—bathrooms in Hungary and women in Russia—I do not see that we are likely to be any better off or more certain of peace and happiness in Europe than we were before."

In conclusion and illustration of the views which have been expressed in this chapter, I should like to quote a conversation which was printed in *El Sol* at the beginning of last August. It is thoroughly representative of the opinion of many Spaniards.

* * * * * *

" Have you read the manifesto ? " I began excitedly. " Anatole France, Barbusse, Madame Sevèrine, Laurent Tailhade. . . . Hundreds of intelligent people protest against this peace, and think it is only asking for fresh wars. Are you still going on being an Ally ? Shall you still be pro-French ? "

" No, *señor*," replied the other, " I am not going on being an Ally or pro-French. I *was* a pro-French once—in the sense which the war gave to that word —in the same way as at various times I have been a traveller, or an invalid, or have backed such and such a horse. I was pro-French for the time being ; but being pro-French isn't the same thing as being a Frenchman. The French, having ventilated their grievances with Germany, have to go on being French, even if it bores them. We Francophils have done our work."

" What you don't like to confess," I said, " is that

France has let you down—France, the representative of justice and liberty ! "

" France," he replied, " hasn't let me down at all. Suppose that to-morrow some ruffian begins to knock a peaceful citizen about ; I shall hope that the peaceful citizen will get the best of it, in the firm belief that, compared with the man who's assaulting him, he stands for justice and liberty. But it's one thing to represent justice and liberty for the time being, and quite another thing to *be* these things. You'd probably find that the peaceful citizen would turn out to be a tyrant to his wife or keep a tame canary in a cage. What are you going to do to him ? "

" No," he went on, " France hasn't let me down. That manifesto of Anatole France, Madame Sevèrine and the others hasn't given me the least surprise. Quite the contrary. The fact is that if I've been pro-French, I was so just because I knew that in France there were men like Anatole and women like La Sevèrine, capable of publishing a declaration like this. I knew that if Clemenceau and Lloyd George had their way, it would only be after a struggle ; and for that very reason I wanted them to have their way, so that one might have a good excuse for going into opposition. You see, if the Kaiser had won, there would have been no possible chance of opposition at all."

" So, then," I said at last, " as far as you're concerned the war has been useless ? "

" Absolutely useless."

" You mean, there was no necessity to have a war at all ? "

" None whatever."

* * * * * *

This, I think, puts in a very clear and characteristic way what most people in Spain have been thinking about the war and the peace.

EDUCATION IN SPAIN

I

"DON FRANCISCO" AND THE FREE SCHOOL

THE greatest name in the history of modern Spanish education is that of Don Francisco Giner de los Rios. No one who has had the privilege of meeting any who knew him can fail to see that he had the greatest gift which a teacher or reformer can possess—an inspiring personality. The best introduction to him is the essay by "Azorín." He had been tramping in the Sierra Guadarrama, and was sitting on a rock eating his lunch. He was a little man, rather old, dressed very simply, but he was obviously not a labourer. His clothes might have been old, but they were scrupulously clean. You could not help noticing his eyes, which were always twinkling with intense curiosity. When you spoke to him he had a way of holding his head a little to one side, as if in that way he could attend more and watch you better. There was nothing new in his philosophy. It was simply a love of life and a respect for it. He was more interested in men than in mere culture. In the second half of the nineteenth century there was, among thinking men in Spain, a certain attitude to life of which Giner, if not the originator, was at any rate the chief representative. It was called "Krausism," and was distinguished by a certain austerity, by a sense of reflexion

and sympathy towards life, and an attentive and painstaking examination of things in all their different and contradictory aspects. The men who adopted this attitude in Spain were not, however, disciples of Krause ; his works were not so much a model as an inspiration ; he revealed to many Spaniards that the foundations of his system lay already deeply embedded in the Spanish character. Certainly the movement spread more widely in Spain than in any other country ; and it could not have flourished there as it did without there being something deeply seated in men's minds which predisposed them to receive it. Many of the things which Krause said had already been said before by old Spanish writers : by Melchor Cano, for instance, who made a great point of independence and civil liberty ; by Campomanes in the introduction to his book, " Educación popular de los artesanos " ; and in Cadalso's " Letters from Morrocco "—a forgotten eighteenth-century book which was rediscovered by " Azorín."

Some people are inclined to look down on " Krausism " as a philosophical system long ago discredited, and even to belittle Giner because he believed in it. But it is asking a good deal of a great man if you expect him to hold the same views as you do two generations later ; and the greatness of Giner lies precisely in this point—that he was a man only just in advance of his age, the right man at the right time. Furthermore, Krausism as practised by Don Francisco and his disciples was not a passive philosophy; it was as much a mode of action as of thought ; it was a way of feeling towards life. Its tangible result was the foundation of the " Free School "—the *Institución libre de Enseñanza.* There was something very Anglo-Saxon about this attitude of Giner. In any emergency, before a problem of thought or action, the question was not so much, " What are the theo-

retical bearings of the case?" but, "What shall be our attitude towards it? What shall we *do*? And what shall we do *first*?" "Open your eyes," (said "Don Francisco"); "look about you, and get hold of all the aspects of the thing. Don't act the first impulse; don't go too fast. 'Sharpen your wits, man, sharpen your wits!' But," he went on, "when you have made up your mind, carry the thing through without hesitation. He knew that these practical virtues were not strange to his countrymen; but he saw that something—bad education, bad government, mysticism, or whatever it might be—had pushed them into the background. An example of this unpractical thinking occurred not long ago in Madrid. A girl coming out of church was run over by a tram, and remained beneath it. The driver had been travelling rather fast, and the fury of the crowd was unbounded; they knocked him about, and broke the windows of the tram. Then some one suggested that it might be well to fetch a jack, so as to get the poor girl from under the wheels. It was a long time before the tram could be raised, and by then all help was too late. This is the kind of thing which would have infuriated Don Francisco; he could not tolerate a type of mind which thought it more important to punish the conductor for his act than to try to save the victim. It was mistaking the shadow for the substance, ignoring the practical and immediate side of things.

It is beside the point to criticize the views of Giner from the position of a doctrinaire philosopher and to think him old-fashioned because he believed in Krausism. His view of life was a manner rather than a philosophy; it is incarnate in the "Free School"—the *Institución libre de Enseñanza*. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the things in modern Spain which a stranger can most approve and admire are due

to the precept and example of this "Free School." Literature, art, education have felt the reviving breath, and even politics have not been unaffected by it. Gradually, in the last thirty years, the influence of this little group of thinkers and teachers has been extending over the whole of Spain. The spirit of the *Institución*, that is to say the spirit of Giner, determined the direction of the group of writers known as "The Generation of 1898."[1] It has revived interest in nature, and consequently in the landscape and appearance of Spain; it has renewed Spanish painting in the work of Beruete, Sorolla, Zuloaga and others; it has led to a re-examination of traditional literary values. People are really reading the old poets instead of talking about them or merely accepting them; and while the rest of Europe has been engaged in destruction, it has led to the publication of editions of the Castilian classics which are admirably produced and edited, and surprisingly cheap. The new school of philologists and critics, which is engaged in this work, is animated by a spirit and a feeling for real scholarship which hardly existed in Spain before. And even in manners, clothing and cleanliness, it is possible and not altogether fanciful to detect, as "Azorín" does, something of the influence and the personality of Don Francisco Giner.

Don Francisco, like most thinkers in foreign countries, was profoundly impressed by the spectacle of Gladstonian England; and in 1884 he came here for the International Conference on Education. He became acquainted with the aims and achievements of English educationists, and on his return to Spain he tried to introduce English methods into the Spanish schools. But the old gang were up against him at once. In 1876 Giner and several others had been deprived of their professorships because of their

[1] See Chapter VI.

heterodox opinions ; and the authorities, seeing clearly that the English system was opposed to the principle of authority and all the medieval ideas in which they still believed, did their best to put obstruction in his way. Giner, however, was ready for them ; while he seemed at first to accept the situation, he and his friends planned and worked, and eventually from small beginnings the " Free School " took shape and gained in importance and prestige. " Free " in this connexion did not mean that instruction was to be given gratuitously ; the institution was free from the very beginning from the inspection and control of both the Government and the Church, and for this reason it prospered exceedingly. It made a firm stand for individualism, for freedom of thought in its widest sense ; the mind should never submit to any principle of authority. Don Francisco and his little band of fellow-workers were not all rationalists ; they believed that fixed and doctrinaire opinions were as deplorable in unbelief as in belief itself, yet their success may certainly be credited to the humanizing influence of rationalism. They were almost the first men in Spain to realize how important to human welfare is the study of science, and they built laboratories which until then had been unknown in the peninsula.

Giner realized that the problem of Spanish national progress was indissolubly connected with the problem of education ; and education, he knew, should be studied as a human problem, not merely as a national one. He sought help from all the educational authorities in Europe. The idea of *escursiones escolares* and exchange of students he got from Paris ; he learned a great deal from the masterly way in which the Germans were then reorganizing their own system ; but he was never tired of thanking and complimenting the English for the sympathy and goodwill which

they had shown him and the very real interest which his English friends always took in his undertakings. Don Francisco insisted that his pupils should travel. Among those who became intimately acquainted with English life were Riaño (who wrote a little book on Spanish music and the guide to Spanish domestic art collections at South Kensington) and Cossío.

Don Manuel Cossío has achieved European reputation through his studies in painting and particularly his book on El Greco, whom he may almost be said to have rediscovered; and his friends are always looking forward to the day when he will write the great book on Rousseau and his meaning to us, which no one in Spain could do better than he. Sr. Cossío has preserved more of the fire and common sense of Don Francisco than any of his other pupils. Moments passed in his company listening to his conversation are among the greatest of any that are to be experienced in Spain. He is himself the memorial of a great friendship—"a light transferred, not lost." As we sat in the firelight after tea—under conditions and at a time which might have been thought more intimately and ultimately English than would have been possible on the other side of the Channel—it was impossible not to be enthralled by the humour, sympathy and the "fire of sense" which sparkled in his eyes.

> You bear that lamp of sane benevolence.

I said to myself;

> Lo, these
> Like beams that throw the path on tossing seas,
> Can bid us feel we keep them in the ghost.

Sr. Cossío is never tired of saying how inspiring Don Francisco was as a master, both of small boys and of older ones. All the best living Spanish teachers were educated by him, or have felt his influence through

his pupils ; many of them owe their success and their ability to teach to Don Manuel Cossío. And Englishmen should be particularly grateful to him for the way he stood up, not so much for the Allies, as for England, all through the war. He had no need to preach to his pupils on that subject ; they were all pro-Ally for other reasons. But he challenged every statement prejudicial to Englishmen, and would have given his right hand, if he could have found a conclusive answer to the Spanish militarist's parting shot in any discussion—the question of Gibraltar. We ourselves are so thoughtless in this matter that it never occurs to us to try to understand the bitterness which many Spaniards feel towards our continued possession of Gibraltar. It is as if the French were in occupation of Dover, and is more galling to the Spanish people than the American seizure and protectorate over Cuba. Again, many Spaniards, who are neither screaming militarists nor anti-English, observe with annoyance how Gibraltar under British rule is apparently a refuge for undesirable characters from the peninsula, and a place where, as it seems, there is an open door for all kinds of smuggling into Spain.

The attitude of any man to us during the war is no longer a matter of importance ; we are beginning to realize in England that the whole affair and what men thought about it has become a question of history or of anthropology. But English travellers in Spain cannot express too much gratitude to those who stood by them, or be too courteous to those whose convictions put them on the side of Germany rather than that of France. To the majority of Spaniards an Englishman is still an unknown quantity and—if he take the trouble to learn the language and make Spanish acquaintances—something of a curiosity. It is only between Ronda and Algeciras that any real dislike exists ; and that arises from the overbearing

behaviour of some members of the Gibraltar garrison when they are on leave, and from the way in which certain English landlords have screwed up the rents of the houses which they own on the Spanish side of the frontier.

Some people would describe Don Manuel Cossío as an old gentleman. It is only reactionaries and mystics who could think him that. That lithe figure in his very Oxford—or Cambridge—armchair, with his rather "donnish" clothes and his eyes twinkling with keenness like those of an undergraduate discussing metaphysics in the firelight—that figure could never grow old. On all the vital questions, indifference to which is nowadays a test of the petrifying mind—the deplorable consequences of the peace and the value of international understanding—Don Manuel Cossío is as alert as any of his pupils. Exchange of students and understanding of other races has always been a cardinal point in his doctrine; and it was mainly with that object in view that the little band of Intellectuals, inspired by him or by Don Francisco, quietly founded what is known as the *Junta para Ampliación de Estudios*—the board for the completion or widening of studies.

II

AMPLIFYING STUDIES

THE Cuban disaster of 1898 was the occasion, though not the cause, of a national awakening. The causes had been at work long before; the loss of Cuba merely made it possible to realize the effects. There had been the travels and particularly the visit to England of Francisco Giner, and the unobtrusive labours of his followers at the "Free School"; and there had

been the novels of Benito Pérez Galdós, which not only made a large number of men and women in Spain realize themselves in a way which had not been possible before, but made practicable and intelligible the work of the group of writers of the "Generation of 1898" (described in Chapter V.). The generation of 1898 represents the literary side of the awakening; the educational side took shape more slowly. There was formidable opposition to any kind of reform in education. Both the older universities and the Clerical party saw clearly that any reform would be inconvenient if not fatal to their power, and they joined forces to prevent it.

There is something very English—or what we like to imagine is very English, in the best sense—in the quiet way in which the reformers set to work. They did not advertise or make a fuss; they worked hard and travelled abroad. In 1901, and again in 1903, certain travelling scholarships were founded by the government; and with these, or without them, Spanish students went about Europe and saw how things were done in foreign universities. Yet they were clever enough to keep on the right side of the Spanish Government, and in 1907 a royal decree was issued, approving the constitution of a Board for the completion of studies, the *Junta para ampliación de Estudios y Investigaciones científicas*. Many of the members of this committee were university professors or lecturers, but they were constituted as a body independent of any university, and had in some ways greater powers: they might acquire property and administer it, and they had the ear, as well as the financial aid, of the government. The *Institución libre de Enseñanza* will always be associated with the name of Don Francisco Giner de los Rios; the *Junta para ampliación de Estudios* in the same way will always suggest a name—that of Don José

Castillejo y Duarte. If one were asked to say who was the most representative figure of modern Spain, it would not be far wrong to name Sr. Castillejo. "He is like a saint," said one of my acquaintances. But another immediately broke in, "Saint! I should say that he's more like an Inquisitor; that's what he would have been once." I could only think how much times had changed for the better to allow a man like Sr. Castillejo to be the educator of his country and a man of charm, culture and determination, rather than a saintly but unsavoury eremite in a hair shirt who mortified the flesh instead of washing it, or a grim and preposterous Inquisitor who mortified the flesh of other people. Yet both the speakers had some reason in what they said. Don José Castillejo does in some ways live the life of a hermit. His whole life and interest are bound up with the *Junta*. He seldom leaves its offices, except to go and see people on business or travel abroad; he sleeps there, and not even the porter, who is devoted to him, knows how many hours' work he gets into the day. He is also the most punctual man in Spain. To liken him to an Inquisitor was more subtle; he would certainly "make up" as one—tall and determined, with immense courtesy and immense force of character, divining at once your opinion of what he is saying before you have had time to formulate it, and being ready to meet any objection which you are likely to make. His fluency in all European languages is astounding, and he has the power of turning himself on, as it were, with a stream of words which bring before you with extraordinary force and clearness what he wishes to convey. It might be said of him that he is more interested in the method of teaching than the subject taught; but it is difficult to find anything about which he does not know a good deal. The subject which he has made his own above all

others is the way things should be taught and to this he is devoting himself and his whole life.

The conditions under which educational reformers in Spain find themselves are somewhat as follows: though new elementary schools are being built every year there are not nearly enough of them; and the instruction provided is thin and superficial to the last degree. It is impossible to overlook the fact that clerical influence is largely if not entirely responsible for this. Any kind of teaching is systematically discouraged if it tend to awaken curiosity and to lead children to ask questions; the alertness and quick wits of school children from the East end of London would be a tremendous shock, and a very salutary one, to most teachers in Spanish elementary schools. There are also many schools kept by the *Escolapios*, *i.e.* "regular" clergy of the order of the *Escuelas Pías* (religious schools); the teaching is gratuitous for poor children, but it is hardly worth having. Once I offered a Spanish illustrated paper to the kind and extremely competent chamber-maid in a boarding-house at Madrid. She shook her head: "Thank you, but I'm afraid I can't read it!" "But surely," I said, "you've been to school?" "*Si, señor*," she replied; "I know all the letters. That's F, that's I, and that one—G; that's it! But I can't read—to understand." In a small garden at Granada in which I wrote during the hot summer days, the cook, and any people who came by with mules, would stand and watch, as if the act of writing were as dexterous an art as painting, playing an instrument or tying up a fruit-tree. I could only tell him that writing was far less satisfactory in many ways than the art he practised in the kitchen. Postmen, again, are inclined to go by the look of a letter rather than the written address. At Toledo there was some difficulty about getting letters, both in the hotel and at the

post office. After the arrival of a telegram in the middle of the night, however, all telegrams from abroad and all letters from England were brought to me for inspection before they were delivered. It was evidently less trouble to do this than to read the address. These are trivial instances, perhaps, but they go to show the weakness of clerical education as it is given in Spain to people who can pay for no other.

Boys of the upper classes are generally educated by the Jesuits. It is literally true that the "vice of thinking" is discouraged along with the other deadly sins. The teaching is superficial and one-sided; modern criticism is excluded, and history and science are only admitted in a "bowdlerized" form. It would be showing as little regard for truth and fairness as that which is exhibited by some Spanish Jesuit teachers to take a work of fiction as evidence. But if it be admitted that books such as "Sinister Street" and "The Hill," "The Loom of Youth" and "Tim" give some sort of picture of the condition of English public schools, it is not unreasonable to glance at the novel by Don Ramón Pérez de Ayala, "A. M. D. G." to obtain some idea of what a Spanish Jesuit school is like when seen from the inside.[1] The book is, as the author intended it to be, a damning exposure of the system; but to an English reader, Sr. Pérez de Ayala seems to score most heavily by points which he makes unconsciously, assuming that there will be nothing strange or repulsive about them to those whom he is addressing. The teaching of the *Escolapios* and the Jesuits is detested, needless to say, by most thinking men in Spain, and also by working men. In 1909, when for a time the life of

[1] The accuracy of his information may be gauged by comparing "A. M. D. G." with other novels about Jesuit schools—"The Bonfire," by Anthony Brendon, and "Die Verwirrungen der Zöglingen."

Barcelona was disturbed and almost paralysed by the riots, some of the bitterest attacks of the crowd were those made on the Church schools. The Jesuit fathers, with their usual efficiency, succeeded in defending their college ; but the boarding school of the *Escolapios* was burnt to the ground.

Facts of Spanish education, such as those which have been mentioned, may give pain to religious men and women in England. But I would beg them to remember that conditions in Spain—especially religious conditions—are very different from what they are in England, and that the system of clerical education in use in Spain must be condemned by all impartial observers, not because it is clerical but because it is inefficient. The only thing which matters about a school is not whether the teachers are priests or laymen, but whether they know how to teach. It has been clear for some time to all men and women in Spain who know anything about modern education that the system of the Church schools there is a bad and antiquated system, and that most of the masters are utterly unfitted for their job.

This is the position in which Sr. Castillejo and his friends found themselves, and with the professed intention of "amplifying" studies they set out to teach men who, after going through Jesuit colleges and obtaining a degree at one of the older Spanish universities, realized that they had learnt nothing and were ready to begin their real education. The energies of the *Junta* were first directed to sending these men abroad with travelling scholarships or at their own expense. Since 1910 increasing numbers of students have been sent to England, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy and the United States ; and from these countries they returned keen and competent to teach in the educational institutions which were being founded by the *Junta* (see Chapter III.).

The outbreak of war hindered Spanish students from studying abroad, but did not altogether prevent them. To Spanish life and civilization the value of their journeys will be incalculable. They have felt the shock of new ideals, and come back convinced not only of the international character of learning, but that it is only through mutual understanding among different peoples that the significance of modern social and economic problems can be grasped and the proper measures taken to solve them. Now that the war is definitely over, it is to be hoped that steps will be taken to induce Spanish students to come to this country. America still holds out to the Spaniard, as it did in the seventeenth century, something of the vague, wistful longing of a place infinitely remote and of almost infinite possibilities; and those who return are not unconscious of its material and financial possibilities as well. Yet the majority of Spaniards would, we believe, prefer to come to England. France is too near, and has the reputation—however unjust it may be—of despising Spain, Spaniards and all things Spanish. England has the advantage over America that it can be reached by sea comparatively cheaply, and that it is inhabited (it is thought) by people who are kindly and sympathetic, and at bottom not unlike the Spaniards themselves. "We were the same people in the sixteenth century," said a friend to me. "The fact that we were constantly fighting rather goes to prove it. We were after the same things in the same way. You burnt Cadiz and we burnt Plymouth; you were the first people out of Spain to read Cervantes. But you went Puritan, and became great; we didn't, and failed."

If Spanish students are to be attracted to English universities, the universities must prove to Spaniards that they are worth going to. It is difficult to con-

vince any one in Spain that Oxford and Cambridge are very modern and up to date in their methods of teaching, in spite of their having been founded even before Salamanca. To a modern Spaniard, the description "one of the older universities" is quite enough to put him off. He thinks at once of the university of Cervera, which assured Ferdinand VII. that it was quite free from the "vice of thinking." A member of the *Junta para Ampliación de Estudios* was convinced that a certain northern English university was by far the most important institution of its kind in the United Kingdom. It was a university whose efficiency no one could question, and one of which I had some personal knowledge. Yet my protest in favour of the older universities was put down to favouritism, and my statement that many members of the teaching staff of other English universities were graduates of Oxford or Cambridge was dismissed as an ingenious fiction for proving my case.

The other activities of the *Junta* must be described in a few words. It soon became aware of the revival of interest in Spanish music, literature, art and commerce which has been so curious and unexpected a result, if it be really a result, of the cessation of hostilities; and it has been busy in preparing teachers of Spanish to take up work in schools and universities in other countries. It takes great interest in preserving and intensifying the cultural relations of Spain with the Spanish-speaking peoples of South America, working to this end in close co-operation with the *Institución Cultural Española* in Buenos Aires. Two of the most distinguished of living Spaniards—the mathematician Don Julio Rey Pastor and the philosopher Don José Ortega Gasset—have been sent to give courses of lectures; it is possible that Argentina may keep Sr. Rey Pastor permanently.

The books published by the *Junta* number nearly

four hundred ; they include scientific papers, results of original research, memorials produced by men who have held travelling fellowships under the *Junta*, and translations of important books in other languages. An excellent example is to be seen in the monographs on prehistoric Spanish paintings.

A curious proof that the efficiency of the *Junta* is being recognized is found in the attitude of the older universities towards its work. "All these super-university organisms" (they say) "are useless ; they deprive the older universities of the means necessary for their scientific teaching." "Two million pesetas are spent on these institutions at Madrid ; but if this sum were divided between the ten official universities, it would enable them to have good laboratories." The answer to these complaints is that without the example of the *Junta para Ampliación de Estudios* they would never have been heard. No one except "Don Francisco" had thought of building laboratories before the *Junta* constructed them ; the universities published few books, and it never occurred to them to send students abroad. And the *Junta*, mainly through the *Residencia de Estudiantes*, to be described in the next chapter, has been the first body in Spain to look after its students in any way. The Oxford or Cambridge college tutor may take his position *in loco parentis* far too literally, and often does so ; but some sort of supervision is as necessary as acquaintance and social intercourse between older and younger members of a university. The *Junta* has acted as a stimulus to all educational bodies in Spain, and has shaken them out of some of their traditional lethargy. It has even associated itself with the petition that more help from the State may be given to the older universities to enable them to bring their teaching and equipment up to date, pointing out at the same time that mutual sympathy and help between all the educa-

tional institutions of Spain will do more than anything to hasten the renaissance of national culture, which is the desire of all Spanish educationists.

The *Junta para Ampliación de Estudios*, then, is a sort of intelligence directorate for Spanish education. It is very accurately informed on the state of education and facilities for study in all civilized countries ; it knows all about the men whom it sends abroad and the places to which it sends them, and is not likely to waste money on men or institutions which are unworthy of it. " If I had a son," Sr. Castillejo said to me one day, " where should I send him ? I know that he could learn most in Germany ; that in France he could learn things, and in Italy he could learn things, which he could learn nowhere else. But I should send him to England—most of the time. There is your tradition . . ." No country has suffered more from tradition than Spain, and no one knows this better than Sr. Castillejo. Yet he, the most representative of modern Spaniards, was the first to recognize good in a tradition when he saw it.

III

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE IN MADRID

A FEELING, or rather a suggestion, of Oxford or Cambridge was upon me almost as soon as I reached the porter's lodge of the college at Madrid ; it was strengthened when I entered the master's room and saw, near the door, one of the Medici Society's small reproductions of the Janssen portrait of Milton at the age of ten. The original of this portrait is in America, but a copy hangs in the hall of Christ's College ; and this little colour print, which one saw on entering the master's lodge at the *Residencia de*

Estudiantes had, as a matter of fact, been presented by the master of Christ's.

The *Residencia*—one cannot English it—is a group of new buildings at the north-eastern corner of Madrid, almost on the outskirts of the city. It is situated on rising ground, with a view of the Sierra Guadarrama. All the winds of heaven—and of hell—one would think would buffet it, according to the season ; but the fact remains that it can be grim winter in the middle of Madrid and soft, sunny autumn out at the *Residencia de Estudiantes*. Even in the heat of summer it is fresh. Summer or winter, it is the healthiest spot in Madrid, and in that brisk and exciting mountain air it is most stimulating to intellectual energy. It was opened in 1910 with seventeen students, whose numbers have gone on increasing until they are now well over a hundred. Admission is at the discretion of the master, but is open to any one who is over fifteen. In 1914 a boys' group was founded in connexion with the *Residencia*, which consists of about sixty pupils. A year later a ladies' college (*Residencia de Señoritas*) was opened, and also a preparatory school for girls.

The development of modern education in Spain is bound up, as we saw, with certain personalities ;. Don Francisco Giner, Don Manuel B. Cossío, Don José Castillejo. The *Residencia de Estudiantes* is in many ways the expression of the personality of Don Alberto Giménez, the master. If on first entering the *Residencia* one could not but feel some suggestion of an English University, on being presented to the Master one became aware that in some respects the *Residencia* has begun from the point which English universities have already reached, and has gone indeed some way beyond it. I do not know what the average age may be of the heads of houses at Oxford or Cambridge, but it must be over forty. The head of the *Residencia*

on the contrary is considerably younger than that; indeed, he is one of the youngest members of the council, and the gain to the college in having its youth and vigour concentrated in the mastership is incalculable. Don Alberto Giménez is the son-in-law of Don Manuel B. Cossío, and is therefore bound by the closest ties—family and intellectual—to the tradition of "Don Francisco," with whom modern Spanish education began. He is a fervent though discriminating admirer of all that is good in English life and thought, and his knowledge of other countries as well makes his admiration the more genuine and worth having. He would be the first to disclaim any personal credit for the success of the *Residencia*, and one can see everywhere traces of the influence of the master mind of Don José Castillejo. Besides this, the Committee for Amplifying Studies, and the council of the *Residencia* includes many of the wisest men in Spain, and co-operation and mutual assistance is one of their root principles.

Within a few days of my return from Spain I witnessed a performance of Mozart's "Magic Flute," given by the boys of an elementary school in the East End of London. The first idea suggested by it, when I came to think it over and try to find out how it was connected with what I had seen in Spain, was that little boys from the Quatro Caminos (or other outlying district of Madrid) would never have had either the voices or the wits to make a good show of an opera; the second thought was that the priests of that temple "to Nature, to Reason and to Wisdom" were animated by the same ideals as the men I had met in Spain at the *Junta para Ampliación de Estudios* and the *Residencia de Estudiantes*. Sr. Castillejo is the *Sarastro* of modern Spain. Compared with his views, the lucubrations of many other educationists are as prosy and as much like "pi-jaws" as the inter-

minable moralizing of *Gurnemanz* in "Parsifal." It is unnecessary to go on with the comparison; if Sr. Castillejo is *Sarastro*, Sr. Giménez is the *Sprecher*; and the best way for any one in England to understand what these two men are doing for Spanish civilization is to go to the next performance of the "Magic Flute."

The principles of guidance and policy of the *Residencia* are undoubtedly the fruit of long and careful consideration by the council, and of intimate discussions between Sr. Giménez and Sr. Castillejo. The things upon which the master of the *Residencia* is really keen may be summed up in a few words. In its modest way, the *Residencia* aspires to the ideal of all good teaching—the disinterested pursuit of culture. The instruction aims at perfecting the natural faculties of the pupils; it is not merely utilitarian, but tries to find the best way for a man to learn to follow his own thoughts, and to weigh the evidence which leads him to knowledge of the truth. Intellectual activity should be guided by the supreme art of life, that of doing good to other people rather than being great oneself; and the source of this art must be looked for in those feelings and impulses which give elevation to a man's character, make him wise and good, and kindle in him a love for everything that is fine and true. The function of a teacher, and above all of a teacher in Spain, is a continued effort to set the spirit free, so that it should not fall into indifference or callousness towards human nature; and this object will never be achieved by a rigid system of instruction received with intellectual apathy or downright laziness. The aim of the *Residencia* therefore is to awaken curiosity—a faculty lacking in many Spaniards—to arouse a desire to learn and the power to form personal judgments instead of accepting what other people say. Only a real passion for truth and justice can lead to

the development of those habits of toleration and social solidarity which are the only hope for the future of Spain and all other countries.

An English visitor is immediately struck by one aspect of the *Residencia*, and that aspect will probably interest him more than a technical account of educational progress ever would. The *Residencia* is like a college at an English university, and more particularly like certain colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, because of the friendship and social intercourse which exists between the junior and more senior members of it, between undergraduates and dons. The men who are at the *Residencia* are students of all the different university faculties and technical schools ; they include also men who are working on their own in laboratories or libraries, archives or hospitals. The absence of college life has been felt to be a great draw-back to Spanish universities. The men never have anywhere to go, anywhere comfortable to sit ; there is no social life of the university when they are not working ; and when they are, the libraries are often so uncomfortable that many people would rather be anywhere than in one of them. Even the *Biblioteca Nacional* at Madrid is not free from reproach. Some parts of it, such as the section of fine arts, are comfortable and hospitable enough ; but the reading room is dirty and cold, and the roof leaks ; the process of getting out a book is long and cumbersome. Nothing more discouraging to a reader can be imagined than a library in which you can see neither the books nor the catalogue ; for the result is that, after wasting much time filling up an application form, taking it to the catalogue room for the " press number " to be marked on it, taking it back again and a long way round to the " issue office " and waiting shivering in a queue, you may be told eventually that the book you want is being read by some one else. At Seville

University library the arrangements are not much better. I asked the priest in charge if I might see the catalogue. "See the catalogue!" he said, in a horror-struck voice; "see the *catalogue*!" He was as surprised and pained as if I had asked him to show me the Mystery of the Stigmata or to give a demonstration of the Seven Deadly Sins. The library at the *Residencia* is on a different principle: you can go and look at the books as well as the catalogue, and you can sit and read them comfortably, or you may borrow them and take them away.[1]

Though the men in residence pursue their studies at the regular universities or technical schools, the council of the *Residencia* is gradually making it possible for men to complete and amplify their studies in the college; they have arranged for the teaching of modern languages and for courses of laboratory work under the supervision of competent teachers. Students of medicine can come back to the *Residencia* and do their "labs." in chemistry, anatomy or physiology; geologists, zoologists, botanists and physicists may use the neighbouring laboratories of the *Instituto Nacional de Ciencias físico-naturales*; men reading philosophy or history have the use of the library, and have personal help and coaching at the *Centro de Estudios históricos*, which is no great distance from the *Residencia*. All teaching given in this way by the college is gratuitous; college bills include nothing but board and lodging—"rooms, commons and halls"—there are no tutor's fees. The total cost of living in the *Residencia* in

[1] I am bound to say that on subsequent visits to Sevillé, no one could have been more obliging than the officials of the University Library. I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks also to the Librarians and Assistant Librarians of the Ateneo (Madrid), the Escurial, the Ateneo at Seville, the Biblioteca Provincial at Cadiz, the Institut d'Estudis Catalans at Barcelona and the Biblioteca Provincial at Palma de Mallorca, for their unfailing courtesy and real kindness.

term-time is from 4s. 6d. to 7s. a day. In the long vacation the prices are rather higher—6s. to 8s. A monthly subscription of 2s. 6d. gives the right to medical attendance without further payment ; for the library and the excellent baths, the central heating and electric light, one pays nothing at all.

One other activity of the *Residencia de Estudiantes* is worth mentioning—that of publishing. It is, in a way, the " University Press " of Spain ; the *Publicaciones de la Residencia*, along with those of the Junta referred to in Chapter IV., hold much the same position in Spanish publishing as the publications of the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge have in England. The books which the *Residencia* has produced lately include the collected essays of Don Miguel de Unamuno, the philosopher whom many consider to be the greatest of living Spaniards ; the " Meditaciones " of Don José Ortega Gasset (whose thought is perhaps more modern, more sympathetic and more representative of Spain at its best). There are technical handbooks on economics, physics, psychology and biographies and reprints of lectures. Among the last are those given by " Xenius." They are of especial interest, for they show that the hostility between the " real politicians " of Castile and Catalonia does not extend to the modern intellectuals. Sr. D'Ors held until lately, under the Catalan nationalist administration, a position analogous to that of Sr. Castillejo in Madrid. Yet he comes frequently to the *Residencia* to give lectures, and, I think, never stops in Madrid without living " in college." The master of the *Residencia* also publishes a little on his own account. The *Colección Granada* is a series of little editions, rather like the " World's Classics " ; it includes, amongst other things, an excellent Spanish translation of " The Bible in Spain " and a collection of one hundred Spanish *Romances* admirably arranged and

edited, and containing a "page of music." How many English publishers of anthologies of lyrics or ballads have thought of printing any of the traditional tunes? More tunes, again, are given in some of the thin pocket editions called *Jardinillos*, which come from the same publishing firm.

There still remains a side of college life in Madrid which has not even been mentioned, and a very important side it is, in view of future developments. Madrid has its Somerville or its Newnham, no less than Oxford or Cambridge, in the *Residencia* (or *Grupo*) *de Señoritas*. "But what are they *like*?" said some one to me the other day, who still thought of Spanish women in terms of "Carmen," fans and mantillas, just as some Spanish men and women imagine that all English women wear uniform and do all sorts of things (as shown in the illustrated papers) which no one in Spain would ever dream of. I could only reply that going there was very like going to Newnham; if anything it was more animated, the complexions were more intense, the wall decorations newer and brighter; indeed, there had been a sharp discussion as to how the common rooms should be decorated, which was ended by giving each party a room for which to design a colour scheme. The result looks very original and immensely successful. The *Residencia de Señoritas* is the creation and the expression of another outstanding personality in Spanish education, the most distinctive and most penetrating of all, that of Doña María de Maeztu y Whitney. The founder and *Directora* of the *Residencia de Señoritas* is the daughter of an Englishwoman, as her name implies; but one feels that all the qualities which one admires most and respects most in both peoples are here united and raised to their highest power. A visit to the *Residencia de Señoritas* is in this sense the climax of a journey

to Spain. Its foundation dates only from 1915, but its success is unquestionable. There is a vigorous corporate feeling among all connected with it, a fusion of intellectual interests with real friendship, and the immense personal devotion which every one feels towards the *Directora*. Doña María de Maeztu has met with difficulty and opposition of every sort. The Clerical parties and the other reactionaries had hoped to spring woman suffrage on an unsuspecting and uneducated country as a great measure of democratic reform, well knowing that in Spain ninety-nine women out of a hundred would go straight off to a priest and ask him how they should vote. The aim of the *Residencia de Señoritas* is to teach its members to think for themselves; to understand both sides of a problem, and choose the alternative which most commends itself to their good sense and their affections. Many of them become teachers; but none of them will be without influence on the life of Spain, none will forget the example and inspiration of their *Directora*.

About half of the pupils are working at the *Escuela Superior de Magisterio* (the training college) in Madrid; others are at the university, where it is no longer necessary for them to go in male attire, as Concepción Arenal, the prison reformer, is said to have done. Others are at the *Conservatorio Nacional de Música*, and the rest are completing their education at the *Residencia*. These include certain students from foreign universities, chiefly from the United States. Most of the residents are, however, middle-class girls who have come to Madrid to complete their education, and to prepare themselves more efficiently than is possible elsewhere; the fees have been made extremely small in consequence, and there are no fees for tuition. The college is in many ways a self-governing institution; the residents work together

with the staff in arranging questions of interior economy, realizing that the *Residencia* is a thing in which all are equally interested, and the *directora* some one to whom all are equally devoted.

One day towards the end of the term I was invited to tea at the *Residencia*, tea being (as the reader will have already gathered) a great institution with the intellectuals of modern Spain. After a certain amount of general conversation, I was caught by one of the younger " fellows " of the college and severely heckled —on the Shakespeare question ! This erudite lady took me out of my depth at once. She was well up in all the latest French researches, and would not be put off by my lame rejoinders that in England, and especially in English universities, we were as a rule too lazy to tackle the question, and were more interested in performing Elizabethan plays than in deciphering anagrams and dragging the Avon. Yet Spanish interest in this question, and in Shakespeare generally, is real and profound; it is not, as I had thought at first a superficial fancy for a new theory. The speakers were keen and possessed a great deal of real learning ; they belonged to the same school as Doña Natalia Cossío de Giménez, who has translated the tortuous periods of Milton's " Tractate of Education " into a limpid, scholarly Castilian prose, which shows in a curiously subtle way how seventeenth-century English was related to contemporary Spanish or moving in the same direction. After so much learned appreciation of Shakespeare, I could only make the frivolous suggestion that, personally, I believed Shakespearean plays to have been written by Cervantes, adducing as evidence the lost play about Cardenio, in many ways the hero of the first part of " Don Quixote." At that moment an American lady journalist was announced. She had just three hours in Madrid, could she have just ten minutes at

the *Residencia*? Doña María de Maeztu immediately pretended that she spoke no English, and requested Don José Castillejo, who also was present, to explain. I have already mentioned Sr. Castillejo's astonishing fluency in all languages; on this occasion he seemed to turn himself on in an unending stream of fact and explanation. The American had produced an enormous loose-leaf notebook which had been concealed about her rather voluminous person; but her pencil never moved, she could only sit and gasp. Sr. Castillejo's command of English, the pithiness of his remarks, the absence of all rhetoric and waste of words amazed us; a phonographic record of what he said would have written her interview for her and several chapters of this book besides. When he had done, Doña María de Maeztu, with twinkling eyes, reminded every one that there was a board meeting (which she had obviously just invented), and the party and the interview were over. I hope it appeared in twenty different newspapers.

The importance and efficiency of the work which is being done at the two *Residencias* cannot be exaggerated. In Spain, as in every other country, the "Intellectuals" are a minority. Their position is, however, harder than it is with us, for at present they are rather isolated, and form a definite set. Culture is not so widespread in Spain as in some other countries; but those who are interested in it are tremendously keen, and their education is not in the least superficial. The army and the aristocracy do not worry about them, the bourgeoisie dismisses them as "high-brow," the Church is, as a rule, their deadly enemy. Yet it is not a one-sided view which sees modern Spain and modern Spanish progress entirely in terms of this little group of idealists. They are fighting the same battle against the anti-intellectual attitude which is being fought in

England and France, Germany and Italy. They realize that the first thing to be done, as far as Spain is concerned, is to educate people ; to reduce the illiterates, who now number about 50 per cent. of the population ; to make people look round them, co-ordinate their observations and think for themselves. This, they justly think, is the only way to get the Spanish people to shake off the weight of militarist and clerical reaction which has kept them back all through their history.

LITERATURE

I

PÉREZ GALDÓS AND THE GENERATION OF 1898

In the lunatic asylum at Seville there is, or was, a man whose madness took a very curious form. He had been born in 1861, and believed that only those who had come into the world about the same time as he had were at all graceful or attractive; all others were (he thought) abortions, as queer as they were ugly. If you spoke of any one, the first thing this man did was to ask when he was born. If you told him 1861 he would go off into praise of his gentility and refinement; but if you gave him another date he would break out into a stream of invective against the man, and always think him the ugliest person in the world.

A writer who told this story in the "España" took it as his text in an article in answer to one by Pío Baroja. He was following in the footsteps of Cervantes, who tells the story of another madman of Seville in the preface to the second part of "Don Quixote"; but no more maliciously amusing comment could be made on the members of a literary or artistic "gang," and the men of the "Generation of 1898" will probably have to stand a good deal of such satire in the future. The only thing is that the people who have so far attacked them are all reactionaries; and while the Generation of 1898—*i.e.* those men who

were just of age at that time—have always been ready to welcome any man, younger or older, who agreed with their ideas, their opponents have not attacked them because of their age but because of their ideas.

A stray inquirer into the appearances of modern Spain cannot be but struck with one or two curious facts about the men of 1898. It certainly predisposes him in their favour to find that it is not men of the new generation who attack them, but the "old gang," the "sound men" and the people who claim to speak for the "plain man." Again, the original members of the Generation of 1898 seem often to have run on very different lines, and to have diverged widely from each other and from their ideas of twenty-two years ago—a fact which more than ever lends interest to the movement. Surely there is some life, some youth, some reason in a movement which can go on growing and developing like that?

The leaders of the Generation of 1898 were all writers. There were Jacinte Benavente, the dramatist; Manuel Bueno, novelist and dramatic critic; Pío Baroja, the novelist; Ramón del Valle-Inclán, novelist and poet; Rubén Darío, the poet; Miguel de Unamuno, poet, novelist and philosopher; Ramiro de Maeztu, philosopher and (latterly) leader-writer; and "Azorín" (José Martínez Ruiz), the essayist, who has told the story of the movement. The name of a younger man might be added to the list as one of the most convincing supporters of the ideas for which they stood—José Ortega Gasset.

Every form of Spanish intellectual activity received a powerful stimulus from this group of men. One reason for this is, perhaps, their diversity of view on many points—a diversity which has tended to increase as the years went by, and makes it hard to understand how Baroja, for instance, ever came to be in the same group as Unamuno or "Azorín." It is

easy to criticize them now; even the wisest men grow older in twenty years, and the highest ideals may remain unrealized. You may not like Pío Baroja's novel about London; but it is hardly fair to take the measure of him as a writer from that alone when so much of modern Spanish life is to be found in his other stories. You may grow tired of "Azorín," but you will miss a great deal if you do not begin by allowing him "to show you round" some of the things to be seen and thought of in Castile. The importance of these men as it affects modern Spanish thought lies in their spirit of revolt. It is difficult to imagine Don José Martínez Ruiz or Don Ramiro de Maeztu declaring themselves "anarchists." But at the time of the Cuban disasters they were young and ardent, and they realized that something had to be done to wake the Spanish people from a lethargy which, with the loss of the last remains of an immeasurable dominion, was rapidly becoming a despair. They did not realize that freedom from an unwieldy empire was a real blessing in disguise; and it was perhaps mainly owing to their labour and their example that it became so.

It is not easy to explain what the men of '98 stood for in Spain, without looking backward one generation or even two. The period immediately preceding the Cuban War is known in Spain as the Restoration. It was in every way the antithesis of the Restoration of Charles II. There was no "Merry Monarch," no Dryden or Congreve, no Purcell or Lely, no Pepys. "The heart of Spain" (says the author of the "Meditaciones del Quijote") "beat slower than ever before. . . . In Spain during the first half of the nineteenth century there was but little complexity of life, reflexion or intellectual achievement; but there was courage, energy and go. . . . When our people ceases to be energetic it falls immediately into the most profound

lethargy ; its only sign of life is its power to dream that it is alive." Yet during the Restoration it seemed as if nothing were lacking towards national greatness. There were great statesmen, thinkers, generals, parties, preparations, struggles ; and a Spanish army in Tetuan fought against the Moors as it had done in the time of Gonzalo de Córdoba. But the Restoration had lost the feeling for everything that was really strong and great, for all ideas that were lofty or deep. And in the literary criticism of the epoch the same fault is to be found. Even men of wide culture like Menéndez Pelayo and Valera showed a lack of perspective. They were inclined to applaud mediocrity in perfectly good faith, because they had nothing better.

It would be misunderstanding the situation completely to think that the Cuban War was the cause of the revival which began in 1898. The causes were there already ; the shock of war and defeat merely set them off. It cannot be too often insisted that war of itself has never produced any literary or artistic revival. Rupert Brooke and his generation were not the generation of 1914 but of 1908. The movement which is symbolized or, perhaps, one should say driven, by "Wheels" was not generated from military events in Flanders and diplomatic business in Paris. Spaniards of the "Generation of 1898" are quite clear on this point. "In Spain," they say, "there is an illusion about modern literature, social and political criticism. Some people have been in the habit of thinking that all the work which was done under the obsession of the problem of Spain was rooted in the colonial disaster and was a direct cause of it. Nothing is more untrue. The literature of regeneration, which was produced in 1898 and the years which immediately followed it, is only a prolongation, a logical continuation of the social and political criticism which had been made for many years before."

Spain in the 'thirties, in moments of comparative peace, was described by Larra, a charming and gifted person, who ended his life, like Werther, for a Charlotte who must have been a remarkable woman if she were worthy of him. It was, he said, a country of government officials, who looked down on you from their lofty eminence and never noticed you in the street. Every one was " Your lordship " (*señoría*) or " Your excellency " ; the place was full of titles and decorations. No one ever talked of art or science or anything useful. The roads were bad, the inns wretched. There were no facilities for doing anything ; it was a land of obstacles. When travelling in Spain you kept thinking that you were like Noah's dove, going out to see whether the country were habitable or not. Your carriage was as lonely as the ark ; there were neither houses nor villages. Where, he asked, was Spain ?

As further example, may be mentioned the scathing, detailed and well-written denunciations in *La política de capa y espada* (The politics of romantic melodrama), which was published in 1876 by Eugenio Sellés, or the book entitled " Herejías " (heresies), by Pompeyo Gener. " Herejías " was published in 1887. It was intended to annoy people, and it certainly succeeded. It was paradoxical and outrageous, but it made people think for a moment ; and it was obviously the work of a man who was sincere and who knew what he was talking about. The writer, who is a native of Catalonia, has a great " way with him " ; he has that kind of explosive personal charm which carries many people with it by its liveliness and unexpectedness.[1] " There are two things that are badly needed in Spain," he said, " a dictatorship and decen-

[1] " 'Peyus," as his friends called him in Barcelona, died at the end of 1920, while this book was in the press. A sympathetic notice of him will be found in the weekly review " España," 20th November, 1920.

tralization. What we want is a scientific dictatorship, exercised by a sort of Darwinist Cromwell with something of Louis XIV.—a man who would be at the same time implacable and splendid ; and while we were about it we might as well have two or three." This dictatorship would tackle first and foremost the problem of education and turn it inside out ; it would found professorships, technical schools and museums, abolish the obstructive opposition of old men, and appoint as teachers men who really know their jobs. If the right men could not be found in Spain, they would be imported from some other country. Travelling scholarships would be instituted for every country in Europe, in science, industrial arts and literature ; measures would be taken to ensure that people should lead healthy lives, to prevent trees being cut down, to cultivate waste places, etc. That many of these things have come true is due as we saw to the labour and example of " Don Francisco." The educational part has been realized by the *Junta para Ampliación de Estudios* and the *Residencia de Estudiantes*.

The most important foundation upon which the Generation of 1898 built was the work of Benito Pérez Galdós, the great novelist who died in the beginning of 1920, and who did more than any other writer to make Spanish a language in which there is plenty of modern fiction worth reading.

It is easy to label Pérez Galdós, to say that he was a realist and not a romantic ; but the real and not the romantic has always been the driving force of Spanish art. In Spain there is an old tradition of realism in the picaresque novels, those intensely vital —and rather disreputable—stories told in the form of biographies of *pícaros*[1] like " Don Guzmán de Alfarache " and " Lazarillo de Tormes," and in the " exemplary novels " of Cervantes. Pérez Galdós,

[1] *Infra*, p. 71.

by being thoroughly himself and honestly Spanish, was as much a realist as Cervantes or any other writers of picaresque stories. He knew Spain better than most people, and had a profound knowledge of the Spanish character. His men and women are nearly all of them natural and convincing, because their Spanish characteristics are never exaggerated.

The realism of Pérez Galdós is nineteenth-century realism. It owes nothing to the French, and is not in any way derived from Zola ; but it contains or suggests something unknown to the old Spanish novelists—a background of philanthropy and social idealism. Galdós was not a propagandist ; but he did not write about things altogether for their own sake like the Spanish contemporaries of Shakespeare. What distinguished him from the Spanish writers of his own time was his scepticism. Pereda was a realist too, and his short stories of mountain life in the north of Spain (" Escenas Montañesas "), as well as his later stories of fisherfolk at Santandér like " Sotileza," are as alive now as when they were written. But Pereda was a staunch supporter of the old order of things, and never quite gave up hope of converting Pérez Galdós to his beliefs. The two were always good friends, and did all they could to get people to read each other's books. It is a great pity that their letters to each other have never been printed ; and now that both of them are dead, perhaps some one will undertake the responsibility of publishing them. In 1907, talking of this *copioso archivo* of letters, Galdós wrote :

> " Some people think that Pereda and I were always fighting over religion and politics. But this isn't true. Pereda had his ideas and I had mine. Sometimes we became involved in amusing discussions, but we never got as far as a dispute. The fact is that Don José María

Pereda wasn't half as clerical as some people thought; neither am I such a raging free-thinker as others have supposed."

Pérez Galdós was too much interested in the welfare of Spain, and saw too clearly what was the matter with it to be able to accept Pereda's views. The word "patriot" is a dangerous label to give to any one in these days; but Pérez Galdós was from the first and above everything a patriotic Spaniard. He was not interested in ruling vast territories in South America, and was probably glad that they had become independent; yet he saw that his own countrymen had qualities which he admired and which other races seemed not to possess. His earliest dreams were not literary, but political. He realized that the chief reason why Spanish history had been a story of great promise hardly ever fulfilled was to be found in the officialism of both Church and State. Though not a religious man himself, he could tolerate religion in others if it made them happy. He could understand a man being a "good Catholic, though not clerical," but he could never accept a system which, more than anything else, seemed to him to have kept Spain back in the course of European civilization.

Galdós saw clearly that there was a Spanish problem, and that something ought to be done about it. And, indeed, Spain in his youth was a very different place from the comfortable, prosperous and not altogether unhappy country it has become since the late war. He set to work to answer the question asked by Larra, Where was Spain? *Donde está España?* In his play "Electra," and in his excellent novels, "Gloria," "Doña Perfecta" and "La Familia de León Roch," written in the 'seventies, he showed how the lives and happiness of the Spanish people were being wrecked by the old machinery of Church

and State, and how men and women were degraded and brutalized by practices which the authorities encouraged. His point was always that ignorance, hypocrisy and disloyalty to friends were not the natural inheritance of men born in sin, but the result of bad education and bad government.

Pérez Galdós lived long enough to see Spain make up nearly all the leeway which had resulted from drifting through most of the nineteenth century in a state of revolution and civil war. But times like those, though they may prevent a nation from building schools and railways, make every man a man of action—at heart every Spaniard is a man of action—and his life an interesting subject for fiction. About half the work of Pérez Galdós consists of the five series of "Episodios Nacionales." The idea was probably suggested by reading Erkmann-Chatrian; but the aim and method are different. The "Episodios" are not exactly historical novels, though they have taught the history of nineteenth-century Spain to many people who certainly would never have waded through its civil wars and the doings of the various generals. They are the fruit of a good deal of genuine research and hard work among original documents. In 1872, when Galdós was working on "Trafalgar," the first "Episode," he went as usual to Santandér for the summer.

> "One evening I was walking with a friend, the poet Amós de Escalante. 'But don't you know,' he said to me suddenly, 'that here in Santandér we have the last survivor of the battle of Trafalgar?' ¡*Oh, prodigioso hallazgo*! What a find! The next day, in the Plaza del Pombo, Escalante introduced me to a little old man wearing an old-fashioned frock-coat and an antiquated top-hat. His name was Galan; he had been a cabin-boy in the *Santisima Trinidad*."

Galdós never misinterpreted events or persons, but he made each "Episode" a real novel. What made history interesting, he thought, was not so much the kings and battles, as the customs—customs were the cement of public, external history. The greatness of the "Episodios Nacionales" is that the wars, the generals, and the politicians do not distract attention from the actors of smaller parts. Galdós always thinks in terms of men and women; and the "Episodes" are as a rule like awkward, unsteady and inflammable pieces of scenery, in front of which the characters have to appear. When a national episode itself is put on—a battle, for example—Galdós does not view it as Mr. Hardy does in the "Dynasts." He brings people whom you have already met to look at it or take part in it, and talk about what they see. In revealing Spain to his own countrymen and to the whole world, Galdós showed that there were plenty of reasonable men and men of good will left in it, in spite of the wars, the generals, and the government officials. His favourite heroes are civil engineers or doctors—competent, professional men of the middle class; but all classes are represented. His novels are like the Puerta del Sol in Madrid, where every Madrileño and every Spaniard is sure to meet some one he knows.

It may be thought that a disproportionate amount of space has been devoted to Pérez Galdós, seeing that he belonged to an older generation than the men of '98. But it is difficult to explain the movement without him, and he, and Baroja and "Azorín," two of the most diverse and most characteristic members of the group have done more than any other writers to reveal Spain as it really is. In Spanish literature, music and painting there is a "literary fiction" which Englishmen have to penetrate before they can get at the essential Spain behind it. The excellence and reason-

ableness of Ford's "Gatherings" have been forgotten in the poetry and humour of Gautier's "Voyage" and the romantic nonsense of Alexandre Dumas; and their interpretation, distorted though it is, has been taken by all French writers and most English ones to represent Spain as it actually is. The consequence is that nearly all modern ideas about Spain are secondary emotions. They are not ideas of Spain, but of the Spain invented by Gautier and Dumas and decorated by Prosper Mérimée; they are notions obtained at second hand. The fiction of "Carmen" dies hard. No one will believe that the employées at the tobacco factory at Seville are the least attractive people in the place. It is still difficult to make some Englishmen believe that in Spain the women neither smoke nor carry daggers about their person—just as difficult, in fact, as it is to convince a Spaniard that in London you may see [1] women wearing uniform and walking five abreast on the pavement. Even Mr. Conrad has not altogether succeeded in describing a Spanish type; the heroine of "The Arrow of Gold" is a strange, remote, interesting character, but there is nothing Spanish about her except the background of the Carlist wars.

Galdós, Baroja, and "Azorín" are important for English readers, because the Spain and the Spaniards which they describe are reasonable and natural. Their emotions of Spain are all primary emotions. Like Cervantes, these men have been about Spain and have seen things; they have talked with men and with women. Baroja, in particular, is like Galdós in his knowledge of wayside *ventas* (inns); he passes the time of day with labourers and cattle-drivers, street musicians and poor students. All three have explored the back streets of Madrid, and even have some knowledge of the devious ways of modern

[1] One of the first sights which greeted me in London on returning from Spain in January, 1920.

politics, especially "Azorín." I am a firm if discriminating admirer of "Azorín's" writings, and refuse to believe that he has "written himself out" to such an extent that politics are the only occupation left to him. Galdós and Baroja have been accused of always having an axe to grind; but they are in no sense propagandists. They found by experience that literature was more interesting than politics, and telling stories more agreeable than pulling strings. And Galdós, above all, was anxious that people should have a rational view of life, and did all he could to help the Spanish people to realize it.

II

PIO BAROJA AND HIS NOVELS

SOME Spaniards are inclined to be sceptical and incredulous when you tell them that people in England have become interested once more in Spanish things. They show you English newspaper articles which betray complete misunderstanding of the Spanish character and utter lack of sympathy with Spanish ideals and aspirations; they remind you of the writings of men who have made no attempt to understand what the intellectuals of Spain are thinking about or struggling to accomplish. At best they are disposed to believe that English interest in Spain is either all propaganda or all business. And when you tell them that those in England who are interested in music, books or pictures are really anxious to know about modern Spanish art, they learn from you with astonishment that, except for Blasco Ibáñez, no really modern Spanish novelist has been translated into English.[1]

[1] A list of some sixty English translations of Spanish novels of the latter half of the nineteenth century appeared in the "Times Literary Supplement" for the 13th May, 1920.

Blasco Ibáñez now has his public in all English-speaking countries as well as in all Spanish-speaking ones, and, say his compatriots, he takes care to write for it; he has never surpassed his purely Spanish, Valencian stories, "Arroz y Tartana," "Entre Naranjos," "Flor de Mayo" and "La Barraca." When your friends inquire whether any novels of Valle-Inclán, Ricardo León or Pérez de Ayala have been translated into English, or any of the short stories of Gabriel Miró, you have to admit that they have not, and worse, that only one book by Pío Baroja, "César o Nada," has appeared in English either. This is a very curious fact, for Pío Baroja is one of the most interesting writers of modern Spain, and he represents more completely than any one else the ideas and tendencies which began with the generation of '98.

"Azorín," who through his essays has become as it were a Master of Ceremonies, ready and able to introduce one to all the most interesting men in Spain of this or any other age, presents us to Baroja with his usual felicity. He shows him as he was sometime in the nineties writing articles on Nietzsche for *El Imparcial*, while the Swiss, Dr. Paul Schmitz, stood beside him with a volume of the German edition from which he translated characteristic sentences. But Sr. Baroja has also shown us himself. Without advertisement, without much charm, but in that curiously attractive way he has of being "rhetorical in a minor key," he has revealed himself to us, as we can feel that he really or approximately is every day, and as he might tell us about it in a café after dinner or in his own house at Itzea. "While the war was going on," he says, "I made a point of being deaf to the present. I went on writing as if the world were at peace. Generally I write novels. This time, however, it has been a sort of commentary on my life. Like nearly all my books this one appeared in my hands

without my thinking about it or particularly wanting it. Some one had asked me to write ten or fifteen pages of autobiography ; and as this seemed a good many to fill with personal notes of a life so insignificant as mine, I didn't know how to begin. So in order to find the thread, I began by scribbling in note-books ; but they have grown as fat as Faust's dog and turned into this book." Such was the origin of "Juventud, Egolatría" ("Youth, Self-worship"). With many writers such a work would reveal the *poseur*, or if not that, a man rather obviously posing as not being one ; but Sr. Baroja has drawn himself with the consistency, the naturalness, the ordinariness one might almost say, of one of his own characters, and the result is uncommonly interesting. He has been something of his own Boswell, too, in the introductions to the Nelson Edition of one of his novels, "La Dama Errante," and to a volume of selections published by Calleja.

Don Pío Baroja y Nessi was born at San Sebastián in 1872. His father was a civil engineer ; his mother's family came from Lombardy during the Austrian occupation. "So I am seven-eighths Basque and one-eighth Lombard," wrote Baroja ; and the fact that his forefathers had used Basque as their mother-tongue will explain, and perhaps justify, his dislike or inability to write Castilian in the sonorous, traditional fashion of those who have it by inheritance.

He studied medicine, but without any great enthusiasm ; he found his teachers uninteresting, and they for their part always said that he would never do anything. His family, indeed, had said the same thing, and no one was surprised that he failed several times in his examinations. A critical moment in his choice of a career came when his family were living near Valencia ; he found that he had no longer any great interest in medicine, and the question arose

whether it was worth while going on with it. He decided to see it through, and astonished his friends by passing the later examinations with no apparent effort. "How you've changed!" they said. "Nowadays you always get through." "This business of examinations," Baroja answered sententiously, "is only like winning at cards, and I've learnt the system." But he makes it clear that the system was only diligence, and knowing how to work in the right way.

His last year as a medical student had been disturbed by the recruiting authorities. Being a Basque he was anti-militarist by tradition and inheritance, for the Basques had never been liable to service in the regular army, and his great-grandfather Nessi had originally escaped from Austrian Italy as a deserter. He had shown the "local tribunal" a copy of a royal decree which should have relieved him from service, his father having been a liberal volunteer in the last civil war, and he himself being born in the Basque provinces; but the official who dealt with his case was unsympathetic and ruled that the exemption did not apply to Basques living in Madrid. Baroja tried to pull strings; he saw a self-important politician who was "full of political pretensions, but unfitted for anything except carrying sacks." Finally he saw Count Romanones. "He was wreathed in smiles when I entered his office; he had a flower in his button-hole, and was accompanied by two men, one of whom was my enemy, the man who had decided that my exemption was not valid." Baroja explained excitedly what had happened. "I think the boy is right," said the count. The list of conscripts was brought and Baroja's name scratched out.

After being qualified as a doctor Baroja lived for a few months with his family near Valencia. His father wrote for a San Sebastián paper; and one day Baroja, seeing that the post of municipal doctor at

Cestona was vacant, applied for it, and as there were no other applicants the appointment was given him. There was another medical man there already ; but Baroja liked the look of the place, the inn gave him a very good dinner, and he accepted the appointment at once. In Cestona he was able to realize one of his boyish ambitions—to have a house of his own and a dog, like Robinson Crusoe. There were not many patients, however. The new doctor spent his time in exploring the neighbourhood, or in baking the holy wafers and doing other odd jobs for his landlady, Doña Dolores, who was sacristan of the parish. He had bought a big ledger, but so many pages remained blank that he began to fill them with the short stories afterwards published as " Vidas Sombrías." These sketches of the " Gloomy Lives " of the men and women who might have been his patients were a good deal talked about in 1900. Some said that they were like Poe, or Dickens, or Dostoievsky ; but they were read with interest, though not always with approbation, by the comparatively small reading public of Spain, and were translated into French, German and Italian, and even into Czech. One of the first to realize their value was " Azorín." On two consecutive days he wrote to the publisher praising the book, and not long afterwards, catching sight of Baroja as he was coming out of the National Library at Madrid, he went up to him under the trees of the Castellana avenue.

" Are you Baroja ? " he asked.

" Yes."

" I'm Martínez Ruiz."

They shook hands. The friendship which began in this way has not been without its importance to modern Spanish letters. Though " Azorín " and Pío Baroja are complete opposites in some respects—in point of style, for instance, in their opinion of the

Spanish classics and their way of approaching their subjects—yet they are both after the same thing. Their aim is to make Spain intelligible to Spaniards, and Spaniards intelligible to themselves ; they are describing Spain as it really is, carrying on in this sense and developing the work of Pérez Galdós. They have travelled together in out-of-the-way parts of the country ; they have defended the same men and the same ideas ; and " Azorín " by his defence of Baroja (particularly his essays in " El paisaje de España " and in " Lecturas Españolas ") has done much to dispel the clouds of misrepresentation and abuse with which the reactionaries have enveloped his friend.

A later novel, " El Mayorazgo de Labraz," was built upon memories of a summer when Baroja was medical officer at Cestona. " No one was ill at the time ; and as my father, who was then chief engineer for Guipúzcoa and Álava, had to make a survey of some mines, he agreed to take me instead of his assistant. First of all, I had to learn to use a theodolite ; and we practised with it in the garden until I knew how to manage it. When I was more or less proficient my father and I started from Cestona ; we went first to Bilbao, from Bilbao to Orozco and Amurrio, and then on to Barambio and Murguía, and various other places till we came out at Guipúzcoa. It was one of those journeys on which one sees very curious things. In a mine at one place I thought of the story ' Bondad Oculta ' which is in my book ' Vidas Sombrías ' ; the mine manager was one of those queer types of industrial magnate who lived like a Sultan with two Galicians, both very pretty. In another place near Murguía we stayed at an inn where I saw the characters which come into the first part of ' El Mayorazgo de Labraz ' . . ."

Baroja does not say where he met the Englishman

"Bothwell Crawford," the strange, interesting, eccentric character who disliked England, had lived at Labraz for years, and could forgive the inhabitants everything except their hatred of plants and trees.

"I asked him whether he did not think the author of 'Pickwick' an admirable writer.

"'Yes,' he replied very seriously, 'he was a good Samnite. Let's drink his health.'

"'The health of some one who is dead?' I asked.

"'Well, doesn't he live in his works more than most men, who have no more life than so many beetles?'"

They drank to "that good Samnite called Domenico Theotocópuli, el Greco," to Goya and others, and then "Crawford rose to his feet with his glass in his hand, and requested me to do the same. 'And now let us drink to that great gentleman, that great Samnite, painter of painters, Don Diego Velázquez de Silva.' We finished the last bottle [they were drinking old brown sherry], and then the Englishman told me in confidence that he thought Spanish literature on the whole despicable.

"'But Cervantes

"'Pooh!'

"'Quevedo . . .'

"'Psh! Of all Spanish writers the only ones I like[1] are the author of the "Celestina," the *hidalgo* who wrote the ode to his father, and that cleric who says that one day he came to a meadow—

Verde e bien sencido, de flores bien poblado,
Logar cobdiciaduero para ome cansado'.

"I did not stop to discuss the Englishman's tastes."

Baroja's earliest novel, "La Casa de Aizgorri," was thought out in the same way one summer when the

[1] He means, of course, Fernando de Rojas, Jorge Manrique, and Juan Ruiz, the Archpriest of Hita. There is, however, some doubt about the authorship of "Celestina."

doctor had nothing particular to do ; the distillery which was the livelihood and the wealth of the " House of Aizgorri " he came upon on one of his tramps near San Sebastián. But before he could get to work on the novel he was obliged to go to Madrid.

" Why on earth did you become a *baker* ? " said his friends afterwards. It was a long story, but the main points of it were that one of his uncles, after failing in everything else, had become partner in the first Viennese bakery which was opened in Madrid. Since the death of the other partner, however, the Vienna bread had no longer been selling " like hot cakes " ; and Baroja's uncle, dying suddenly, had left a business very much embarrassed, but one which it might be possible to revive. Pío Baroja and his brother set to work ; and for the next six years the most original of Spanish living novelists was a master-baker, doing what writing he could in the dark, grimy little office at the back of the bakery, while he made up packets of pennies and halfpennies and entered up the accounts of the delivery men.

" Every one has spoken of the struggles and misery of a literary life, and of the envy and hatred it entails. That has not been my experience. All I have found in it is that it brings in very little money, though it certainly makes the existence of a writer miserable and precarious. But nothing is comparable with the vexations of the life of a small manufacturer, above all when that small manufacturer is a baker. . . . When my brother and I moved to a new bakery, we had a plan made out and sent it to the City Council. The official who dealt with the matter found that our plan showed no stable for the mule which worked the machine, and promptly turned it down. When it dawned on us that the plan had been held up by the authorities, we went to inquire ; we explained to the official that there was no stable for the mule because

we had no mule, our machine being worked electrically. 'That's not the point,' he replied with all the seriousness of a bureaucrat; 'it's laid down in the regulations that you must have a stable.'"

Life at the bakery, however, though it hindered the writing of novels, gave Baroja many experiences by which he was afterwards able to profit. He and his brother and a friend lived in an old house in the Calle de la Misericordia. It had once belonged to the chaplains attached to a convent, and in it, it was said, had died a Queen of Spain—Doña Juana de Austria. It was full of queer corners, and there was in particular a large attic where the two Barojas and their friend used to design new mechanical inventions, or at all events discuss them. The attic and the machines reappeared in the "Inventions, Adventures and Mystifications of Silvestre Paradox," one of the maddest and most delightful books of recent years. It is strange that no one, except the Russians, has thought it worth translating. Paradox and his friend, Don Avelino, were robbed by a servant; and as they had no money to pay the rent, they were obliged to sell all their possessions. These consisted for the most part of a collection of stuffed animals, which Paradox had preserved by a queer and original method of his own, and which, with the models and specimens of his seventeen inventions, were the pride of his existence and the furniture of his attic. They found a friendly doctor who was quite ready to buy the stuffed animals; but what enchanted him about the business (and enchants us) was that, as the porter would not allow Paradox and Don Avelino to go in by the front door until they had paid their rent, the specimens had to be let down from the roof. The doctor, with two boys from the bakery round the corner, stood in the yard one dark night to catch the animals which were lowered to them; but just as the most imposing of

all, a fearsome alligator, was swinging on its rope, the moon came out and revealed the strange scene to any one who might be looking. It afterwards appeared that the porter had been looking, for when Paradox and his friend crawled along the roof and tried to get back into their attic, they found that the window had been barred by having an iron grating fastened in front of it.

"The fact that I lived for several years at the bakery," says Baroja, "with workpeople, deliverymen and others of the poorer classes made it sometimes necessary for me to go to obscure taverns to find an absent workman who was often drunk; and this led me to explore the poorer quarters of Madrid, to go for walks in the suburbs and write about the men and women who are on the margins of society. Literature of this kind has its antecedents in the old Spanish picaresque novels, in Dickens, and the Russians and in the French 'feuilletons' of the *bas fonds*. . . . The pictures which form my novels 'La Busca' and 'Mala Hierba' are, as it were, retouched photographs, though this method of working is doubtless not the best for producing work of real artistic value."

"La Busca" (The Quest) was widely read in Spain and in Spanish America. No translation of it, however, has been printed, though it is quite as interesting and no less "local" in colour than say, the Danish novel of "Pelle the Conqueror." Baroja thinks this may be because its interest is too local, or because the poor of Madrid have less character than is generally imagined. After all, allowing for variations of climate and food, the misery of Madrid is almost identical with that of London or Paris. Some critics have accused Baroja of distorting the Madrileñan character. The explanation, of course, is that the literary fiction of what the cockney Madrileño is supposed

to be like is no longer true to life, any more than people in the Isle of Dogs, for instance, say " wery " instead of " very," or than ninety-nine British soldiers out of a hundred were like " Old Bill." One of Baroja's friends did, however, translate " The Quest " into French. He had been a lieutenant in the French artillery about 1904, but was so disgusted with military life that he escaped from his battery at Avignon and came to Spain. " Poitevin was a nice creature, a sympathetic type of Frenchman, not one of those who believe that there is no other country but France, and that away from Paris there is nothing but humanity at a lower stage of civilization, hardly worth the trouble of looking at.

" Poitevin translated my novel, and wrote to Calmann Lévy offering his translation ; but while the manuscript was still under consideration he caught bronchitis, which was complicated by some cardiac affection, and proved fatal." The translation was sent round to various French men of letters—Sully-Prudhomme, Coppée, and others—but was never printed. " La Busca " and " Mala Hierba " may have suggested " La Horda " (The Crowd) of Blasco Ibáñez ; the former were published in 1904, while the latter appeared in 1905. The trilogy of Madrileñan novels, afterwards called the " Struggle for Life," was completed by " Aurora Roja " (Red Dawn), which contains some of Baroja's best work, and most acute observation and criticism of social values, woven about the ramifications of the anarchist movement in Spain at the beginning of the present century.

Baroja had a cousin whose criticism he valued, not because it was literary but because it was the impression of a very honest and simple-minded man who said what he thought. This man had already told him that " The Way of Perfection " was " good but rather boring," and Baroja readily agreed with him,

though it is an interesting novel of travel in Spain both physical and spiritual, and of the ups and downs of life in modern Castile. In regard to "The Quest" and "Red Dawn," he made another illuminating remark. Baroja met him one day in the Calle de Alcalá.

"You haven't convinced me," he said.

"How?"

"Your hero isn't really a man of the people; he's falsified. Like you, he can't be anything but a *señorito*. Do what you like, dress up as an anarchist, or a socialist or a *golfo* (ragamuffin), you'll always be a *señorito*."

Baroja was inclined once again to accept the truth of what his cousin said; but *Señoritismo* is a failing from which few writers, Spaniards or others, have been able to free themselves, even those of most humble origin.

The proofs of "Aurora Roja" were hardly corrected when Poitevin's death occurred. It was in January 1905, and Baroja, feeling very cold and wretched, decided to go south to Andalucía. He fixed on Córdoba, and was joined there by one of his friends, the painter Regoyos.

He returned to Madrid in the spring and began "La Feria de los Discretos," which contains charming descriptions of life in Córdoba as a background to the adventures of Quintín, an attractive and efficient person who has been educated at Eton. It was followed by "Los Ultimos Romanticos" and "Las Tragedias Grotescas," thought out and written in Paris, and describing the life of Spanish exiles and others about the time of the Second Empire.

Some years before this Baroja had been for a short time in Tangier, and in 1906 he took up an idea which had occurred to him there. It was to make Paradox, the crazy inventor whom we saw letting down his

stuffed alligator from the roof of an old house in Madrid, wrecked on an island off the coast of Africa with a set of cosmopolitan adventurers, and several ladies, who make a company of extremely good talkers. Paradox is chosen King of a neighbouring tribe, and governs well until the place is bombarded by a French expeditionary force and the inhabitants massacred. As a French colony the island becomes a refuge for scoundrels of all nationalities ; colonization has meant the introduction there of all the vices of civilization instead of its virtues. It is the kind of story which might have occurred to Bernard Shaw, or to the author of "South Wind." "Paradox, Rey" is in many ways the best book that Baroja has written. It is a biting satire on civilization as it is enforced by officials and militarists, but it has at the same time characters, scenes and situations which are vastly amusing and entertaining, and has nothing of the political tract about it. It is something the same kind of book as "L'île des Pingouins," though it was printed before that masterpiece of Anatole France. What has hindered it from being translated is not so much its radicalism as its form. Like "La Celestina," it is entirely in dialogue, and has no word of description apart from short stage directions. Baroja had always wanted to write a novel in this shape. In "La Casa de Aizgorri" there are long passages of bare dialogue, and "El Mayorazgo de Labraz" was begun with the intention of being all in dialogue like "Paradox, Rey." The difficulty of making it interesting in an English translation would be that a novel written like a play would be exhausting to read as the form is new to us, and the perpetual use of the historical present in the stage directions is always annoying in English. It might be possible to present it in the same way as "The New Republic," for instance, or Mr. Lowes Dickinson's "Meaning

of Good," in which the stage directions are reduced to narrative; but it is quite likely that Sr. Baroja would object to this treatment, and the comparison hardly holds good; "The Meaning of Good," like a dialogue of Plato, is a philosophical discussion in a form which seems in some ways to approach that of a novel; "Paradox, Rey" is a novel in the form of a prose comedy. After all, if English people can read "Man and Superman," they ought to be able to read "Paradox, Rey." A certain Englishman who knew Baroja while he was in London asked if he might have one of his novels to see whether it would be possible to translate it. Baroja gave him "Paradox, Rey"; but after reading it, his friend, "with that air of gravity which Englishmen put into everything they do," remarked that the book might do for a public of Irishmen, but that for the English public it would not be suitable. He did not explain to me (adds Baroja) what he meant by "a public of Irishmen." Many people might think that a book which would appeal to an Irish sense of humour would be a success anywhere.

Pío Baroja is at his best, one may think, in his more fantastic manner, or when he is writing about men and wanderings in Spain. In England we have a very natural failing—a whim that one cannot entirely conquer—of wanting a Spanish writer to tell us about his own people rather than about the cosmopolitan society of London, Paris or Geneva; and we are apt to be disappointed when he deserts his own country. Blasco Ibáñez, it is true, makes cosmopolitan stories pay; but he knows his public and is less of an artist or thinker than Baroja. One could not condemn a man's work on personal preference like this; yet it is undeniable that something is lacking in unity, profundity or intellectual appeal in Baroja's two international novels. For one thing, in spite of this

modernity they are already rather out of date. "La Dama Errante," which was inspired by the attempt to assassinate King Alfonso on his wedding day, does not make more real or more convincing that subterranean yet cosmopolitan world of bombs and anarchists; and its sequel, "La Ciudad de la Niebla" (The City of Fog), does not make London any more interesting to a Londoner, or present it in a particularly new or striking way which had not occurred to us before. Sr. Baroja, who knows his Dickens—and his London—better than many Englishmen, would probably be the first to admit this; yet it is a book well worth reading to see how our grimy capital strikes a penetrating southern intellect; and the author does make us realize how overpowering it is, how cruel in many ways, and how futile. The part of "La Dama Errante" which is most enjoyable to any one in England is the description of a tramp across Spain, when Dr. Aracil and his daughter María, who are wanted by the police, make their way from Madrid to the Portuguese frontier. It was drawn "from a journey through La Vera de Plasencia which my brother and I and a friend made one summer, taking provisions and a small tent on a donkey." [1]

Baroja has always been a wanderer. Once many years ago he had been seeing the museum at San Sebastián, and they asked him to write his name in the visitors' book. He did so, but the director added:

"Put your titles underneath."

"Titles!" exclaimed Baroja. "I haven't any."

[1] The donkey in the Cevennes was always something of a curiosity, and probably rather a nuisance; but in Spain travelling on or with one is a very ordinary thing to do, and has nothing romantic about it. In the same way the charm of "Platero y Yo," by Juan Ramón Jiménez, is not that he rides about on an ass, which every one does in Andalucía, but lies in the personalities of Sr. Jiménez the poet, and Platero the ass, and in the fact that a book like that could have been written when all the rest of the world was at war.

"Say what you are. Look here, all the others have done so."

It was true; every one else had written, "*Fulano de Tal* (*i.e.* So-and-so), Chief of Administration, third class, and Knight of the Order of Charles III," or "*Zutano de Cual*, Commanding Battalion, Isabel the Catholic's Own, Cross of María Cristina." Baroja in a fit of pique or perversity wrote, "Pío Baroja, *Hombre humilde y errante*"—a humble man and a wanderer.

In his reminiscences of "Youth and Egolatry," he laughs at the occurrence; he never felt particularly humble he says, and his travels do not amount to much. "Nowadays, I suppose I should put *Hombre orgulloso y sedentario*—a proud man and a sedentary one." Yet it is true that Baroja has been a wanderer. He has always been in spirit with tramps and outcasts, those on the margins of society; and it is perhaps a reaction from the deadly monotony of a great deal of the life of modern Spain.

Baroja has scandalized the orthodox and the academicians by saying openly that he cannot read the Spanish classics—his tastes are not unlike those of the Englishman in his early novel "El Mayorazgo de Labraz," which has been mentioned before. What he means is probably that he never read them with any great enjoyment, and does not read them now; his favourite authors, he says, are Stendhal and Dickens, both of whom he reads solidly. Yet it is curious that he has something of the same view of life as Cervantes and the old novelists, who wrote the kind of stories which have been called "picaresque." The word has been used in England somewhat loosely for those modern stories of hectic globe-trotting varied by night clubs, of which "Sylvia Scarlett" and "Sonia" are examples; but the *pícaros* of old Spain were rather different. A *pícaro* was a man who refused to submit himself to the conventions of society, and

went out to see the world and make a living as best he could without regular employment. The *novela picaresca* professed to be the biography or autobiography of a *pícaro*, satirizing the society in which he lived; generally it was more than half of it the story of the author's own life. The first of the *pícaros* was "Lazarillo de Tormes," whose adventures formed the favourite book in the time of Philip II. Then came "Don Guzmán de Alfarache," the adventurer of Seville; many of the characters of the "Exemplary Novels" of Cervantes (such as "Rinconete and Cortadillo," with their disreputable adventures in Seville, and the two young gentlemen who stayed so long in that inn at Toledo on account of the "Illustre Fregona"); "Marcos de Obregon," whose creator, Vicente Espinel, himself lived the life of the most complete *pícaro*, and has been credited, though wrongly, with the invention of the Spanish guitar; and lastly there was the "Buscón" of Quevedo, who brought the study of the picaresque character from the provinces and the wayside inns to the capital. All these had their foundations of truth and verisimilitude in the conditions of sixteenth-century Spain; while the "picaresque" is still a quality—or rather, an ideal—of the Spanish races, which prefer to suffer rather than to submit and always delight in a display of *ingenio* (the subtlety of genius) for its own sake. A good deal of the fascination of Spain for Englishmen may be attributed to this sense of wandering and adventure which is inherent in the Spanish character. The kind of man who goes to Spain or who enjoys the Spanish classics is precisely that man who has something of the tramp in his composition, and whose dearest wish is that he might have as much travel as a wandering Jew and, perhaps, as much money as a sedentary one in order to pay for it.

Baroja is more interested in people than in culture,

in the Spanish character than in the Spanish classics ; but in spite of that, or as a cause of that, he is as full of the spirit of wandering as any of the old Spanish writers. And it is this quality which makes his work so attractive. In the life of modern Spain, where the vagabond hardly exists, " where everyone enters on his career as if it were a railway line and has to follow it in all its carefully planned rigidity until he dies," Baroja feels a *Sehnsucht*, a longing for a life which is not ordered and pre-established. He seeks it on the margins of society, among those who are commonly said to be failures ; for those lives, he would say, though practically they are defeated and broken are morally victories and an ascent to something higher. " Success in life," says one of Baroja's friends, Don José Ortega y Gasset, " is a symptom that a man possesses a certain class of virtues ; we call him efficient, and say that he is useful to society. That efficiency has a positive value I should be the last to deny ; but it seems to me a perversion of the spirit of our time that this quality should be the only one we value, or at least the one we value most highly. Thanks to that, we are depriving the world of all that is exquisite, for things that are exquisite are socially worthless." A friend of mine, he continued, whose fine and delicate feelings have not been altogether blunted by the diplomatic service, puts it in this way : " Men like me should have been born in another epoch ; for to get on in the one we live in you must have a bad heart, a good stomach, and a cheque book in your pocket."

Baroja, like all true artists, is the apostle of another way of thinking. *Sehnsucht*, " the desire for something afar," has always been a productive mood for works of art. Baroja's *Sehnsucht* has led him to wander over Spain and the rest of Europe in search of the stimulus to make him feel at home in the world. The solution when he

found it was not very new, to be sure, and only works with temperaments like his own, and those he contemplates. It was a life of action ; and Baroja's apple of contentment has been not to live a life of action, but to contemplate it. In all his novels we can see him looking for *algo dinámico*, something with force and go in it, pursuing it in various surroundings and in various periods. César Moncada, the protagonist of " César o Nada," is a man who loves action for its own sake ; " Zalacaín el Aventurero " is the hero of a string of enjoyable adventures and travels in Spain at the beginning of the nineteenth century ; " Las Inquietudes de Shanti Andía " relates the adventurous life of an old Basque merchant seaman. In " El Arbol de la Ciencia," the " Tree of Knowledge," the travels and adventures are those of the life of the spirit. This book is likely to remain the most finished and most personal of Baroja's philosophical novels, and shows his intellectual power and sincerity at their best. Andrés Hurtado, it is true, takes a short cut to the solution by poisoning himself—a solution which is no solution. Baroja's own method has been to find the worth of life in travel and adventure and in the contemplation of these things, and he has written between twenty and thirty novels to prove his case. In " El Mundo es ansí " (" That's the way of the world ") the voyages and disillusions are undergone by a Russian who makes two unhappy marriages, the second of which brings her to Spain ; while she is always cold to the brilliant, paradoxical creature who all the time was really in love with her. In construction and technique this is the best novel Baroja has written ; he changes the form of expression frequently, varying direct narration with letters and autobiography, but he never allows the interest to flag. The book is full of ideas, but they never interfere with the course of the story.

And then Baroja began his series of "Memoirs of a Man of Action." It is plain from the start that action has been reduced to adventure, and the novelist's immense powers of invention and characterization have been confined to telling in the form of novels the history of a real historical person, his uncle, Don Eugenio de Aviraneta. His uncle's history was varied enough and exciting enough in all conscience. There was hardly a civil war or a conspiracy in the early years of the nineteenth century in which he was not involved; he was in Greece with Byron, in Mexico, in Paris for the July revolution of 1830, and was busy intriguing and fighting all through the first Carlist war. Aviraneta is a great subject; but to a foreigner his "Memoirs" can never have quite that interest which they hold to his own countrymen. And besides this, if we feel in the mood for reading about Spanish "National Episodes," there are the fifty volumes of Pérez Galdós, and the three novels of Valle-Inclán on the last Carlist war, in which the lives of ordinary men and women are woven about recorded history—"Los Cruzados de la Causa," "El Resplandor de la Hoguera," and "Gerifaltes de Antaño"; and there is Unamuno's "Paz en Guerra."

The post-war mood, the effort of recovering from and forgetting a senseless tragedy in which we in England have all been involved, does not predispose us at present to read about other war-makers or war-like adventures. When readers on this side of the Pyrenees turn to the "Memoirs of a Man of Action," they will probably be more interested in those finished pictures of Spanish life and custom—the paralysing dullness of a country town, for instance, and the repression of all human faculties, as in the description of Cuenca in "Los Recursos de la Astucia"—than in Aviraneta's more hazardous escapades. For there is one thing which the late war has made us all realize;

and that is that all wars, even the most romantic and decorative, have been in their details as sordid and as revolting as that which we are trying to forget.

What is Baroja like in private life? Oh, say his friends, he has a great sense of humour and is rather bald, and you can see him every evening in winter walking along the Calle de Alcalá in a camel's hair overcoat! He gives us odd scraps of personal information in "Youth and Egolatry." In the summer he lives at Itzea, in the Basque Provinces. After a good deal of trouble and anxiety with his small means he has a house and garden in his own country. He has collected a small library, and some curious prints and documents.

The most personal thing about Baroja is his literary style. He has been accused of never having learnt grammar, of not knowing how to write and of being too lazy to learn. The truth, however, is rather different. Baroja is one of the most original thinkers of Spain; and in his sincerity he shrank from using the language in a way which, in the hands of anyone who is not an adept at using it, easily degenerates into cheap rhetoric. "Azorín" writes exquisite Spanish in a manner which is rather French, elastic, musical and yet never empty; but he has such command over the resources and technique of the language that he can dazzle the senses with rhetoric or approach one intimately with the most sober confidence as the occasion demands. Baroja knows "Azorín" too well to try to copy him; besides, a glittering display of fine writing is a thing he has never attempted. He is paradoxical, detached, aphoristic; but he never blows up in a burst of rhetoric. His icy indifference often annoys people, especially when it is applied to things about which they can feel neither icy nor indifferent; but the great point about his style is that the veil of words between the author and the reader has been

made as thin and transparent as possible. He studiously practises what he calls "rhetoric in a minor key."

That Baroja's practice is really studious and not negligent is shown by a story told by Ortega Gasset. In 1914 they and some others made a tour together to the Sierra de Gata,[1] to go over the ground of one of Aviraneta's exploits. When they got back, rather tired, to the inn at Coria, "Baroja used to pull out of his pocket something like a ton, more or less, of printed sheets, the proofs of a novel which was soon coming out. Without ceasing to take an active part in the conversation, which always 'lights up' at dusk between men who have been travelling, Baroja went on correcting his proofs with a stump of pencil. Evidently (I thought) although he was revising his style, he was paying more attention to the subject of the conversation than to the grammar of his novel. One day, however, his silence surprised us; he seemed submerged, almost drowned, in waves of galley-proofs. And what was more curious, we were talking of Goethe and the pagan turn which he gave, or wanted to give, to his life. Now Goethe and his pagan ideal of life are two things which will always 'unhinge' Baroja. But when, after some time, he raised himself from the torrent of papers, he said: 'Look here! There's nothing worse than beginning to think how you ought to say things; it's enough to send one off one's head. I'd written, "Aviraneta came down in slippers." But I asked myself whether this was expressed properly, and now I don't know whether I ought to say, *Aviraneta bajó de zapatillas*, or *bajó con zapatillas*, or *bajó á zapatillas*!'"

There are signs that Pío Baroja has not entirely reduced the quest for truth and happiness to a life of action and adventure. He has lately published another

[1] Near the Portuguese frontier, about the latitude of Madrid.

quasi-philosophical novel, "The Cave of Humour," which reminds us forcibly that he is not the least acute and least penetrating thinker of modern Spain. It is possible, too, that the unedifying spectacle of the European war and its consequences has not increased his respect or enlarged his interest in the warlike episodes of recent Spanish history.

He cannot agree with those who think that the late struggle has increased the prestige of soldiers. Formerly, he says, and there is a note of regret in his voice, the soldier was an adventurer who preferred a free, irregular existence to the narrow rule of life in towns. But this type of warrior came to an end in the middle of the nineteenth century, and was last seen in Spain in the second Carlist war. A writer's duty is to rid himself, if he can, of the monotonous din of big guns; and he can sit in his attic and weave spider's webs from his ideas and dreams without doing harm to any one. For making a spider's web is at all events making something, and big guns never made anything but a mess. He reminds us of a remark made by General Kuroki at a banquet in New York: "I cannot hope for the appreciation of the world. I have not created anything, neither have I invented anything; I am only a soldier." "And," he continues, "what this victorious square-headed Mongol has realized has not yet been understood by the Teuton, the Gaul, the Latin or the Slav; it is possible indeed that they will never understand it."

Pío Baroja, then, is a man who is sustained by the conviction that a life of adventure is a means to happiness, and that action is the ideal which ought to be pursued. His imaginings are always hovering over the *dinamismo* and "go" of a man. What interests him about Aviraneta, some one has remarked, is not so much the man himself as what he did with the enormous quantity of energy which he dissipated every day.

His conception of life is embodied in that of the wanderer, whether he tramp the countryside of Spain or the regions of the mind. He is interested in every track which leads away from the track of necessity and custom. He has a profound and intelligent contempt for those who have the power and yet never travel or take an interest in exploring the life of the world or the life of the spirit. Through having gathered and stimulated imagination from the immediate experience of life, he has exceptional facility in the invention of characters ; though in his later books he is apt to squander his wonderful resources on characters who look in for a moment or two, and never appear again. His mind is utterly honest, his greatest aversion is a *farsante*, a person who is acting insincerely. But his curious and sometimes disconcerting way of saying things, the abruptness of his style and the harshness of his manner make his work unpleasing to many people who might otherwise be in sympathy with him. His writing wants, indeed, as Pope might have said, a certain softness to recommend it ; but it is all done with an abundance of spirit.

THE CATALAN CONTRIBUTION

I

LANGUAGES IN SPAIN

THE Catalan contribution to Spanish civilization is a subject which is neglected by most writers on Spanish things, and dismissed with the just remark that the Catalans deserve a volume to themselves. To obtain even a preliminary and general view, such as is the object of the following chapters, it is necessary to clear the ground somewhat extensively and to go into considerable detail. The facts are hardly available in English or French ; in Spanish they are difficult to find ; and in Catalan, difficult to read.

Some books have stated, and some people have believed them, that there are only two languages spoken in the peninsula—Spanish in Spain and Portuguese in Portugal. But this is rather a rash generalization. There were some staff officers with our troops in Italy who thought that the Austrians spoke "Austrian," and were worried to find that while the officers spoke German or Hungarian, the rank and file used about eight other unheard-of languages. This was mainly the fault of certain newspapers, more interested in propaganda than in accuracy ; and it is fortunate for all the peoples of Spain that these newspapers have not yet begun to meddle with Spanish affairs. It may fairly be said that three languages are spoken

in Spain alone : Basque, Catalan and Castilian, each of which has a number of recognized dialects. Galician, the dialect which is spoken in the north-west corner of the peninsula, and looks on paper like a mixture of Spanish and Portuguese, has been used for a good deal of real literature, both prose and verse. The Galician poems of Rosalía de Castro contain some of the most genuine poetry written in Spain in the nineteenth century ; and the language in which they are written has an indescribable softness and sweetness when read or sung by some one who knows how to manage it.

The origins of Basque, as well as its mysterious uses during the late war, are perhaps better left in the hands of specialists and students at the School of Oriental Languages. It is a very ancient language ; its nearest relations are said to be certain central African dialects. It is believed to have been spoken in some form by the earliest inhabitants of Spain ; but its literary monuments are confined to a few religious writings, some popular poetry, dirges, dramatic pieces and dancing songs. These have been shown to be of comparatively recent origin ; the " Leloaren Cantua "[1] is not earlier than the sixteenth century, and the " Altabiskarko Cantua " is less genuine even than the poems of Ossian.[2]

Basque exists to-day in the three provinces of Guipúzcoa, Biscay and Alava, in Spanish and French Navarre, and in the French districts of Labour and

[1] The " Song of Lelo " relates how the Basque Agamemnon was murdered on his return from the wars by Tata, his wife, and Sara, a friend.

[2] The " Song of Altabiskar " was written in French, and translated into Basque in 1834. It describes the battle of Roncesvalles from the standpoint of Charlemagne's enemies, and claims that it was Basques and not Saracens who destroyed Roland and his rearguard. Another story has it that the ambush was effected by the vassals of a King of Castile.

Soulé. It has practically disappeared in the larger towns like San Sebastián, Bilbao and Vitoria, and also in the plain of Alava, and in the part of Biscay east of the river Nervion, where, though Basque is cultivated to a certain extent by literary people, Castilian is spoken by even the most ill-educated men and women. Basque persists, however, in West Biscay and Guipúzcoa, where the inhabitants cling tenaciously to their language as well as to other immemorial customs, and live very happily, very prosperously and very efficiently as well. Among men of letters the language has a small but enthusiastic following. A certain amount of modern verse is written in it; it has newspapers, magazines and reviews devoted to folklore and other Basque studies.[1]

Castilian and Catalan are both neo-Latin languages. Castilian, the tongue which Philip II. imagined that man should use in his intercourse with God, is low Latin, with two distinct forms of speech grafted upon it. The Suevi, Vandals and Alani merely devastated; the Visigoths, less barbarous, allowed themselves to be conquered by the civilization which they had vanquished. They had also to learn the language of their subjects in order to make themselves understood; and the result, after three hundred years, was a language which preserved some of the forms of Latin mixed with words of barbarian origin.

In the eighth century the whole of Spain, except Asturias, was conquered by the Moors, and their vocabulary, phrases and proverbs made a lasting effect on the Castilian tongue. The extent of this influence, however, has been exaggerated. It is true that many of the words concerned with war, agriculture, irrigation, gardening, and the administration of justice are

[1] The "Hermes" of Bilbao (which corresponds in contents as well as in name with the "London Mercury") frequently prints poetry in Basque, though the greater part of it is written in Spanish.

derived from Arabic ; they are, indeed, the Arabic words themselves taken over with the definite article prefixed to them. But if the Moorish influence on the outward forms of Spanish life was great, its influence on Spanish thought was comparatively small. The Roman tradition was still there, and it was fostered by the Church ; and the Church in Spain, never ready to encourage art and learning for their own sake, was doubly opposed to them when both were only to be found among the infidels. One Pope did indeed study under the Moors at Córdoba, but the Church did not allow the experiment to be repeated.

Castilian literature on the whole shows as few traces of Islam as English literature. It developed in much the same way as the other romance languages, and drew very little inspiration from Arabic sources. Professor Sanvisenti mentions one or two similes found in Castilian and Arabic poetry, *e.g.* a city compared with the bride longing for the bridegroom's return. The beautiful *coplas* of Jorge Manrique are said to have some reminiscences of an ancient Arabic elegy, though, indeed, they seem reminiscent of every elegy written before or since. The *romances fronterizos*—ballads of border warfare against the Moors—are the only poems which have any definite relation with Islam, in that the argument is drawn from legends of the Moorish occupation or from Arabic legend itself. The literature of the Mozárabes—Spaniards who had become Moors in everything except their religion—drew its inspiration from the East while using the forms and metres of Spain, but it was written in Arabic.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Spanish Jews translated Moorish scientific works from Arabic into Castilian, and by a roundabout but important road contributed to the revival of classical learning. The great service which the wise men of Mussulman Spain did for European culture consisted in their

handing on the learning of the ancient Greeks, though it was sometimes disfigured or embellished in the form in which they preserved it. They revived philosophy in the study of Plato, Aristotle and Empedocles ; while in other branches of learning also they helped to prepare the way for what some called " learned ignorance," but others the renaissance. Men came from France, from England and from Germany, to study in the Moorish schools of Spain, diffusing through Europe the knowledge which they had gained ; and Rabbi Ben Ezra (1070-1139) travelled in Italy, France and England, spreading the learning of the Spanish Jews.

But the influence of religion, by some curious machinations of the Evil One, always seemed to be on the side of the powers of darkness. Most of the Mussulman and Jewish men of science were obliged to live in Christian territory, whither they fled from the persecutions instituted against them by the orthodox Mussulman theologians and the fanatical Almohad emperors. It is due to this fact that their contact with Christians and their influence upon them became greater than before ; and when later the rulers of Granada began to encourage learning and to found schools and a university, the intellectual leadership had already escaped from their hands.

The literary language (*Romance castèllano*) began to be formed about the tenth century. It has a certain development in the Poem of the Cid (ca. 1140). In its Galician form it becomes a cultivated means of expression in the works of Alphonso the Wise (King of Castile from 1252 to 1284), increasing in beauty and power and range of expression through the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, purified under Philip II., and eventually became the harmonious and majestic Castilian tongue, or Spanish, which is still able to thrill a traveller from the north by its exquisite modu-

lation and by the beautiful diction when spoken by cultivated men and women or by children in the province from which it takes its name.

Catalan, on the other hand, a language "which (*¿ sabe usted ?*) not even God can understand," as some one expressed it at Avila, has a different origin. Two theories have been proposed to account for it. According to most philologists, Catalan belongs to the Provençal family of neo-Latin languages. Catalan, Valencian and Majorcan are dialects of Limousine, the form of Provençal which, taking its name from Limoges and spoken at one time as far down as the east coast of Spain, survives now only in the "Mystery of Elche"—a fifteenth-century music drama performed every year on the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, and described later in this book. It has not been determined whether Catalan was first spoken in Catalonia or Roussillon. It is generally held that it arose in Carolingian times in France, and descended into Spain. It has great affinities with the Provençal group, although as spoken to-day in Roussillon it preserves its distinction from other Provençal dialects. The opposite theory is to the effect that Catalan is autochthonous in the mountains of Catalonia. Catalan, however, passes gradually into Castilian through the *patois* spoken in Aragon, and some philologists have held that although Catalan has affinities with Provençal, it really belongs to the Hispanic group of neo-Latin or romance languages, which includes Castilian and Portuguese. Catalan is like Portuguese in one respect; compared with Castilian it contains more words derived from French and fewer from Arabic; but the evolution of Latin sounds has differed from that in both these languages. Almost all final vowels have been lost in Catalan, as in French and Provençal, while they are preserved in Castilian and written Portuguese; the Latin short

E and O, which become the diphthongs IE, UE in Castilian, remain short in Catalan. Thus the Castilian *piedra* (Latin *petra*, Ital. *pietra*, Fr. *pierre*) becomes in Catalan *pedra*. Again, many words which appear to be the same in Catalan and Castilian have different meanings; *e.g.* *cama* in Catalan means "leg" (cf. Ital. *gamba*), while in Castilian it means "bed." (The Catalan for "bed" is *llit*, Fr. *lit*.) The same idea is often expressed in the two languages by words of different origin, *e.g.* "cheese," which in Castilian is *queso* (Lat. *caseus*), in Catalan is *formatge* (cf. Ital. *formaggio*, Fr. *fromage*). The verbal terminations differ, and also the syntax, *e.g.* where a Castilian would say to a friend, *He visto a tu hermana* ("I have seen your sister"), a Catalan would say, *He vist ta germana*; the Castilian *La he visto* ("I have seen her") becomes in Catalan, *L'he vista*.

This language is found, with certain variations in dialect, in the whole of Catalonia (except the valley of Aran), in Valencia, the Balearic Isles, in Roussillon (part of the "county," or earldom, of Barcelona, conquered by the French in the seventeenth century),[1] and in the town of Alghero in Sardinia. It is spoken by about five million people, many of whom are to a certain extent bilingual and speak Castilian too.[2] The number of people in Europe who speak Castilian and its dialects, the most distinct of which is Galician, is about sixteen millions. Of the dialects of Catalan the most important is Valencian. It seems to have been more influenced by Limousine in its origin than

[1] In the thirteenth century the Count of Barcelona, who was also King of Aragon and Lord of Roussillon, made himself independent of France and Roussillon formed part of Catalonia for five hundred years.

[2] The fact of their having to learn two languages is apt to make Catalan elementary school-children appear more backward than they are. On the whole the Catalans are decidedly quick-witted as a people.

Catalan, and contains fewer French words, and more of Arabic or Castilian origin. Some Valencians are indignant at their tongue being considered a mere dialect of Catalan; Don José Nebot Pérez, for instance, university librarian at Valencia, remarked that to Catalanize Valencian was as great a heresy as to Castellanize it. (*Tan grave herejía*, he said, *es catalanizar el valenciano como castellanizarlo.*) A Castilian, landing at Alicante and travelling northwards through Valencia to Catalonia, finds that while in Alicante he can understand the local dialect with comparative ease, he has some difficulty in Valencia and still more in the region of Castellón. In Tortosa it appears to be Valencian which is spoken, and is just intelligible to him; but in Barcelona and Gerona the *Umgangssprache* seems like a foreign language. The dialect of Mallorca has more affinity with Catalan than with Valencian, but owing to its isolation it possesses certain differences of orthography and pronunciation.

We shall see that Catalan was employed by poets, philosophers and chroniclers in the middle ages; but it was abandoned by the educated and only restored to its position as a cultivated language when the old words and forms, as well as the old ballads and folk-songs, were recovered from country-people in the last century. The revival of Catalan as a literary language, the effort to keep it pure and to teach people to speak it properly is one of the most interesting movements of modern Spain; moreover an English traveller can take in it an interest which is strictly impartial, since the political aspect of the question does not affect him. He will probably prefer the sound of Castilian, the ordinary "Spanish," which the majority of Catalans talk or at any rate understand; but Catalan is as different from Castilian as French is from Italian, and if it has not the exquisitely modulated

beauty of Castilian or Italian it can express things with a point and directness not far removed from that of French itself.

The earliest Catalan document dates from between 1095 and 1110. It is the text of the oath by which certain barons swore to maintain the conditions of peace imposed upon them by the Bishop of Urgell. (The " Homilies d'Organya " are merely translations of sermons of the Church fathers, and can hardly count as literature.) No work of any artistic value was possible until literature had undergone a certain amount of secularization. The value of the troubadour poems of Berenguer de Palol (1136-70) is more philological than artistic. The first great Catalan writer was Ramón Lull (or Lully, 1235-1315). It is odd that the language in which he wrote was only called Catalan after his death, by a military writer, Ramón Muntaner. Though Catalan was spread far and wide, in Spain and in the Mediterranean, Sardinia, Majorca, and even Corsica, Naples and Sicily by commerce and the conquests of James I., it cannot perhaps show anything to compare in beauty and interest with the " Poem of the Cid," written about 1140.

II

CATALAN CHARACTERISTICS

NATIONALITY is a term which has been used far too loosely, especially by certain propagandists, who, seeing things from only one side, were as incapable of clear reasoning as they were of clear thinking. The conditions of a state of war did not demand that the subject should be thought out ; the best case had to be made for a particular point of view. " The claims of nationality " were used for any scheme of

appropriating territory which might weaken the enemy and delay his recovery after the war. But one who is interested in Spanish things and trying to describe the appearance of them, is under no such disabilities. Nationality as he sees it in Spain is not a question of the shape of skulls or the place of birth, or even of the language usually spoken.

If we consider for a moment superficially what "British nationality" means to each one of us as an individual, it will surely be clear that it is something which makes us part of an institution of which we approve. It is the membership of the body to which we belong, a body which is distinguished from others, not so much by the physical qualities of the men and women who compose it or even by their form of speech, as by a way of looking at things, by a sense of humour; by tradition, upbringing, breeding; by the knowledge of how others belonging to the body have acted in the past in circumstances in which we too find ourselves in the present. It brings with it certain advantages, certain duties and certain disabilities; but it was a wise and humane system which allowed men and women to change their nationality if they desired it as some change their religion, and to choose of their own free will to which nationality, through sympathy or advantage or temperament, they wanted to belong. Nationality is like the membership of a club (or, as a Spaniard would say, of a *casino* or *círculo*), for which our names are put down as soon as we are born, but for which a subscription has to be paid for the enjoyment of its advantages. We all believe that, whatever its shortcomings or its failures, it is at bottom, really and truly, better than any other club; and our affections, as well as our interests, lead us to try to improve it as best we can, even though our ideas of improvement cause us to quarrel with many of our fellow-members. "Patriotism"

does not mean that we think that our premises and the ground which they occupy are more extensive than those of any similar institution, and boast about the fact ; still less does it mean that we hate all other institutions. It is rather the conviction that our house is, on the whole, better managed than any other, and that its inmates are happier and better off than those who live elsewhere. Patriotism is never felt so deeply as when we see that the men and women, who belong to the same institution as we ourselves, have qualities which we admire and which other people do not seem to possess.

Catalan territory does not form a geographical unit. The people who inhabit it do not necessarily belong to a race different from that of their neighbours. The Catalan nation is above all an historical product. The districts inhabited by Catalan-speaking people have already been mentioned; that people has a mixed origin. On to the old Iberian stem have been grafted stocks that were Greek, Roman, Goth, Arab and Gaul. From their individualism, their quickness, their commercial ability, their success as sailors, they are in a way the Greeks of the Western Mediterranean, as the slower, more dignified, agricultural Castilians, with their dreams of empire and love of centralization, might be compared with the Romans. The great point is that the Catalan tradition has all the features of a Mediterranean civilization. Readers of Mr. Norman Douglas's delightful and suggestive book, "South Wind," will not have forgotten that "ingenious gentleman," Count Caloveglia, in his simple dwelling, with the knowledge of antique sculpture which he put to so practical and profitable a use, and his ideas on the greatness and enduring qualities of the civilization of the Mediterranean races. His views are exactly applicable to the case of the Catalans, but they are accessible in English and are too long to

quote here. Don Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, with less subtlety and less malice, has given something of the "Mediterranean" environment in his recent novel "Mare Nostrum." Old Doctor Ferragut, the "Triton," is initiating his nephew Ulysses into some of the mysteries of seafaring life :

"At other times they would walk along the beach, level with the sea. The 'Triton' showed his nephew forgotten caverns and little coves where ships could anchor and be completely hidden from sight. Berber galleys had often hidden there before a sudden attack on a neighbouring village.

"In one of these caves on a ledge of rock, Ulysses saw a pile of bales.

"'Let's go,' said the Doctor. 'Every man makes his living as best he may.'

"When they stumbled upon the coastguard, leaning on his rifle and gazing out to sea, the Doctor would give him a cigar or advice if he were ill. 'Poor fellows! So badly paid! . . .' But his sympathies were with the others, the enemies of the law. He was a son of the sea ; and in the Mediterranean, all sailors have something of the pirate or smuggler in them. The Phoenicians, who were the first to spread the beneficent works of civilization by their voyages, covered their losses by piracy, filling their ships with peasant girls, a rich and easily stowed form of merchandize.

"Piracy and smuggling formed the past history of all the places which Ulysses and his uncle visited, some heaped up in the shelter of a promontory crowned by a lighthouse, others lying in the hollow of a bay flecked with islets with girdles of foam. Their ancient churches had crenelated openings in the walls, and loopholes near the doors for firing a culverin or a blunderbuss. The whole countryside took refuge there whenever the smoke of the beacons warned

them of a landing of Algerian pirates. Following the curves of the promontory was a line of reddish watch-towers, each of them in sight of two others—a line which stretched away to the south as far as the Straits of Gibraltar and to the north as far as France.

"The Doctor had seen towers like them in all the islands of the Western Mediterranean, and on the coast of Naples and Sicily. They were the fortifications of an age-long struggle, a fight which had gone on for ten centuries between Moors and Christians for the command of the sea; a war of piracy in which the men of the Mediterranean—divided by religion but one in soul—had continued the adventures of the Odyssey down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. . . .

"The whole history of mankind in Europe—forty centuries of war, emigration and the clash of races—the Doctor explained as the desire to possess this tideless sea, to enjoy the clearness of its atmosphere and the brightness of its light.

"The men of the north, who needed blazing logs and alcoholic liquors to preserve their lives from the cold, were always thinking of those Mediterranean shores. All their movements, in war and peace, were away from their icy waters to the shores of the warm sea. They sighed for the possession of those fields where the archaic severity of the olive alternated with the blithe gaiety of the vine, where the umbrella-pine spread its cupola of branches and the cypress raised its minaret. They loved to dream beneath the scented, snowy petals which fell from the endless groves of oranges; they longed to be masters of those sheltered valleys where the jasmine and myrtle scented the dry, salitrose air; of the dormant volcanoes where cactus and aloe grew among the rocks; and of the mountains of marble, with their angular precipices going down to the bottom of the sea and reflect-

ing the African heat emitted by the coasts opposite them . . . For Ferragut, the Mediterranean peoples were the aristocracy of mankind. The power of the climate had tempered the human frame as in no other part of this planet, giving it a dry and resistant force. Tanned and bronzed by absorption of sunlight and solar energy, the bodies of sailors had become as if of metal. The men of the north were stronger but less robust, less easily acclimatized than the sailors of Catalonia and Provence, Genoa and Greece. Men from the Mediterranean could settle anywhere in the world as if they were in their own country. It was on the shores of this sea that man had developed his greatest energy ; ancient Greece had converted the human frame into tempered steel. . . .

" All the types of human vigour had arisen from the Mediterranean race—fine, keen-edged, dry, like quartz, doing good and evil, but always on a large scale, with the exaggeration belonging to an ardent spirit which knows no measure and leaps from mean duplicity to the greatest extremes of generosity. Ulysses was the father of all, the wise and crafty hero, malicious and subtle at the same time."

* * * * * *

" Xenius " has taken the same standpoint in his " Glosari " :

" To the man who is a true son of the Mediterranean there can be no glory without success. However high the aim, however far-reaching the initial force, his sympathy can never be enlisted for failure or defeat. The Mediterranean hero is Ulysses, the wise and crafty, Ulysses who suffered many reverses of fortune but was victorious in the end and brought the task he had undertaken to a successful conclusion.

" Compare Ulysses with Siegfried, with Sir Tristram, with the heroes of northern and Germanic idealism. With them the moral judgment had com-

pletely altered. Victory in defeat, salvation in death, the will to ruin—these are the distinctive features of the new line of heroes. Ulysses must play to win; but Tristram can play to lose in the tragic game of life. He can lose with impunity and triumph at the same time. Success has no part in the definition of his purpose; on the contrary his enterprise is ennobled by failure. For the moral judgment of his race takes no count of realization or completion, and considers nothing but the sanctity of the impulse which moved him.... The purest and most graceful hero of victory in defeat is Don Quixote. In this, as in so many other things, the Castilian has always shown himself to be no Latin."

"The Mediterranean peoples," the *Glosador* remarks on another occasion, "have a strong tendency to think with their eyes. This does not mean, as some would interpret it, that such men are more inclined than others to refrain from thinking at all. We cannot accept that. Not only was Socrates (the former sculptor) a Mediterranean and Plato (once a poet) also; but Zeno the Eleatic, so subtle that he came to discover that movement was impossible, and Pythagoras, a Greek of Sicily—that is to say, doubly a Greek—who got rid of things by considering them as appearances and only in numbers detected their existence. But if we come to think of it, philosophy of this kind is still a process of thinking with the eyes, only in such thinking the philosopher must think with his eyes wide open."

Don José Ortega y Gasset adopts the same attitude in the "Meditaciones del Quijote." "The Mediterranean," he thinks, "is an ardent and perpetual justification of the sensuous, of the appearance, of the superficies; of the fugitive impressions which things leave on our excited nerves.... For a man of the Mediterranean, the essence of a thing is not the most

important part of it. What matters is its presence, its actuality. It is not things which we like, but the lively sensation of things. . . . Cicero said: *Nos oculos eruditos habemus.* Everything concerned with vision which belongs to the pure impression, is incomparably more energetic in the Mediterranean peoples than in other races."

Xenius always insists on the sense of irony of the Mediterranean peoples. "Science is irony; that is to say, it is something aesthetic, like art. Science accepts at every moment, in a way that is marginal but implicit, the possibility of ultimate contradiction and future progress. It defines, but it cannot dogmatize. . . . This consequence, this explanation if you like, has great importance for us. To begin with, nothing has so much interest for men of the Mediterranean as to proclaim in all things the victory of the aesthetic element in art. We cannot accept a Europe which is anti-artistic. We appreciate, in everything and above everything, the mean, which is Reason, which is Athens. . . . And (he adds in another gloss) amongst us the sense of the ridiculous is almost pathological."

It is the Catalan tradition which counts, not the descent of the Catalan race. There is no Catalan race, in the anthropological sense; but the tradition is more alive to-day than it has ever been.

III

FROM THE EXPULSION OF THE MOORS TO THE UNION WITH ARAGON

THE "Catalan Question" is largely a question of economics. If discussed by foreigners, it should be treated as an economic problem and dealt with by writers who have a thorough training and expert know-

ledge of that difficult subject. Vague sympathy, prejudice, incoherent laments for an "oppressed nationality" are useless, and an insult to both Catalans and Castilians. Both sides will welcome unbiassed and impartial study by a foreigner competent to judge, and would listen to his criticisms with respect if not with complete agreement. Our object is different. It is to examine briefly some of the forms under which Catalan civilization has manifested itself in the past, and to describe some of the appearances of that civilization as it is seen to-day. Modern Catalan writers are more concerned in tracing the development of the national idea, in fostering the pride of Catalans in themselves, than in comparative study of what Catalans have done for Spanish civilization. But the development of national pride is not the same thing as the development of the material and spiritual things which go to make civilization. One is inclined to suspect that many of the people belonging to an "oppressed nationality" are often happier and better off materially, and even spiritually, under their oppressors than they are when they cease to be oppressed. In some ways, all government is an "oppression." It is questionable whether the Spaniards, after the Moors had overrun and occupied nearly the whole peninsula, were not more civilized and happy under Moorish rule as Mozárabes, than those who held out so bravely in Asturias. National pride is both the spur that raises ambitious men, and the goad of politicians. But the degree of oppression should be measured by the amount of interference with individual liberty; and the inhabitants of an intensely "national" state which made conscripts of all its citizens, forbade the entry of foreigners and confined books and theatres to strictly "national" subjects, would obviously be more "oppressed" than they would be if forming part of a large heterogeneous

state which tolerated most things except conspiracy against its existence. No one can deny that the Catalans have ground for complaint, and an attempt will be made later on to indicate briefly what those grounds are. Before that, however, it will be interesting to glance at what the conditions of life in Catalonia have been at different periods; and I shall venture briefly to describe, if only in an imperfect and fragmentary way, what Catalans have done in developing the means to happiness.

The Moors occupied Catalonia, as the rest of Spain, at the beginning of the eighth century. They met with little resistance, and left the populations in the enjoyment of their religion and their goods; their tribute was less heavy than that formerly exacted by the Visigothic rulers. They got as far as Toulouse without meeting with any serious check. Then the Holy War was preached in all Mussulman countries, and the hosts took Bordeaux and advanced as far as the Loire, not far from Poitiers. Here, however, they were decisively beaten by Charles Martel, their commander was killed and Europe saved. The Moorish occupation of Catalonia was a brief and insignificant episode in its history. The northern part of the province was soon reconquered by the Christians. Charlemagne occupied Gerona in 785, but was unable to hold it. Louis, *le Debonnaire*, however, secured Barcelona in 801, which, with the greater part of Catalonia, was annexed to the Frankish Empire under the name of the "Spanish Mark." Eighty years later Count Wilfred, the Shaggy, a contemporary of King Alfred, led a successful revolt against the Frankish king, Charles the Bald, and established Barcelona and the surrounding territory as independent *condado*.

It was soon shown by a miracle that the Catalans were to be under divine protection. The sacred

image of the Virgin Mary at Montserrat, one of those which had come from the productive workshop of St. Luke, had been hidden in a grotto in the year 717 to prevent its falling into the hands of the Moors. It was now, in 880, discovered accidentally by some shepherds, who endeavoured to carry it to Manresa. The sacred image, however, refused to stir from the spot, though it finally consented to be moved to the monastery a short distance away, and a sanctuary was subsequently erected over the grotto where it had been found. The Abbey of Montserrat was re-founded in 976 by Benedictine monks from Ripoll, a convent erected by order of Wilfred the Shaggy, and now containing one of the only monuments of a barbarous imagination during many hundred years —the crowd of clumsy figures with which the west front is covered. The beautiful cloisters belong to a later period. The Benedictines at Montserrat collected manuscripts and made an especial study of church music; their library was stolen and dispersed in 1835 after the Carlist rising, and manuscripts of utmost importance in the study of musical palaeography disappeared; but their school of ecclesiastical music still exists.

The tenth century throughout Europe was unparalleled for its barbarity and its superstition; in the Caliphate of Córdova alone was the lamp of reason and wisdom kept burning. It was here that the pious nun Hrostwitha, the sanctity of whose followers was measured by the nearness with which they were able to approach her, ended this earthly pilgrimage. For on learning that the infidel city possessed several hundred public baths, she was tempted to experience for the first time this novel indulgence, and was unable to survive her single surrender to the sinful lusts of the flesh.

However, amid the general degradation, Barcelona

traded with success, and the Counts endeavoured to encourage agriculture. Many of the workers were slaves; but they had some sort of organization, and formed themselves into guilds. Most of the production concerned with the necessaries of life was done in people's homes; things which could not be manufactured were heavily taxed. Money was scarce, and the little which was in circulation was Moorish or French. There was practically no education; culture was confined to the monasteries, where existence was spent in making beautiful copies of the sacred books and also—to the lasting credit of the monastic orders—of profane classical works as well. After five years of devastating war and the prostitution to it of almost all intellectual activity, we can understand that to live in a mountain cell and copy in exquisite calligraphy the passionate or quietest epigrams of the Palatine anthology might be, after all, a life that was very well worth living. It is plain, at all events, that the monastic life was the only one that was possible for thinking men. The only form available for imaginative writing was the Latin chronicle. The study of mathematics reached a certain stage of development; but the truth is that the majority of the population of all classes was unable to read, write or keep accounts.

The eleventh century in Catalonia was remarkable for the excellent code of laws given to it by Count Ramon Berenguer I. (1035-76). There was nothing else like it in Spain. It compared favourably with any other code in Europe. Meanwhile Castile and León were united, and Alphonso VI. recovered Toledo (1085). Valencia had become (in 1021) the capital of an independent Moorish kingdom which stretched from Almería on the south coast, as far north as Tortosa, near the mouth of the Ebro. At the end of the century Valencia was the scene of one of the last adventures of the Cid. He and his paladins

succeeded in wresting it from the Moors. It was, however, a fugitive act, which, like most acts of epical significance, did little for the well-being of mankind except to provide material for the wandering minstrel. On the death of the Cid in 1099 the Moorish host appeared once more before the city, and setting his body on the back of his charger, Doña Ximena and the Castilians prudently withdrew. They would have been as incapable of holding the city as of cultivating the rich plantations surrounding it, or of building the Castellón canal. The Moorish kingdom of Valencia enlarged its borders to include Murcia, Almería and Jaén; but in South Catalonia the Moors were slowly driven back. Lérida was recovered in 1117, Tarragona in 1118, Tortosa in 1148. The first of these cities had an interest and importance for Christians which no infidel could ever have comprehended. A pleasing legend recounts that it was near Lérida that Salome ended her brief existence of art and sin by falling through ice on which she had been dancing, whereby the fires of her monstrous passion were cooled, and the ice as it closed over her cut off her head.

IV

FROM JAMES I. OF ARAGON TO THE UNION WITH CASTILE

THE dates of reconquest are not mere historical events; they mark the period of the first monuments of Christian architecture, in which the attitude of imaginative spirits towards the situation can still be traced. The cathedral at Tarragona is in itself so beautiful, and the town so characteristic of the reactions of the Catalan imagination to its environment throughout the ages that an attempt will be made subsequently to describe

the impression left by a visit to it in the height of summer when its natural beauties as well as its normal activities are at their greatest.

The period of Catalan territorial expansion begins with James I. of Aragon ("El Conquistador"), who reigned from 1213 to 1276. While the Kings of Castile succeeded in confining the Moors to the kingdom of Granada, James I. took possession of the Balearic Islands (1232 and 1242) and of the kingdom of Valencia (1238). His conquests extended as far as Alcira and Morella, "and thus (say the authors of "La Nation Catalane") the nation acquired the territorial limits which it holds to-day." Catalan claims are based partly on the right of conquest. Progress was marked by the erection of cathedrals; at Palma (Majorca) work was begun immediately after the conquest; at Valencia the foundation stone was laid in 1262. As was usually the case, the site chosen was that formerly occupied by the mosque, which in its turn had been erected on the ruins of a Roman temple.

The ideal activities of the men of James I.'s time are revealed most clearly in the work of Romanesque stone-cutters in the cloisters at Tarragona, and capitals there and at Lérida. A note of individuality was struck by the Catalan architects, who seem to have aimed at building churches as wide as possible without aisles. The way in which they attacked the problem and overcame its technical difficulties may be seen in many of the churches at Barcelona. The cathedral begun in 1298 has aisles, but its width is remarkable. It is also one of the darkest churches in the world; the uncertain glimmer which penetrates the beautiful fifteenth-century stained-glass in the tiny windows leaves an impression of huge arched spaces, "where the eye is lost in gloom, where form is dissolved in vagueness."

James I.'s chief contribution to material civilization was the "Consulado del Mar," a code of maritime law which had high authority in medieval Europe. The trade of Barcelona meanwhile increased until it rivalled that of Genoa or Venice. The thought of his time is mirrored in the works of Ramón Lull (Ramond Lully, 1235-1315). His disciples and admirers called him the "Doctor illuminatus," but others more maliciously thought that the adjective should be "phantasticus." He was however a philosopher of immense learning, and a poet among philosophers. "The oaks of his philosophy," said Rubén Darío, "were full of nightingales." Like Dante, of whom he was a contemporary, he wrote much of his work in Latin; and ten volumes of his Latin works were printed at Mainz in 1472. He used Catalan, however, for those of his works which were believed to possess a more permanent or more popular value; the "Libre de Contemplació," an exposition of scholastic philosophy as the only avenue to truth, and "Blanquerna," which might be described as the first biographical novel of Western literature. Arnau de Vilanova, born in the same year, was a philosopher, or rather an alchemist, of European reputation. These men, together with Francesco Eximènic (1340-1409), show what was the intellectual position of thinking men in Catalonia in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The horizon was bounded by Livy, Seneca, St. Augustine, and Arab science. James III., Peter IV. and Martin V. (who died in 1410) continued their policy of aggression or expansion in the Mediterranean; but the material welfare of their subjects increased but slowly, and their spiritual welfare hardly at all.

Yet architecture, and to a less extent sculpture, was a growing experience for every one. Cathedrals of immense width were begun at Gerona and Manresa; and at Gerona especially much may be seen with no

great effort of the imagination as it appeared to Catalans in the fourteenth century—the high altar, for instance, which is covered with plates of beaten silver, representing the life of the Virgin Mary. In Barcelona the church of Santa Maria del Mar was begun in 1328; it was realized that the welfare of sailors depended on the clemency and the protection of "Our Lady of the Sea," and many poor people gave their services gratuitously to the building of the church. The growing importance of Barcelona and its greatness as a commercial centre were reflected in various buildings such as the *Casas Consistoriales* (1369) and the Exchange (*Lonja*, 1382); the "Micalete," the beloved and picturesque bell-tower of Valencia was begun about the same time. The Valencian Silk Exchange (*Lotje*), which makes so charming an impression of loftiness, air and light when it is entered from the hot and crowded market-place, was built about a hundred years later. Under Italian influence sculpture gradually emerged from its primitive and inarticulate condition; the Valencians beheld with astonishment and admiration the calm beauty of the alabaster panels on the *Trascoro* (shutting off the west end of the choir) in their cathedral, on which are depicted scenes from Bible story in the manner of Ghiberti. Travellers from Barcelona, who had hitherto been content with clumsy imitations of the Pisan style, could now see in provincial towns like Tarragona and Lérida the *retablos* behind the altars filled with reliefs of a very different kind of sculpture.

Painting had no great development, and was mainly confined to imitation of the Tuscan primitives. A general idea of the style may be gained in the gallery at Valencia; but how cold and meaningless many of those pictures and *retablos* are when you see them torn away from their natural surroundings! A pupil of Leonardo da Vinci painted the story of the Virgin

Mary on four panels for the cathedral of Valencia; and towards the end of the century an Italian painter, Paolo de San Leocadio, visited Valencia and eventually settled at Gandía, where he had several pupils, and is appropriately considered as the founder of the Valencian school.

In Catalonia painters worked *in tempera*, something in the Sienese style. The large and splendid picture by Luis Dalmau (1445), now in the municipal archives, where five town councillors are being led into the presence of the Madonna by St. Andrew and by St. Eulalia, patron of Barcelona, is an exception. It was plainly inspired by the Van Eycks, and Dalmau had no followers in Barcelona. The pictures by native artists of this time are fairly numerous, but the good ones are in out-of-the-way places. Meanwhile general education made some progress. There had been a university at Lérida since 1300; others were now founded at Valencia (1441) and Barcelona (1450); and at Valencia in 1478 was set up the first printing press in Spain.

Catalan literature from the beginning of the fifteenth century down to the union with Castile in 1469 is represented by the poetry of Auziàs March (1397-1459), the prose of Roïç de Corella (1430-1500), and the chivalrous romances, "Curial y Güelfa." and "Tirant lo Blanch" (1460), the latter praised by Cervantes as being one of the few good books in Don Quixote's library, and not thrown out of the window like most of his other books. The manuscript is now one of the treasures of the university library at Valencia.[1]

[1] "Tirant lo Blanch" is an extremely good story in spite of the amount of jousting and the battles against the Turks. The first part shows the influence of an early English romance. Tirant came to England to take part in a tournament. On the road to Windsor he was separated from his friends, and fell in with a palmer at a wayside hermitage. The holy man was reading a French book, "L'Arbre des batailles," and on Tirant's suspicions being aroused he revealed

Auziàs March was born at Valencia in 1397; his poems were esteemed by all cultivated men in Spain. Castilian men of letters, from the Marqués de Santillana to Lope de Vega were loud in his praises, while his "Cants d'Amor" and other poems were translated into Castilian on three different occasions. His Catalan spirit proved an inspiration to Boscán, as will be seen in Chapter VI. He was undoubtedly influenced by Petrarch; but he wore his Petrarchist fashion with a difference. He was more realist, and at the same time more religious than the poet of Vaucluse; the name "Teresa" does not nowadays suggest to modern Catalans the Teresa Bou of his poems, but Teresa "La Ben Plantada," the subject of the most exquisite Catalan story of the new century. Several poems by Auziàs March were set to music by the sixteenth-century Catalan madrigalists, Joan Brudieu and Pedro Alberto Vila (see the memoir by Pedrell, referred to on page 208). Jorge de Montemayor, one of Auziàs March's Castilian translators, was also a musician, as well as a poet and a novelist. He was at one time *Cantor* in the private chapel of the Infanta María, elder sister of Philip II., and is said to have afterwards accompanied the king to England.

himself as William of Warwick, who was believed to have died on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They helped to defeat the King of the Canary Isles, who had invaded England; and Tirant eventually found himself at Constantinople, fighting for the Emperor against the Turks. The most moving part of the story occurs when Urganda (or Morgan le Fay) arrives in search of her brother, King Arthur. He was found at last among the prisoners—an old, old man, too weak to move and only able to answer questions intelligently when the sword Excalibur was put into his hand once more. At length Arthur and his sister vanished in a mysterious fashion after supper; for both were, of course, fairy-folk. Tirant fell in love with the daughter of the Emperor; but the day before the wedding he caught a violent cold and expired in a few hours, while the Princess and several ladies of the imperial family died broken-hearted.

Eximèniç (says "Xenius") was entirely a man of the middle ages; Bernat Metge belonged essentially to the early Renaissance. Ramón de Sibiude partook of both worlds. On the one side he was a disciple of Lully, while on the other he was a precursor of Montaigne (who laboriously translated him) and of Descartes. His philosophical position might be compared with that of Bergson and William James. Bernat Metge made a Catalan version of Boccaccio's story of Griselda, and wrote a philosophical dialogue, "Lo Sompni," inspired, or at any rate suggested, by the *Somnium Scipionis*. "His originality has been disputed. . . . But is it in erudition, in quotation or in the citation of authorities that the originality of a thinker of the fourteenth century must be sought? Should we not rather look for it in his fundamental intuition before the problems of philosophy, in his attitude towards them, in the accent of his discourse? The intuition, attitude, accent of Bernat Metge are not those of Cicero. . . . We might venture to say that this exquisite dialogue on the immortality of the soul has about it something surprizingly, dreadfully suggestive of Renan." (Eugenio d'Ors, "La Filosofía del hombre que trabaja y que juega," p. 89.)

The Bible was translated and printed in Catalan in 1478, and a Valencian scribe produced a version of the "Imitation of Christ" in his own tongue. Jaume Roig, another Valencian, wrote good Satires; and Lluis Vives, a scholar of profound learning and the friend of Erasmus at Louvain, was for a time a professor at Oxford. His works, however, when not in Latin, were written in Castilian, and the works of Lully, Eximènic, Roïç de Corella and others owed their wide circulation to the Castilian and sometimes French translations in which they were diffused through Europe.

Ancient Catalan literature is strictly medieval. It

never adapted itself to the spirit of the renaissance, and remained bound to the old Provençal forms when the current of general taste was leading in a very different direction. Its death was due more to inanition than to political causes, for though Catalonia suffered a loss of prestige in the union with Castile, it only lost national independence in 1714, after the Wars of the Spanish Succession.

V

EFFECTS OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

THE fifteenth century, which saw the capture of Constantinople by the Turks and that of Granada by the Christians, held two events of profound importance for the Catalans. These were the union with Castile and the discovery of America. Catalan writers are prone to trace all their evils to the absorption of Catalonia into the Spanish monarchy, and without going very carefully into the question it would be impossible to disagree with them. Yet one is inclined to suspect that the discovery of America, and especially the loss of trade and economic chaos eventually produced by it, had more to do with the decline of Catalonia than any other cause.

The first result of union with Castile was a certain loss of *amour propre* ; from being, in fact if not in name, the most important part in the Aragonese kingdom, the Catalans and Valencians found themselves merely part of a much greater whole. Sr. Rovira y Virgili, who has summarized the causes of Catalan decadence with a clearness of exposition and sobriety of judgment not always found among writers imbued with so fervent a patriotism, considers the first cause to be the extinction of the Catalan dynasty

on the throne of Aragon. Martin I., who died King of Catalonia, Aragon, Rousillon, Valencia, Majorca, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily and Athens, left no successor. Ferdinand of Antequera, a Castilian, was chosen to fill the vacant throne—not, of course, by the Catalan people, nor by the Aragonese, but through the machinations of the Anti-Pope, Benedict XIII.,[1] and the famous preacher San Vincente Ferrer.

It might be thought that an interpretation of history of this nature would be due to modern "Catalanism"; the attribution of centuries of a people's misfortune to a change in the family of their rulers might seem an exaggeration. Yet certain enlightened Catalans of the time prophesied the downfall of the nation; and on hearing of the death of the only son of Martin I., one of them remarked, "On this day was lost all the prosperity of the Catalan nation." It sounds too genuine to be a mere formula. If it were not for these considerations, one might be inclined to think that a change in dynasty does not really make much difference to people in general. It is not without significance that Ferdinand and Isabella tried to better social conditions. Low wages were the cause of much of the discontent in Catalonia; and the king, acting as arbitrator between the masters and the men, delivered judgment (the *Sentencia arbitral de Guadalupe*) in which the abuses were removed.

Another cause of Catalan decadence was the development of states in the direction of absolute monarchy and large centralized units. The absolutist tendency which triumphed with the renaissance not only drew most men of intellectual eminence from the provinces to the capital, but also proved fatal to those peoples which tried to maintain their ancient privileges in the

[1] This Benedict XIII. was, however, himself an Aragonese, belonging to the family of the Counts of Luna, one of whom comes into *Il Trovatore*.

new units. The Catalans were unable to adapt themselves to the new conditions. It is one of the most perplexing things in the history of so practical and so versatile a people that they could not conform to the spirit of the age and accept the principles of the renaissance. Neither in their politics, their language, their literature, nor (it might be added) in their commerce, could they follow the trend of modern thought ; and though the fault was not theirs, they had to pay the penalty. Medievalism stood no chance against the renaissance.

The most potent cause of decadence of the material prosperity of Catalonia—it may fairly be called the determining consideration—was the discovery of America. It was a curiously unhappy chance which had placed the Catalans, the best sailors of Spain, on the wrong side of the country, and debarred them from sharing in the greatest maritime adventure in history. Seville and the Atlantic ports seemed more than halfway across when compared with Barcelona, infinitely remote in a corner of the Mediterranean ; and the risk of loss by piracy or shipwreck would have been nearly doubled if cargoes loaded for Spain had had to be landed at Barcelona. Some such notion must have been at the back of the codicil on the subject, which the queen, Doña Isabel—one of the shrewdest women in history—added to her will. It was not only that protection seemed the only practical policy for a state and an age in which militarism was better understood than economics. She must have foreseen that with Constantinople and much of the Eastern Mediterranean in the hands of the Turks, Eastern trade would become less important and more precarious than it had been hitherto, and that the pirates who came from the north African ports would be more destructive than Sir Francis Drake in the Atlantic. Citizens of Aragon and Catalonia were forbidden

from trading with America ; that trade was to be the monopoly of the Andalucian ports. The manufacture of cloth was, however, encouraged in Barcelona and Valencia, and the latter gradually recovered much of its former prosperity. But Barcelona relapsed into a state of profound inactivity and, if we are to believe the testimony of all Catalan writers, fell inevitably out of touch with all material and intellectual progress.

The effects of the discovery of America belong to the sphere of economics ; and when the economic side of the Catalan question comes to be carefully and dispassionately studied by a strictly impartial and competent economist, the precise effects of it in the decline of Catalonia may prove a fruitful subject of inquiry. The arrival of vast quantities of gold, for instance, which upset the value of money, lowered the purchasing power of wages and caused want and misery all over Europe ; the prohibition of the export of gold by the Spanish Government ; emigration, and lastly, the expulsion of the Jews—how these events affected Catalonia are the province of the skilled practical economist, not of the traveller who is concerned rather with appearances and views of life. He may note, if he cannot gauge, the effects in Catalonia of the fatal policy of all centralized, imperialist governments ; and realize with profound misgiving that they appear to be as common to-day as they were in seventeenth-century Spain. He can see the results of a political education which taught the governing classes to think in terms of States and man-power instead of in terms of men and women, and compelled them to perpetuate abuses which many of them individually would have been glad to alleviate. He may see, too, the ever-tightening hold of ecclesiasticism over people of all classes, appealing to the fears and desires of men and never to their reason and common sense ; and from the number of religious

foundations of the time he can understand how it was that the men who abandoned productive labour for the life of the cloister, left fields and shops empty, while production diminished and the cost of living increased. Only convents, churches and some of the nobles were well off; for the rest, the conditions of life gave rise to the representative type of Spaniard as the hungry man, hiding his misery under the pride of being an *hidalgo*. The discontent of the less educated, the consciousness of frustration of the more thoughtful and, possibly, the number of bandits who infested the high roads of Catalonia (which were considered to be the most dangerous in the peninsula), issued in action in 1640. Catalans and French joined forces against Philip IV. in the revolt of the *Segadors*, which is commemorated in the Catalan national anthem. Even after its failure, however, the Catalans preserved their semi-autonomous institutions, and did not lose them until the War of the Spanish Succession, when they mixed themselves in a dynastic quarrel and unwisely backed the "wrong horse."

VI

JUAN BOSCÁN

THE Catalan language had shown itself well fitted to convey the intellectual content of the Middle Ages; but it was too rough, not sufficiently malleable or adaptable, to agree well with the limpidity and dignity of renaissance thought. Few tongues again could have held their own against the sonorous majesty and exquisite modulation of Castilian. Other languages, including Castilian, went through processes of purification; and the turgidity caused by the influx of classical words and phrases had to be overcome. But

the Catalan tongue was neglected, and lay forgotten as a literary language until almost in our own day it was taken up again where the renaissance had left it, by eager poets and learned philologists at the Institute of Catalan Studies.

For the same reasons Castilian culture soon triumphed over Catalan. The Valencians realized the situation more readily than the Barcelonese. Joán Escrivá, El Comendador, a little known Valencian poet, who was Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Rome in 1547, began by writing in Catalan, and then produced one of the most famous poems in Castilian literature :

Ven muerte tan escondida
que no te sienta conmigo,
porqu' el gozo de contigo
no me torne a dar la vida . . .

Come death, or step or sound I hear,
Unknown the hour, unfelt the pain,
Lest the wild joy, to feel thee near,
Should thrill me back to life again . . .[1]

Lope de Vega and other poets wrote *glosas* upon it, treating it very much in the way in which a musician writes a set of variations on the theme of another composer ; it is quoted by both Cervantes and Calderón. Gaspar Gil Polo, the next Valencian poet of repute (who lived until 1591), wrote entirely in Castilian. It has always been a point of somewhat

[1] The whole poem is printed in the "Oxford Book of Spanish Verse" (p. 76) ; the translation is to be found in Archdeacon Churton's "Gongora," vol. i. p. 95 (1862). The Archdeacon's "Poetical Remains" (1876) include English versions of several traditional Catalan poems : *Digué una gitana Al net de Lluis* (Ballad of the War of Succession), *Los presos de Lleida* (The Prisoners of Lérida), *Don Joan y Don Ramón, Bach de Roda, Ay las noyas de la vila* (There be maidens in the city), *El Canigó* (The highland maids of Canigó), *Una matinada fresca vatx sortir per 'na' á cassar* ('Twas on a fresh May morning, I took my dog and gun), and others.

acrimonious dispute between Catalans and Valencians as to whether there is, or has ever been a Valencian language distinct from Catalan ; and it is not ground upon which an ordinary observer can venture to tread. On the one hand, it is claimed that the language of Valencia is, or was, Limousine ; and on the other, it is affirmed that Limousine has never been spoken in Spain, and that Valencian is nothing more than a dialect of Catalan, like Majorcan, Rosellonés, Barceloní or Leridano.

The first Catalan poet who wrote in Castilian was Juan Boscán, or, to give him his Catalan name, Joan Boscá. He is greater for what he made possible than for what he actually accomplished himself ; but to call him merely a mediocre poet is to misunderstand the whole situation. Boscán might be described as a cultivated amateur ; he had a keen feeling for beauty and poetry combined with a sense of scholarship ; he belonged to the same tradition as those young men who, a hundred years later, gave private performances of their own music dramas in Florentine palaces, and so made opera a possibility in the hands of regular musicians ; or to those amateurs who took part in the first private performances of the early dramas of Angel Guimerá in Barcelona.

Boscán was born in the last years of the fifteenth century at Barcelona, underwent a certain amount of military service, and in 1519 met the sixteen-year-old Garcilaso de la Vega, who had come to Catalonia attached to the suite of Charles V. They became great friends. Garcilaso's elegy and epistle to Boscán are full of delicate affection ; and Boscán's sonnet on hearing of his friend's death at some useless and insignificant frontier skirmish, is charged with restrained passion. Boscán's subsequent appointments may have been due to Garcilaso's influence ; he became tutor to the Duke of Alba who, like Garcilaso,

belonged to an old Toledo family, and was attached to the royal household. In 1526 at Granada he met the cultivated and sympathetic Venetian Ambassador, Andrea Navagero. "As I was talking with him," he says in one of his letters, "about literature and various intellectual activities, he asked me why I did not try to write *sonnets* in Castilian, and use some of the forms employed by Italian poets. He did not say it at all frivolously, but even begged me to try. A few days afterwards I returned home; and as the journey was long and rather lonely, and I was thinking over various things, what Navagero had said often came back to me. So I began to experiment in this kind of verse. It seemed very difficult at first because it is full of technique and fine workmanship, and has many peculiarities which differ from our poetry. But later on, perhaps because one is always inclined to like one's own work, it seemed to be succeeding fairly well; and I gradually threw myself into it with warmth and interest. But I should never have gone on with it unless Garcilaso had encouraged me."

The facts of Boscán's literary life remind us that Italy is the source of nearly all modern culture. Spaniards, and to a certain extent Englishmen, have been accustomed to hearing Paris spoken of as an Athens where all new movements are supposed to arise. But the French originally received their sense of form and clearness of expression from the Italians, in a succession of waves of poetry, painting and music; and the achievement of the French intellect consists in having so clarified and purified Italian culture as to make it a basis for all others. It was owing to Italian studies that a knowledge of the classics was diffused in Spain. All Italian writers of the trecento and quattrocento, from Petrarch onwards, had felt the influence and adopted the attitude of the humanists; and from the perusal of Italian

books, cultivated Spaniards had caught the fever for classical research, translation and commentary, and were learning to enjoy Greek and Latin authors for their formal beauty and suggestions of unutterable promise.

The "Cancioneros," in which the same ideas and the same similes were repeated over and over again, began to appear insufferably dull to the younger generation at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Their reforms were not directed against Spanish national poetry, but against the artificiality of most of the verse which was being written in the older manner. The introduction and cultivation of the Italian style did not kill the Spanish style; it enabled it to express itself more clearly. The prevalence of modern French music, in England and Spain, has not destroyed the sterling qualities of good English or Spanish music; on the contrary, the work of Vaughan Williams and De Falla has been enriched and clarified by their study of Ravel. So Spanish poetry in the sixteenth century was not destroyed by Italian influences, but given a wider horizon and a new lease of life.

Catalan literature, as we have seen, could not subsist without the sustaining authority of humanism; Castilian literature gained incalculably from the association. Santillana had introduced the sonnet-form into Spain, and he composed forty-two sonnets *fechos ad italiano modo*; but he belonged definitely to the "old guard," and failed to naturalize the sonnet form in Spain. In Boscán's time, Petrarch and Boccaccio were known in Spain in translations, and Boscán himself made an admirable Castilian version of the "Cortigiano" of Baldassare Castiglione, a copy of which Garcilaso had sent him from Naples. But Boscán's most useful contribution to poetry lies in his having pointed the way which his friend followed with surer artistic instinct; and the latter, through

his knowledge of Italian, his perfection in technique and his deliberate choice of beautiful forms, widened indefinitely the emotional resources of Castilian poetry.

But Boscán all the time was a Catalan and, as Menéndez y Pelayo pointed out, felt the influence of his compatriot, the great medieval Catalan poet Auziàs March, as much as he did that of Petrarch; *grande Catalan de amor maestro* he calls him. His native Catalan energy gives his work force and conviction, but he has not enough technique to express it with the polish which Castilian requires. His sonnets, like those of Petrarch, are not unconnected with the events of his life; there is in them much direct and energetic expression of his emotions. He never merely translates; but some of his situations and similes are obviously drawn from Petrarch, while others are derived from Auziàs March.

The names of Boscán and Garcilaso de la Vega were joined in their lifetime, and their works were not divided. "Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilaso de la Vega" appeared as one book after Boscán's death in 1543, and ran into twenty-one editions before the end of the century. Their poems were eagerly sought by the musicians, and many settings are to be found in the works of the Spanish lutenists (*vihuelistas*) and madrigalists of the sixteenth century. Indeed the verses of Garcilaso seem to have been considered peculiarly apt for music.[1] No one, and least of all an

[1] I have traced the following settings of Garcilaso. There are probably others:

¡ Oh más dura que mármol a mis quejas! and *Tu dulce habla ¿en cuya oreja suena?* (stanzas from Eclogue I.) in Fuenllana's "Orphenica Lira" (1554). The former is by Pedro Guerrero.

Flérida, para mí dulce y sabrosa (from Eclogue III.) in Diego Pisador's "Libro de Música de Vihuela" (1552).

Si de mi baja lira (stanzas 1, 2 and 4 of Canción V.) in Vila's "Odarum quas vulgo Madrigales appellamus...." (1561).

Escrito está en mi alma vuestro gesto (Sonnet V.) in the "Parnaso" of Esteban Daza (1576).

Englishman, with the tradition of Milton and some acquaintance with the great Italians, can fail to admire the "dignity, volume and sweep," as well as the lapidary quality of the poetry and prose of the sixteenth and seventeenth century Spain. And these beauties are owing in a measure to the artistic foresight, the sense of scholarship—and the sense of friendship—of men like Boscán, who pointed the way which Garcilaso de la Vega followed with a more profound knowledge of Italian and a deliberate choice of beautiful forms. The contact of the formal beauty of the classics with the remote, wistful, adventurous art which was the national inheritance of Castile produced the golden age of Spanish literature.

VII

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DIVERSIONS

But Barcelona, as Catalan writers would have us believe, was now no place for these intellectual adventures. It was, it is true, one of the principal highroads to Italy; but it was not the highroad by which Italian culture reached Spain. At all events, no Italian culture remained there. Its poets went to court and wrote in Castilian, or even (like Benito Gareth) lived permanently in Italy and wrote their poetry in Italian.

Por ásperos caminos he llegado (Sonnet VI.) in Mudarra's "Tres libros de música en cifras" (1546).

Pasando el mar Leandro el animoso (Sonnet XXIX.), given by both Pisador and Fuenllana.

Mudarra gives a setting of another sonnet, *Si por amar el hombre ser amado*, which he attributes to Garcilaso; but I have not found it in any edition of his poems.

Claros y frescos ríos (the first stanza of a canción by Boscán) is in Mudarra's "Tres libros de música" in a setting by Guerrero.

Yet certain scraps of information tend to show that life at Barcelona was not so sour or so stagnant after all. If we think for a moment how dull most towns must have been in the seventeenth century, compared with the variety and movement to which we are accustomed, the view which seems to be suggested by what little is known about the diversions of the period, and the way in which people spent their leisure, is that Barcelona was not so very different from other Mediterranean ports of the same size.

The first theatre in Barcelona was built in 1598 at the cost of the hospital of Santa Cruz ; but there had been shows which may well be called theatrical long before this. Sculptured groups, representing scenes from the Passion, were carried in the processions of Holy Week, as they still are, in Seville, Murcia and other places ; there were the Mysteries, of which that of the Assumption at Elche is a surviving example, and there were comic interludes (*Entremeses*), which were a decidedly secular element in the proceedings. Liturgic ritual from early times had been accompanied by popular song ; and it is more than likely that many of the tunes which have come down to us with sacred words, are really popular songs (not necessarily folk-songs) with the words altered, or parodied from the profane originals. Mr. Dent has proved this to be the case with most of the Italian " Laudi Spirituali "; and a tune which seems to us so charged with religious emotion as the choral " O Welt muss ich dich lassen " in the " Matthew Passion," is really the amorous lament of someone who had to leave the object of his affections in Innsbruck. Again, Don Eduardo M. Torner has shown, in a recent lecture at the Residencia de Estudiantes at Madrid, that the melodies of most of the *Cantigas* of Alfonso the Wise are really secular compositions, the work of troubadours and *juglares*, to which the king adapted his verses. Studied in

relation with the traditional music of the Spanish people, many of them are seen to be rustic dance-tunes.

In time the inanimate groups (*Pasos*) of saints and angels carried in procession were joined by the Giants (seen at festivals at Tarragona, and many other towns in Catalonia) and *Tarascas* (dragons) ; and good citizens in the disguise of Devils as well as of Scriptural and mythological personages took part in the representation of religious dramas in which the dialogue was interspersed with song, dance and simple choruses. It was necessary actually to *see* the Flesh and the Devil before they could become articles of belief. Many curious entertainments of this kind are preserved in the *consuetas* existing in the archives of churches and convents in Majorca, as will be seen in a later chapter ; but the popular dances must have been even more curious. The following summary of them is given by Don Francisco Curet in his book on the " Art of the Theatre " in the Catalan revival :

Moorish Dance, or Master Joan de Vich. A fight between Moors and Christians, preceded by a string of insults and imprecations.

Dance of St. Bartholomew. The characters included the Saint, the Devil, the King's Daughter, the Priest of the False Gods (distinguished by his black robes), Angels, Demons and Gentiles. Most of the dancers carried swords, which they clashed as accompaniment, or at the end of each phrase played by the band. Speeches followed, and the dance ended with the decapitation of the Saint.

Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins. The dance began with a dialogue between an Angel and the Devil. The Deadly Sins appeared, and each entered into a discussion with the corresponding Virtue. The Virtues were victorious, and the dance ended with the departure of the Angel, who extolled the piety of the audience and wished them prosperity.

Ballet of Devils. The principal characters were St. Michael and Lucifer. The dance served as a pretext for satire and for bringing in local allusions, and frequently ended in a free fight. During the War of Independence, Lucifer was replaced by Napoleon.

Ballet of Serralonga. The highwayman Don Juan de Serralonga appeared as a ferocious monster. To become one of his crew, it was necessary to have committed the most monstrous crimes. To the strains of martial music the crew passed in front of the audience, recounting their evil deeds; Cap d'Euran, Simó de Londres, Gollut, Pere Blau, Tallaferro, Rocatallada, Astort, Petit Jornés, Xacó, Miguel Ganyada, some of whom are recognizable as old acquaintances, under their Catalan masks.[1] Serralonga told the story of his life and gloried in his crimes; L'Heruet, his son, promised to continue and even excel the glories of his father.

Ballet of Ladies and Old Men. This was a comic dance, sprinkled with picaresque allusions, the moral of which lay in the imprudence of the marriage of young women with old men.

Dance of Rosaura. Scenes of brigands, love-making and abduction. Eventually the Devil entered with something of the character of Harlequin in the "Comedy of Masks."

The early development of the drama has been studied more with relation to Valencia than Barcelona. In the middle of the sixteenth century a French princess, Germaine de Foix, a niece of Louis XII., exercised an extraordinary influence over the life of the richer classes in Valencia. She was the widow of Ferdinand of Aragon, whom she married on the death of Isabel of Castile. Then she gave her hand to the Marquess of Brandenburg, who had been appointed viceroy of

[1] See "Orígenes del teatro catalán," collected works of Milá y Fontanals, vol. vi. (Barcelona, 1895).

Valencia ; and on his death she became the wife of the Duke of Calabria. Her court shone with an international culture ; her greatest affection was for the theatre ; and, it is to be supposed, representations were given in all languages. There is a record of a performance in 1524—" Col-loqui de les dames valencianes "—by Juan Fernández de Heredia. The greater part of the play seems to have been in Catalan (or rather, Valencian) ; but Castilian and Portuguese characters appeared, each speaking their own language. It was a work full of local colour, the customs of the place were faithfully reproduced, and everything was planned to give opportunities for sword-play and dancing. A school of acting was formed in Valencia, with Fernández Heredia as its chief dramatic author. It counted many famous actors among its performers ; and Fernández himself wrote with such success that, when he died it was said of him that he had made Valencia appear to all the world as a comedy. *Gracias á él*, says the writer of his monumental elegy, *tu* [Valencia] *aparecistes al mundo como una comedia.* The Valencian school of drama soon found that Catalan in its then condition was impracticable as a language for the theatre ; and especially for a theatre so cosmopolitan as that of the Princess Germaine de Foix. In a comedy by Guillén de Castro, the author of the famous play " Las Mocedades del Cid," which served as a model for Corneille, the servants speak Catalan and their mistresses Castilian ; just as in Goldoni, the fine ladies often speak Tuscan and their maids Venetian. It was a useful device for giving characterization to the different parts, comparable with the practice of Mozart and his contemporaries of giving florid airs to noblemen and gentlemen, while their dependants sing tunes of more popular stamp. To regard it as an unforgivable insult to the Catalan tongue is merely childish. Catalan was to be revived

as a powerful organ of dramatic expression in the works of Angel Guimerá and Santiago Rusiñol when the time came ; but had they lived in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries and written in Catalan, they would only have produced plays like those of Francisco Satorres, Fray Antonio Pi, Juan Cassador, Pere Anton Bernat and Vicens García—playwrights whose names are deservedly forgotten, and whose works are " soporific and quite unpresentable." Francisco Fontanella, who flourished in the seventeenth century, had more literary sense, and has a place in the Catalan Parnassus through a noble protest against Catalan decadence in his tragicomedy " Amor, firmesa y profía." But one may suspect that even the cultivated audiences of Barcelona were beginning to prefer plays in Castilian just as in the next century they preferred their operas in Italian.

VIII

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THOSE who are interested in the nature and principles of nationality find in the eighteenth century a great stumbling-block. It makes no emotional or sensuous appeal to their imagination ; the facts of its history will not fit in with what they believe ; it cannot be used as an instrument of propaganda. It had its thinkers, its triumphs of the mind and spirit ; but the opinions of educated and intelligent men and their attitude towards the situation were not such as will help those who have a feeling for nationalism. They are inclined to shirk the issue, and fall back upon the old formula—" machine-made states held together by force "—forgetting that they themselves more than any others are concerned with

political developments, and should regard States not in terms of kings, but as collections of men and women. The policy of kings in the eighteenth century was uniform and absolutist, to be sure; but even the kings felt the unconscious and inevitable influence of the thinkers, and tried to appear, if not to act, as enlightened rulers. As long as they could avoid wars they took a very real interest in the welfare of those whom they governed. The Bourbons may not have been modern or far-seeing in their methods, and their family ties were always leading to fresh wars and costly military expeditions in which none of the combatants took more than a professional interest. But the Bourbons were never the real rulers of Spain. It was their ministers, Macanaz, Patiño, Ensenada, Wall, Aranda, Floridablanca, Campomanes, Jovellanos, Roda, Azara who really governed; and these men had almost all sprung from the middle classes, and were intellectually in touch with international culture in the work of English and French thinkers. Their reforms in the well-being of individuals and in public finance were, it is true, weakened or even nullified by the number of useless campaigns into which the Spanish people was dragged during the eighteenth century, yet they did work of permanent value in diminishing the power of the ecclesiastical orders. No Papal Bull might appear in Spain without the royal assent; the amount of money sent out of the country to Rome was sensibly diminished; the powers of the Inquisition were curtailed; members of religious orders became subject to civil tribunals; much wealth lying unproductive in churches and convents was put into circulation, and lastly came the expulsion of the Jesuits, an act which, if it deprived Spain of its most learned men, yet enabled them to continue their work and enlarge its scope in the freer and more congenial atmosphere of Italy. Some of

these, such as Arteaga, who wrote works of permanent value on the history of musical drama in Italy, would never have accomplished anything worth remembering if they had not been forced to leave Spain and meet kindly and sympathetic and learned Italians, like Padre Martini.

Learning of all sorts was becoming international. The arrival of the Bourbons in Spain led to the reopening of intellectual relations with the rest of Europe. The legislation against aliens, which had begun with the expulsion of the Jews and Moriscos, had afterwards been used to discourage the presence in Spain of any one who was not a Spaniard lest he should bring with him anti-Catholic sentiments. Most of these regulations were now not only removed but reversed; foreigners were invited to colonize the barren parts of La Mancha, Andalucía and Estremadura, or to sing or paint in the capital.

In Catalonia people cared very little—less than ever, perhaps—who governed them. Life was always the same routine, the same struggle; governments taxed and conscripted and billeted soldiers upon them. Wars were so frequent that they seemed to be as inevitable as the phenomena of nature; it was hardly realized then, as it is now, that wars are made by the very governments which should prevent them. People could only laugh and make songs about them, as, for instance, "La Porquera" or "El Soldado y la Pastora," which are both printed in Señor Pedrell's "Cancionero Musical Popular Español." People in general knew perfectly well that it was ministers ruled, not kings; and when Catalan writers bewail the "abject conformism," "the debility and corruption of the national spirit," "a people forgetful of its history, its honour and even of its language," it means that they observe with pain that the national idea (as they have learned to understand it) was not

one which appealed to the Catalan people of those times.

The truth is that the eighteenth century was one in which the international idea was seen to provide the only reasonable attitude of mind. Not only royal families and systems of government, but literature, philosophy and music alike were international. The spirit of Europe was beginning to be a true "International of Intellect." It was ruled by the "Great Apostle of Reason"; and reason was the guiding principle, if not the ultimate practice, in all forms of human activity. It found its imaginative expression in music—the art, as has been said, of reasoning with sounds. The eighteenth century may appropriately be called the age of music. Music expressed in choice and deliberate forms the clarification of ideas which was being achieved by the thinkers; the doctrine of "Nature, Reason and Wisdom" is instinct in most eighteenth-century music before it was greatly and imaginatively expressed by Mozart in the "Magic Flute."

The patriotic and nationalist instincts of some Catalan writers have been offended by the domination of Italian music and Italian opera. But music in the eighteenth century employed an international language. The Italian musical idiom was universal, as universal as Latin had been under the Roman Empire or in the Middle Ages; indeed, it stands to modern music in the same relation as Latin stands to modern languages. The shape of melodies and their treatment, rhythm, tonality and the symphonic forms which depended on it are all Italian. And Italian was the universal, international language which was set to music. There were, to be sure, more Italian singers than others; but it was realized that different languages had different uses, and that Italian was the most appropriate for music. It is unreasonable of

some Catalan writers to draw a veil and be silent over the eighteenth century, and regard Barcelona as an empty void of oppression and gloom because the opera was sung in Italian and plays given in Castilian. Any one who will think about the issue at all, and is bent on honesty, will realize that the degree of civilization, of material and social welfare, depends not on the existence of the language, but on the conception of life and the attitude towards it adopted by the majority of men and women. The eighteenth century is the great foundation of the twentieth as well as of the nineteenth century; and no patriotic or candid mind can afford to neglect it. The view suggested by a study of the social history of Barcelona during the eighteenth century seems to be that Barcelona was as alive and as happy as any other Mediterranean town, and that its musical and artistic life, if we do not try to compare it with that of Venice or Naples, was on a high plane of development.

IX

WAR, OPERA, AND SHADOW SHOWS

THE Catalans were unfortunate in allowing themselves to be mixed up in a dynastic war, and still more unfortunate in being on the losing side. Such home rule and such privileges as they possessed apart from the rest of Spain, were removed. There is one interpretation of the attitude adopted by the Catalans during the War of the Spanish Succession which has perhaps more curiosity than probability. It is that the war against the Bourbon dynasty was the protest of a reactionary, medieval and fanatic people against new ideas. This explanation has been suggested by certain members of the extreme left in the Catalan

movement; but no one who has any knowledge of the Catalan character can attach much importance to it.

The principal theatre at Barcelona, the Santa Cruz, which had been in existence since 1598, was rebuilt at the end of the seventeenth century, and was therefore ready for the festivities which celebrated the arrival of Philip V. at Barcelona in 1701, where he met his thirteen-year-old wife, Marie Louise Gabrielle of Savoy, and presided for the last time over the Catalan *Corts*, or parliament. The queen, in fact, remained in Barcelona for the greater part of the following year while Philip was in Italy. Meanwhile the soldiers and the diplomatists were in full enjoyment of a European war. Many people were suspected of being "pro-Austrians"; and soon after Philip's return in 1703, the Archduke Charles was proclaimed King of Spain at Vienna. In the spring of the following year an Anglo-Dutch fleet might have been seen cruising off the coasts of Catalonia; there were landings in one or two places, and after the battle of Blenheim (13th August), Catalonia, Aragon and Valencia declared for the archduke, who had already landed on the other side of the peninsula. In the autumn of 1705 the Anglo-Dutch fleet besieged Barcelona, and Don Carlos entered it as king on the 23rd October. After Philip had bombarded the city in 1706 in an unsuccessful attempt to take it—an event which caused Don Carlos to take refuge in a convent where one of his suite caused a grave scandal by falling in love with and marrying one of the pupils of that establishment, who was known in after life as "die spanische Althann"—Barcelona was able to return more or less to its normal existence.

Life was brightened by the splendours of a Court but darkened by the miseries of war and by the severe winter of 1707-8. The first opera of which

the records hold an indication was performed in 1708, *en metro italiano*. It formed part of the celebrations for the marriage of Don Carlos with Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel. It was played in the *Lonja*[1] and at night, a piece of information which may mean that the Santa Cruz theatre was still half open to the sky, in the old Spanish style. In the following year Astorga's "Dafni" was given, while the war still dragged on in the outlying parts of Catalonia, and peace negotiations broke down because of the exorbitant demands of the allies. Charles managed to enter Madrid, but had to return to Barcelona, where it is to be hoped he heard the performance of Caldara's "Scipione nelle Spagne." Since, through the death of his elder brother Joseph, Charles became emperor in 1711, he left Barcelona for good; and the peace negotiations which began at Utrecht in January 1712 were finally ratified two years later. In 1717, however, Barcelona suffered the excitement and inconvenience of another expeditionary force, which embarked in July and occupied Sardinia; and in 1719 French troops entered Catalonia, burning and looting wherever they went.

So the years went on. It is unnecessary here to go into the causes of these wars and the turn taken by events. Valencia, which had declared for Don Carlos in 1704, was retaken for Philip in the following year. The Teatro de la Olivera was rebuilt at the close of the War of the Succession, probably in the modern style so that performances could be given at night. The first operas, however, were given in the viceroy's palace. In 1730 a Valencian company (or at all events a Valencian Impresario) gave a season in Barcelona, whether of opera or of *zarzuelas*[2] *á la italiana* is uncertain. These zarzuelas, however, seem to have been works by Spanish composers, and not

[1] Exchange. [2] Comic operas.

Italian comic operas such as were performed later. Valencia still saw occasional performances of Italian opera on state occasions. There was Metastasio's "Artaserse," for instance, in 1734, set by a composer whose name has not been preserved ; and another opera in 1738 for the betrothal of the Infante Charles, King of Naples. In 1750, however, the Teatro de la Olivera was pulled down by order of a ridiculous archbishop, and houses built on the site. It was in this year that the management of the Santa Cruz theatre at Barcelona arranged with Nicolò Setaro, a famous Italian *buffo* for a season of opera ; and under different managers, opera was given in Barcelona from 1750-55, 1760-72, 1780, 1783, 1787 (when the theatre was burned down and took almost a year to rebuild), 1788, 1792-4, 1800.

This may seem little enough when compared with Venice or Naples ; but it compares not unfavourably with Cadiz or Madrid, and the performances were often given by singers on their way to or from the capital. It should be noted, too, that the fact that no records or libretti have been found for certain years by no means proves that no operas were given. No performances were allowed during Lent, the Octave of Corpus Christi and All Saints' Day, in time of war, pestilence and famine, and during the last month of the queen's confinement. As a comic poet (Robreño) put it, the theatre was closed for rain, heat, earthquake, death, rumours of war, fires, missions—in fact for every imaginable reason.

The Barcelonese, then, had opportunities of hearing the most celebrated operas of the most popular composers of the day ; they witnessed the lyric dramas of Metastasio set to the noble and dignified strains of Astorga, Jommelli and Porpora ; they laughed at the comedies of Goldoni and the sparkling music of Galuppi, Piccinni, Gazzaniga and Cimarosa,

to say nothing of the Valencian composer Vincente Martin y Soler (born in 1754), who travelled all over Europe, and wrote the opera "Una Cosa rara," one of the tunes of which is played in the last act of "Don Giovanni" during that last supper which is so terribly interrupted by the statue walking upstairs. Some of the composers were Catalans, like José Durá, a competent and versatile musician, able to turn out operas at short notice, when no other was available. In 1760 the impresario, José Lladó, was a Catalan; he is described as a man of character. We also hear of a Catalan in charge of the decorations, which were much improved under his charge. It is not unlikely either that the chorus sometimes sang in Catalan. In Barcelona at the present time performances of Italian operas are given in the summer, rather under eighteenth-century conditions, at the Teatro del Bosque, where, if the principals sing in Italian, the chorus apparently do not refrain from employing Catalan.

What life in Barcelona was like at the end of the eighteenth century may be gathered from Señor Curet's book on the Catalan theatre, and from the "Memories de un Menestral de Barcelona"—the impressions of a certain José Coroleu. The growth of the city was limited by the walls and fortifications which Philip III. had built, very much against the will of the citizens; and much of the space was occupied by convents, forts and barracks. Every day at noon, groups of poor people might be seen gathered about the doors of the convents, waiting for the soup which was given them. Travellers were struck by the incessant bell-ringing, and at night by the Dominican monks in the public squares, who chanted the rosary and explained its mysteries to the exiguous flare of lanterns fixed on poles, while from the neighbouring streets came a monotonous chorus

of paternosters and ave-marias. But it must not be thought that the Barcelonese had nothing to think of beyond mystical pleasures, sermons, processions and religious festivals ; though there was, it is true, hardly a single day in the year on which something of the kind did not take place. Side by side with a grave austerity, they had a keen sense of humour, and never lost a chance of displaying it. Yet in that patriarchal Barcelona, an excursion by night was a real adventure. Until after the French invasion the streets were only lighted by the votive lamps burning before the shrines of Our Lady and the saints, in the fronts of houses and at street corners. When necessity, or the Italian opera, or the balls of the *Carnestolendas* (the last three carnival days before Ash Wednesday) compelled people to go out at night and brave the darkness of the deserted streets, they lighted their way with lanterns or torches. Sometimes blind men guided them, for this was the chief occupation of these unfortunate beings, in which they made up for their loss of sight by an instinctive knowledge of the rough and pathless labyrinth of the old town. Religious festivals were always the occasion of rejoicings in the bosom of the family as well as in the streets ; and there were pilgrimages to all the sanctuaries in the suburbs. Carnival time, especially, was the high-water mark of gaiety in Barcelona ; the ostentation of some of the masked balls gave the lie to the proverbial simplicity of old Barcelona. Yet most pleasures were absorbed in the family life. In those austere sitting-rooms, relations, neighbours and friends met to celebrate family festivals or to finish off public ceremonies such as processions, *Tres Toms*, the *Cabalgata* of St. Thomas, and so on. The *brasero* gave out a pleasant warmth, the classic chocolate and *Forn de Sant Jaume* biscuits were cleared away and put on the ledge of the fat, bulging chest of drawers which

supported the glass case (*escaparate*) with the image of the tutelary saint of the family. On the mantelpiece were glass shades which covered bunches of wax flowers, and on the walls were prints showing the "Adventures of Telemachus" or the "Loves of Abelard and Heloïse." The evenings were spent in reading "Oscar y Amanda" or "Las Tardes de la Granja," in reciting *romansos* or telling stories ; and sometimes they sang *tonadillas*,[1] which made a pleasant change from games of forfeits, lotto or "Custom House." But the form of amusement which was most characteristic of Barcelona, and which most delighted the good people of those days, were the "Shadow Shows" (*Funcions de sombras*), the ancestors of the magic lantern and cinematograph. By the light of a small lamp, the silhouettes of grotesque figures moved across a screen ; they were cut out of paper, and were made at the shop in the *Bou de la Plassa Nova*, where they sold the little prints or *aleluyas* which were scattered everywhere on Easter Eve.

But the garrulous memoirs of the old *menestral* run on for ever; and at the end of the eighteenth century the people of Barcelona went to bed earlier than they do now.

X

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CATALAN REVIVAL

THE story of the Catalan literary renaissance, the *Renaixença*, has often been told ; but it has generally been described from the point of view of the development of the Catalan national idea. Politics have been inextricably intertwined with most forms of Catalan

[1] See page 198.

activity since the beginning of the nineteenth century, and it is matter of some difficulty to discern what is likely to be of permanent value, or even what is interesting to read. The Catalan muses are imprisoned in a policy, and their votaries have deliberately dedicated themselves to kindling the intelligence of the Catalan people against an impotent and mischievous administration. No one could blame them for that, yet it is irrelevant to what is really essential; art cannot subsist indefinitely if it squander its resources on the dissemination of a political idea. Yet it is interesting to try to understand, even in an imperfect and fragmentary way, the attitude of people in Catalonia towards the situation.

The shadow shows, which José Coroleu records in his memoirs as being so characteristic and popular an entertainment in Barcelona at the end of the eighteenth century were really the beginning of the modern Catalan theatre. The shadowy actors who moved across the screen performed *entremeses*, or comic interludes,[1] and the language put into their mouths was as often Catalan as it was Castilian. The authors of these little pieces were generally José Robreño y Tort or Francisco Renart y Arus.

The name of Robreño has been mentioned before as the author of a humorous poem on the manifold excuses which were brought forward for closing the theatre. He was, one may be inclined to think, a more useful and stimulating person than is generally acknowledged. By his gift of satire and by the deft manner in which he made people not only laugh at things, but laugh them out of court, he did more to discredit the central government and its absurd regulations in the style of our own preposterous "Dora" than many books and poems which were deliberately intended to inspire opposition. He was born in 1780,

[1] See page 193.

and began life as an engraver ; a passion for the theatre, however, led him to abandon his profession, and at the age of thirty-one he made his debut at the Teatro Principal. Then he began to publish *Lo Romance*. It must have been something like the Roman comic paper, *Il Travaso* ; there was no event, no gossip, no absurd act of repression by Government officials which Robreño did not hit off in an epigram, lash with satire, or show once and for all to be utterly ridiculous. And as no number of *Il Travaso* is without the figure of its mythical founder "Tito Livio Cianchettini," selling his paper at a street corner, so no number of *Lo Romance* appeared without a rough wood-cut showing Robreño taking part as actor, preacher or street orator in the events which occupied his pages. Copies were eagerly sought and passed from hand to hand ; and the blind ballad singers in the market-place were never tired of reciting his comic verses. His success in giving expression to what people thought, or wanted to think, was unfailing ; there was hardly a manifesto or a fly-sheet, a patriotic hymn or seditious pasquinade which was not his work. He made a particular point of attacking Joseph I., the brother of Napoleon, who was nominally King of Spain in the tragic years following 1808 ; he chaffed the monks for their monstrous gluttony ; he wrote a delicious criticism of the resolution of the Cathedral Chapter to dye *couleur de rose* the head of that swarthy brunette, Our Lady of Montserrat. Some of his compositions are still popular ; Sr. Curet states that he has heard ballad singers at rural festivals recite the "Sermó de las Modes" and "Sermó de la murmuració"—telling satires, both of them, on the customs of the day. His epitaphs are good examples of his style. They show the acute sense of humour and "caustic transcendentalism" characteristic of the author. He was also famous for his

extemporizations. His views were always furiously anti-French ; but his pleasant vein of scepticism seems to show that he had read some Voltaire, and had access to some of those odious foreign books of which the Spanish Government had prohibited the importation. That his verses are still read and enjoyed is shown by the fact that it is possible to buy a selection of them for sixpence, with some of the original illustrations.[1]

Some of his theatrical pieces retain an interest and liveliness more easily appreciated perhaps by a foreigner than by a patriotic Catalan. Like the Valencian comedies which were acted at the court of Princess Germaine de Foix in the sixteenth century, they were partly in Catalan, partly in Castilian. Neither plots nor language are very elevated, to be sure ; and the Catalan purists are inclined to dismiss these farces with a contemptuous wave of the hand. Yet they are alive ; and their vitality is due in some measure to the skill with which Robreño used different kinds of speech to differentiate his characters. Persons of quality speak Castilian, a Castilian full of pompous circumlocutions and high-sounding phrases ; and Castilian was used for the final choruses and, apparently, for all words set to music. Catalan was reserved for the sympathetic popular types, who were required to give trenchant expression to what was in the mind of the author. Their language is vulgar and ill-educated, but it is alive ; it is thoroughly bad Catalan, but it is the best Robreño could do. After his tragic death at sea in 1838, his work was carried on by Renart, who had less sense of humour but more respect for the Catalan tongue ; and afterwards by Federico Solér (1839-95), who composed about one hundred dramatic pieces, including a parody of " El Trovador " (the drama by Gutiérrez on which the

[1] Poesies Catalanes de Josep Robreño, Barcelona : 1918 (Biblioteca Bonavia, No. 1).

libretto of " Il Trovatore " was founded) and a famous comedy on the subject of Holloway's Pills. Under the name of " Serafí Pitarra " he published broadsides after the manner of Robreño, while his dramatic works held the stage until the arrival and definite triumph of Angel Guimerá in the 'eighties or 'nineties.

Meanwhile the question of language had become one of real importance. In the early years of the nineteenth century Catalan was hardly spoken at all except by country people and the poorer classes in Barcelona. It had been dying out since the seventeenth century. In 1716 it ceased to be the official language of the country, and when in 1810 Napoleon endeavoured to gain partizans among the Catalans by restoring their language, his efforts were coldly received by the whole population, and the newspapers, which he had caused to be printed in Catalan, went back to Castilian as soon as his back was turned. The most interesting feature of the whole Catalan movement has been the attempt to convert Catalan into a literary language, and the success which has attended it. It was the work of the poets and historians rather than that of the dramatists.

XI

MAKING A LITERARY LANGUAGE

THE Catalan literary movement has no firm basis in the eighteenth century. The first poets felt the emotional and sensuous appeal of the romantic movement, and gathered inspiration from Scott and Manzoni ; but the material which they had to work upon was a medieval language, which had fallen into disuse as a means of literary expression because it had been unable to adapt itself to the choice and deliberate

forms of the renaissance. Boscán had realized this fact when he wrote in Castilian instead of Catalan; but he not only brought to Castile the forms and metres of Italian poetry, but something of the personality of the old Catalan poet, Auziàs March. The spectacle of a romantic literature being composed in a medieval language is not without interest or curiosity. It might have been thought that an idiom "uncontaminated" by the classical revival, a tongue which had escaped the "stifling weight" of eighteenth-century formalism, would be a suitable instrument for really and adequately conveying the intellectual assumptions and spiritual preoccupations of the romanticists. Yet it was not so. The pioneers had to recognize candidly that ancient Catalan had fallen out of touch with the spiritual needs and range of emotion of modern literature. They could feel and assimilate the thought of their time; but they were unable to give it more than an imperfect and precarious realization. After a few tentative and uncertain attempts, they set about reforming the language. The immense popularity of Robreño, followed by the persistence of Solér, were serious obstacles. Solér, indeed, openly advocated "Catalan as she is spoke" (*Catalá qu'ara es parla*) in opposition to the literary language. But the wide learning and fine scholarship of some writers, sustained by the doggedness of the Catalan character, was at last enabled to triumph. The development in the means of expression may be observed in all the poetry of the nineteenth century. From Aribau's rather clumsy patriotic ode (1833), through the suggestive, if commonplace, poems of Victor Balaguér (1823-1901), the epic genius of Jacinte Verdaguer (1845-1902), author of the "Atlantida"; the vague and suggestive charm of Tomá Aguiló's fantastic poems from the island of Majorca (1852) followed by those of Costa i Llobera, Joan Alcover and Gabriel

Alomar; the physiological realism of Joaquín Bartrina (1850-80), to the breadth of the *Allgemeinheit* of Joan Maragall (1860-1911), one of the few great lyric poets of Spain. The twentieth-century Catalan poets deserve a long chapter to themselves; neither they nor Maragall can be dismissed in a short summary. The most characteristic of them is Joseph Carner; among others may be mentioned J. M. de Sagarra, J. M. López-Picò and Carles Riba. A good modern anthology is A. Plana's "Antología de Poetes Catalans moderns" (1914). The foundations of Catalan prose were laid by Joaquím Rubío y Ors (1818-99), professor of history at Valladolid, whose labours did much for the wider and more popular dissemination of the texts of the ancient Catalan poets, by José Torres i Bages (1846-1916), Archbishop of Vich; by Francisco Pi y Margall (1821-1901), President of the Spanish Republic in 1873, who showed by his fluency in both languages that being a Catalan need not prevent a man from writing good Castilian; by Valenti Almirall (1840-1904), whose study "Lo Catalanisme" (1886) was one of the first to accept the federalist principle for all the provinces of Spain and show how it might be accomplished. Meanwhile Manuel Milá y Fontanals, president of the first "Jochs Florals" (or Floral games), published a valuable history of the Catalan theatre and other works, including a delightful book of ballads and folk-songs;[1] Narciso Oller brought out "Papallona" (1882), a novel which appeared with a preface by Zola; and Mariàn Aguiló edited "Tirant lo Blanch,"[2] the "Fets del Rey el Jaume," and other medieval texts, collected materials for the great Catalan dictionary which is still in course of publication. The best representative of modern

[1] "Romancerillo Catalan" (Obras completas, vol. viii.). Barcelona: 2nd ed. 1896.

[2] See page 104.

Catalan prose is Eugeni D'Ors (" Xenius "). Several of his lectures have been reprinted by the *Residencia de Estudiantes* at Madrid, where he is a frequent and welcome visitor. The " glosses " contributed to various Barcelona papers have been reprinted in Catalan in several volumes of the *Glosári*; and some of them appeared in a Castilian version in 1920.[1] Of his short stories, the exquisite " Ben Plantada " was published in its second Castilian edition in 1920 (Madrid and Barcelona, Editorial Calpe); "La lliçó de tedi en el parc" (The lesson in tedium in the park; printed in " Quaderns d'Estudi," May 1918) has not yet been translated; nor has the grim " Gualba, la de mil veus " (Gualba of the thousand voices). But " Xenius " is above everything a philosopher, a leader of modern thought in Catalonia, and the rest of Spain as well.

An idea of what has been accomplished towards the purification of the Catalan language and its equipment as a means of expression of material and intellectual needs may be gathered by those who are fortunate enough to visit the *Institut d'Estudis Catalans* in Barcelona. While the elementary course is content with an explanation of the rules of Catalan orthography, and a study of the mistakes most usual in ordinary speech with their remedies, the senior course is occupied with syntax, morphology, phonetics and a study of one of the medieval texts. Special attention is given to the alterations which have been introduced into the medieval syntax, particularly those due to the influence of Castilian, and the solutions which have been adopted to meet them; the formation of words, and the reasons for the spelling authorized by the institute. But the most interesting department

[1] "Glosas: paginas del *Glosári* de Xenius" (1906-1917). Madrid: Biblioteca Calleja. "El Valle de Josafat." Madrid: Editorial Minerva (in the press).

is that dealing with pronunciation, and the origin and development of the principal dialects. A Laboratory of Phonetics has been fitted up, where the dialects are studied experimentally, and philological evolution can be observed and recorded as it actually takes place. The room is full of queer phonetic apparatus, and phonographic records of Catalan "as she is spoke," in a form approaching its pristine purity, in country districts of central Catalonia.

The great difficulty, as the professor of Catalan, Pompeu Fabra, pointed out, is that many Catalans seem not to be aware that there is a literary language. Catalan has come down from the Middle Ages fundamentally unchanged, in spite of superficial variations in dialect. The great problem of the *Renaixença* was the formation of a literary language, which should be based not on one dialect more than on another, nor on a mixture of all the dialects, but an artificial language of deliberately selected words, forms and constructions—the language of great medieval writers like Ramón Lull (Lully), Bernat Metge and Auziàs March, renewed and invigorated by carefully chosen importations from all the dialects. It is a mistake to call this literary language Barcelonese, as some Catalans do. *Barceloní* is the most uncouth and difficult of all Catalan dialects, and the most corrupted by foreign words. Here we are brought to the fundamental problem of literary language. Dialects are always older than polished, cultivated speech; they are not corruptions of the metropolitan tongue, except in so far as all Catalan dialects are more or less corruptions of Latin. Catalan has been purged of much of its medieval crudity by the philologists and poets, men who have a sense of scholarship and a feeling for the beauty of words. A good idea of its richness and flexibility may be gained from the translation of "Venus and Adonis" by M. Morera

y Galicia, or from the "Sonets: Odes" which Mariá Marent has translated from Keats. The ugly slipshod language of the street and railway carriage is spoken by people who are not interested in the beauty of sound as long as they can make their meaning clear to their friends and (who knows?) remain unintelligible to the stranger, from London or Madrid, who may be sitting next to them. It is part of the delight of travelling in Castile as in Tuscany that everyone, however ill-educated, has a conscious pride in the language which he speaks so beautifully. The pride of Catalans takes other forms; most of them have no time to bother about a literary language, and cannot understand that it is possible for a man to write in the newspapers and yet be almost illiterate. The literary men are determined not to descend to the level of *Barceloní*, and are doing all that education and example can do to improve the diction of their compatriots.

XII

THE THEATRE IN BARCELONA

It was as a poet that the great dramatist, Àngel Guimerá, first began to learn his business as a writer. Verses from his pen appeared in the first number of *Renaixença* (1871), and it was plain that a new spirit was at work in Catalan literature. After the serene yet stimulating quality of some of the best poetry of Verdaguer, the vague terrors of Guimerá and his love of fantastic melodrama came with the shock of novelty; there was, too, a personality behind his work which could not be gainsaid. His first tragedies, "Gala Placidia" (1879) and "Judith de Welp" (1883), were performed privately by amateurs, who

were better able to do justice to the majestic hendecasyllables and the concise yet plastic quality of his verse than professional players, accustomed to the short lines and pleasant fluidity of the kind of versification hitherto employed for the theatre. But Guimerá's tragedies soon made their way on to the public stage. His novelty was partly due to the fact that Catalan literature could show no examples of historical tragedy from which he could be derived ; his models were "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet," "Ernani" and "Die Räuber" ; while later, in his tragedies of modern life, he approached more to Hauptmann and Sudermann, Ibsen and Strindberg. Yet there is a decided originality in his work. In his earlier historical tragedies he was romantic to the core. He might be described as the champion heavy-weight dramatist of Catalonia. His characters are endowed with a more than mortal energy, and are nearly always trembling with passion. They belong to all periods of history, hastily studied and inexact in details ; yet the force of Guimerá's personality almost succeeds in making them convincing. His intuitive talent was greater than his cultural preparation ; he was more imaginative than well read ; but his sense of the theatre enabled him to see what factors were essential to the presentation of an historical character and what were not. His men and women are nearly always human—all too human in fact ; they show the triumph of human instincts over ideas. They never reason, they act. Like a government in war time, "they do not stop to make inquiries ; they get things done." Love and desire are the only forces that move them ; they have, as Spanish critics would express it, a "trajectory." Once started they fly inevitably to the end which has been prepared for them. Guimerá is like the Great Architect of the Universe idly throwing bricks against a wall, where they are broken in fragments.

In "La Boja" (1890) he abandoned the sceptred pall of historical tragedy for the squalid if no less vital passions of contemporary rural drama. He could never forget that some one had once used the words *quia multum amavit*; but he made it the reason for the death of his characters rather than for their salvation. Then he produced two comedies full of life and colour, "La Baldirona" and "La Sala d'Espera," which have been set to music by Morera. In 1893 he returned to modern drama with "En Polvora." "María Rosa" (1894) is generally considered to have been an unfortunate attempt. But it is something more than that. It is in a way the most characteristic of all Guimerá's works, so charged with emotion as to be almost plethoric, so ardent with passion as to burn the throat like raw spirit. The tragedy of María Rosa herself is that she is too full of life to live, and not even the Duse herself could have given an interpretation which would do her justice. "La Festa del Blat" (1896) caused great indignation, because in the course of the play the hero, an anarchist, throws a bomb. Yet Guimerá never took sides in social questions; he merely presented the problems as he found them. He was a fervent Catalan of the old "traditionalist" school; in all his later dramas, except "Jesus que torna" and "La Reina jove," characters and setting are all distinctly Catalan.

"Terra Baixa" (1896) did more to spread Guimerá's reputation than any of his previous works. The German version by Rudolf Lothar was used by Eugen d'Albert as the libretto for "Tiefland." D'Albert is not a great composer, and "Tiefland" is on the whole a dull opera; but the vitality of Guimerá's play gave it great success, and it is part of the stock in trade of every German and Austrian opera house, where, like "Der Freischütz" and "Martha," it can be turned on at a moment's notice if anything goes

wrong with the arrangements, like "I Pagliacci" or "La Bohème" at Covent Garden. It has been translated into English as "Martha of the Lowlands" (American Drama League Series, 1914), and another of Guimerá's dramas, "La Pecadora," has appeared in English as "Daniela" (translated by J. Garrett Underhill). His war play, "Jesus que torna," should be read for the nobility of its conception, although the execution is hardly on a level with it. Guimerá, like all Catalans, felt intensely the folly and futility of war, and realized that it is not peoples who make them. Colonel Talarn's cross-examination of Nataniel is a case in point. "Don't belong to any country? But we all belong to some country to . . . to . . . defend it!"

Interesting dramatic work has been produced by Ignacio Iglesias, whose long series of social dramas, "Els Vells," "El cor del poble," "La Mare eterna," "La Resclosa," "Fructidor," led him to a phase in which he was under the influence of Maeterlinck ("Focfollet," "Lladres," "Cendres d'amor") and eventually to pure comedy, as in "Girassol." Adrián Gual is the author of various works of great fancy and originality, though his dramatic personality is not very clearly defined. Among them may be mentioned "Silenci," "Misteri de dolor" and "La comedia extraordinaria del home que va perdre el temps,"—a queer play which was described to me as a sort of Rip van Maeterlinckel. His best work has been done as manager of the *Teatre Intim*, a little theatre founded in 1898 which has produced Greek tragedy and Shakespeare, Beaumarchais and Göethe, Ibsen, Gerhardt Hauptmann and D'Annunzio, W. W. Jacobs and H. A. Jones under the best possible conditions. Maragall's versions of Goethe were particularly successful; at one memorable performance of the "Iphigenie" Granados, the gifted composer

who went down on the *Sussex*, improvized at the pianoforte.

Adrián Gual has fallen to a certain extent under the influence of Maeterlinck ; though he has not adopted his manner in its entirety, as Iglesias has done in one or two experiments. Remembering a saying of Maeterlinck, that his object had been to present ordinary human characters but in such a way that by a slight displacement of the angle of vision their relations with the unknown might be revealed more clearly, he has tried for those suggestive effects by which Maeterlinck can dominate the receptive faculties of the audience. But the character of Maeterlinck can only be made to correspond with the Catalan temperament very imperfectly. The questioning doubt, and inexplicable and irresistible fear, that sense of an unseen world expressed in vague and mysterious terms is utterly foreign to the Mediterranean temperament, and only leads to vagueness and want of precision. The result is a hybrid—unreal, insincere and incoherent.

Santiago Rusiñol is affected more by the theories of Maeterlinck than by his practice ; probably he found him refreshing after the crude realism and torrential rhetoric of some other dramatists. But he was, first of all, a painter who achieved considerable distinction in his art, and has no use for an unseen world which can only be expressed in vague mysterious terms. As an artist, his best known work is a set of illustrations of the gardens of Spain. His literary career began with little sketches of Catalan artists in Paris and notes of travel. And then he suddenly scored an unqualified success with a play entitled " L'Alegría que passa," to which music was written by Morera. Rusiñol's success may be explained, partially at all events, by his sense of the theatre, and more, by his understanding of the audience. He has

a genius for making things "come off," and knows how to hold people's attention. He has a delicate sense of humour, which at times is irresistible. In all his later plays there is a half-humorous, half-sceptical bitterness at finding that the highest ideals and aspirations are apt to be shattered when they come into contact with reality. He offers no remedy. He presents the thing as it is, stripped bare, and merely shows that it is, after all, rather ridiculous. This is the method employed in "L'Héroe" (one of his best plays, and one with the most serious intent), in "La Mare," "La Bona Gent," "El Mistic," "El Indiano." One can never forget that Catalan village where all the men have gone to America, and all the women are over forty and still waiting for the men to come back.

"L'auca del Senyor Esteve" was originally a novel, but it was dramatized in 1917. *Senyor Esteve* is the generic name for the man from Barcelona; the *auca* is the portfolio which contains the papers concerning his life. "L'auca," remarks a Castilian critic, is a triumph for Rusiñol, but a calamity for his intentions. Instead of converting the Esteves into idealists, he has shown the idealists the way to become like Senyor Esteve. One may venture to think that Catalan letters are in too strong a position to do this at present. There is, however, the danger that many of the best brains in Catalonia are now in the offices of the *Mancomunidad*, the *Diputación* or the *Ayuntamiento*, or the *Institut d'Estudis Catalans*, whereas formerly they were free to write poetry or comedies. Rusiñol was himself the son of a business man, a *Senyor Esteve*; but his whole attitude is antipathetic to the business life. "He likes old things for their patina, deserted gardens, still waters and cypresses. . . ." He likes, in fact, the sort of things we all like in spite of ourselves. It may only be a factitious charm that

attracts one to his works, but the charm is undoubtedly there.

XIII

CATALAN AIMS AND ASPIRATIONS

After the brief and inadequate description which has been given of the Catalan movement, an attempt must be made to estimate the situation as it appears to ordinary men and women, and to try to discover what are the determining considerations of the problem. It is often supposed that the dissemination among a people of the "nationalist" idea—an aggressive political self-consciousness—corresponds with the wider and more popular diffusion of music, literature and art. A moment's consideration, however, will be enough to show that this is not always so. To go back no further than the last hundred years. The lives of Verdi and Carducci happened to correspond with the struggle for Italian unity and its almost miraculous realization; but the Italian aptitude for music is far older than the *risorgimento*, and the immediate predecessors of Carducci who were directly inspired by patriotism often wrote verse which had no literary value, however inspiring it may have been when sung during a revolution. In the same way Beethoven and Goethe were disturbed rather than inspired by the national movements which were being born around them, and Schubert was bothered by the recruiting authorities. Hans Andersen, Jens Peter Jacobsen, Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg and Selma Lagerlöf do not correspond with a period of Scandinavian history noted for territorial expansion. Age and 1870 had a paralyzing effect upon the genius of Wagner; and Saint-Saëns, by his excursions into political controversy, has lessened rather than increased

the esteem in which he is held. Art may, after all, be only a refined and subtilized expression of the "sinful lusts of the flesh"; but it is a most monstrous assumption that art is only a form of political or nationalist activity. The value of modern Catalan art does not depend on its usefulness as an instrument of propaganda; it must stand or fall by what it is.

The introduction to the catalogue of the Valencian Summer Exhibition of 1919 put the aims of the Valencian artists in a very clear and logical form. Artistic expansion, says the writer, is the object which must be kept constantly in view. The first step towards it is a policy of "inter-regionalism"; the success of Valencian pictures in the exhibitions of Bilbao and Barcelona shows that they must be introduced into all the Iberian provinces—Aragon, Navarre, Galicia, Portugal, Asturias, Andalucía—where at present they are known only by reputation. The second phase of expansion must be international; internationalism is the ultimate goal which artists should keep constantly in view, and to which they should direct the collective energies. Those peoples which have recently come to life as independent states will now have to set about realizing their nationality in art and intellectual activity, for this is the only form under which they may legitimately take pride in it. Poland, the Ukraine, Finland, Lithuania and Bohemia must fertilize their art with the liberty they have gained if they are to become really great peoples.

These are noble sentiments, worthy of the city and the country which expressed them. They bring out the point, which is apt to be forgotten in Barcelona, that political liberty is a means to happiness and not an end in itself. Yet Valencia is confronted by the same problems which agitate Barcelona, though it feels them at present in a less acute form.

The points at issue are two: the social question

and the question of autonomy; the latter as being the older may be considered first. Madrid is a very long way away. The distances to Barcelona and Valencia are 425 and 306 miles respectively; the railway journeys by the quickest trains take 15 and 13 hours apiece. It is the belief of Catalans and Valencians that people in Madrid do not really care about what happens on the Mediterranean coast, yet it is their daily experience that much tiresome and oppressive legislation is dictated from Madrid. This takes the form of a number of regulations in the style of "Dora," a strict censorship of the press, and conscription. The police are reinforced by what in Barcelona is practically an army of occupation, and there is a degree of interference with personal liberty comparable with that in "prohibited areas" in England during the war.

The soreness in Barcelona is further aggravated by official persecution of the Catalan language. In logic the Catalan tongue should stand or fall by its ability to express the practical and intellectual necessities of the Catalan people. It fell into disuse and decay at the time of the renaissance because it was unable to adapt itself to the revival of classical culture. Its revival during the last century and rapid increase in recent years shows that it has become once more a suitable means of expression. In practice the language has suffered systematic repression from Madrid. In the reorganization of primary education in 1825 Castilian was made compulsory; in 1862 a decree was issued that all legal documents hitherto made out in Catalan alone should be drawn up in Castilian as well; as lately as 1916 the Minister of Education declared that Castilian was the language of the country, and that all other was illegal for official use. It has even been stated that the postal officials will not allow letters to be delivered if the names of towns or streets are spelt in their Catalan form.

The attitude adopted towards an unofficial language is a question of temperament. In England, perhaps because we do not care sufficiently about our own mother tongue, we do not fly into a rage when we hear Welsh spoken on the top of a London omnibus, and we are not vexed by the thought that instruction in primary schools is given in Welsh, and that legal documents are drafted in it. Many of us realize that educated bi-lingual Welshmen are more cultivated than we are ; that they can enjoy things which we are unable to appreciate, and can communicate with one another in a language which has a strictly phonetic spelling and is extraordinarily apt for setting to music. On the Continent, however, the language question has a different complexion. To a government official an unofficial language always reeks of separatism ; and it is quite true that in Catalonia the revival and dissemination of Catalan has followed the spread of the nationalist idea, or even run side by side with it. It would be a gross injustice, and linguistically incorrect, to say that the language question was " a put-up job," and the Catalan tongue merely an uncouth dialect of Castilian, dressed up as a separate language for purposes of propaganda.

It may be useful to point out the two main roads followed by Catalan political thought in the nineteenth century. There were originally two main groups—Traditionalist and Federalist, but neither in Catalonia nor anywhere else is the great mass of opinion abreast of modern thought. The Traditionalists were fundamentally Catholic ; they aimed at the restoration of the old principality of Catalonia on a basis of Catholic unity, with counts, chancelleries, *usatges* and *fueros* (customs and privileges), and, of course, the language and literature. They were not hostile to Castile ; they were enthusiastic for Cervantes and the Mystics, and especially for St. Theresa, who has always been

a favourite and obliging saint in Catalonia. This doctrine was set forth by Don José Torres y Bages, the "great Archbishop" of Vich. His pastoral epistles on the subject were even translated from Catalan into Castilian, and his book, "La tradició catalana" (1892), has become a classic. The Church, he argued, was regionalist because it was eternal, and the Church therefore loved and cherished the regional language. He was followed by Jacinte Verdaguer, a humble priest of Vich, who, after winning the first prize at the Floral Games (a kind of Eisteddfod) of 1865 and founding a society for reading vernacular poetry in the open air, served as chaplain on board an Atlantic liner, and lived to be the author of the great Catalan epic, "Atlantida." Angel Guimerá, in the period of his historical plays at any rate, was also in the Traditionalist camp.

The earliest representatives of the Federalists were liberal and progressive; they were internationalists; they hated Castile, and they hated religion. Among the more moderate were Victor Balaguér, the poet, who has already been mentioned: so too have Pi y Margall, who was President of the Spanish Federal Republic in 1873; and Valenti Almirall, who was one of the first to state the case for Federalism, which he did with great clearness and cogency in "La Catalanisme" (1886). But the spirit of traditional Catholicism is strong, and Pi y Margall and his disciples found it prudent and more helpful to their doctrines not to swim too much against the current. Side by side with them, however, there grew up the most radical anti-clerical opposition to all the traditional "trumpery." Crowds sacked the monasteries of Poblet (1835), Montserrat (1909) and other convents, and persecuted the monks, though in fairness it must be added that in 1835 there were persistent and circumstantial rumours to the effect that men and

women had been walled up in the convents which were attacked, or buried alive in the tombs which were destroyed—and this in the nineteenth century ! Catalonia claims the honour—or disrepute—of the three men who have most scandalized Spanish Catholics : Dr. Suñer y Capdevila, who told his constituents in 1869 that his three greatest enemies were God, Royalty and Consumption ; Joaquim Bartrina, a poet who introduced into the polished stanzas of his "Amorosas" descriptions which were pure physiology—and pure prose ; Francisco Ferrer, founder of the modern school at Barcelona, whose name and execution have not been forgotten, even after five years of war.

XIV

FEDERATION AND ECONOMICS

Modern Catalan political thought is a development of the Federalism of the nineteenth century. Its most complete expression is to be found in the presidential address of Pi y Margall at the Floral Games at Barcelona in 1901, and in the weekly paper *España* in June 1916. The main points are :

1. An autonomous Catalan state, with sovereign power in internal affairs.
2. A Catalan parliament or legislative assembly, responsible solely to the Catalan people.
3. A Catalan executive, responsible only to the parliament.
4. Institution of Catalan law.
5. Catalan judicial power, with a high court of appeal for all cases in Catalonia.

6. Official recognition of the Catalan language, and free use of it in all functions, public and private.

7. Federal union of the different parts of Spain, controlled by a central authority in Madrid responsible for foreign affairs, relations between the federal states, army and navy, general communications, coinage, weights and measures, commerce, customs, etc.

Complete separation from Spain is sometimes spoken of, and is undoubtedly the ideal of the more advanced thinkers. Thus Sr. Rovira y Vergili considers that from the Catalan national point of view the best solution would be to allow Catalonia "with it's own personality" (*i.e.* as a sovereign state) to enter a vast federation of all the Latin and Western peoples. Recent victories at the polls have united the Catalan deputies and a large section of public opinion in favour of federal autonomy. In 1917 a municipal referendum was held, in which 90 per cent. of the town councils voted in favour of autonomy.

The federal solution, then, would seem to be that which most commends itself to the Catalan people. The question arises as to the efficacy of autonomy as a solution for the various problems which confront it. The chief of these is the social question. Syndicalism, strikes, lock-outs, social conflicts, bomb-throwing, assassinations are becoming common in Barcelona. A state of intense nervousness prevails, and no one ever knows what fresh outrage or inconvenience may not happen next. The army has not solved the Catalan question, because it cannot solve it; because it is not in the power of armies to settle crises such as that through which Catalonia is passing. The social problem is proving to be the most serious which Spain has ever known. At the

beginning of August 1919 the Town Council of Barcelona telegraphed to Madrid that the industrial conflicts had reached a point at which it was impossible to foresee what might happen ; it begged for autonomy as the only remedy against the desperate straits in which the city found itself. One would be loath to deny the probability of autonomy opening the way to the solution of labour problems in Catalonia ; but perhaps the Regionalists make autonomy too much of a panacea for all ills. Cautious Liberals, represented by *El Imparcial*, adopt the principle that the time is not ripe ; the anarchy in Barcelona, they say, if autonomy were conceded at this moment, would be worse than that in Russia or Hungary. It is true also that Señor Cambó, leader of the Catalan capitalist bourgeoisie in the Cortes at Madrid, has not stated how and by what machinery he intends to resolve the conflict. It is not likely that the fear of losing autonomy, just as it may be coming within the horizon of practicability, will induce the workmen to lay aside their claims, nor the employers to concede a large increase in wages to their men. If the Catalanists were to find a formula to satisfy the men as well as the masters, the effect would be the same whether they had autonomy or not.

The " Catalan question " is mainly, if not entirely, a question of economics. Sovereignty, it is true, is a point which touches the pride of both parties to the quick ; but the crux of the whole matter is the economic relationship between Castile and the other provinces. The forcible breaking up of Austria has been for the Spanish people a convincing example of the misery which is caused when delicate economic arrangements are interfered with by the clumsy fingers of propagandists, and by ignorant officials who in some cases had never even visited the countries on which they were supposed to have special knowledge.

Spaniards imagined that the readjustment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire would have been entrusted to qualified economists. As it is, they have witnessed an unedifying scramble among the stronger and more productive of the new states at the expense of the weaker and more cultured. The responsible bodies in Paris seemed to Spanish observers to be merely looking on, only roused from their lethargy by the quarrel of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia over the mines of Teschen.

It may not be altogether fanciful to trace an analogy, however slight, between the relationship of the new Austria to Czecho-Slovakia and of old Castile to Catalonia—Valencia. However much may be urged against the old order, the old relationship, it is a delicate economic balance which can only be set right by skilled economists. The clumsy method of adding the Slovak counties to Bohemia, or Valencia to Catalonia, purely for purposes of propaganda, is not one which will appeal to the good sense of Spaniards. The intellectual leaders of both sides have come to recognize candidly that drastic changes are necessary ; and the economists are convinced that a large measure of federal autonomy is likely to be the only complete and permanent solution. Unfortunately, in Spain as in Great Britain, it is not the intellectual leaders who hold the reins of power, and the foolish and short-sighted have received their proposals in a spirit of hostility. Public opinion, they say, is not ripe for the change ; but public opinion is never ripe for any change. What matters is that the proposals appear to have received the intellectual assent of the peoples concerned ; and if this is so the solution is bound to follow eventually, however remote and uncertain it may seem at the moment.

It only needs to add that Spaniards have no need of unscrupulous propagandists from England or

France to help them to settle their contemporary disputes. They will always be pleased to listen to men of another country, whose knowledge of the science of economics and skill in handling social problems comports with the difficulty of the question of Castile and Catalonia. They have observed closely how Austro-Hungarian affairs have been mismanaged, and do not intend to let ignorant sentimentalists from abroad imagine that they have discovered a new "oppressed nationality."

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SPANISH PLAYS AND INCIDENTAL MUSIC

I

MUSIC AND MODERN REVIVALS

IT is strangely difficult in the course of ordinary conversation, in Spain or in England, to make any one see that the music in a theatre is important. Many people regard it as a necessary and pleasant thing to accompany conversation between the acts; and some, after a moment's reflection, might say that it was useful in showing the audience that the play was about to begin and that it was time for them to take their seats. If music is needed in the course of a play, it does not seem to matter what sort of music it is, provided that it is unobtrusive. The idea that the music in a play should be contemporary with it or specially chosen is generally dismissed as the empty theorizing of a "musicologue."

Until about two years ago there was little that could be said against these views, except in theory. Even in Germany, where plays had been produced with more care and more consideration for artistic effect than in other countries, the music was generally modern and specially written for the occasion, if indeed it was thought of at all; in England, with one or two exceptions, a few folksong tunes were accepted as the last thing in the way of "atmosphere."

The performances of the Marlowe Dramatic Society at Cambridge, where as much trouble was taken over the music as over the performance of the plays themselves, were known to comparatively few people ; and not even all of these saw how greatly the music helped in the realization of "Comus" or "Dr. Faustus," "Epicœne" or "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

Then came the production, in Madrid as well as in London, of the "Good-Humoured Ladies." The ballet was founded on a play of Goldoni, and was accompanied by music very nearly contemporary with it, in the form of suites by Domenico Scarlatti scored for a modern orchestra. Its success was undoubted. People who professed to be entirely ignorant of music were heard to say that they liked it better than all the other ballets ; musicians had to confess that Scarlatti's music was more alive than a great deal of the modern music used in other productions. The dancers obviously enjoyed it more and interpreted it better ; and it was realized that the thing was a whole, a work of art, in which all the component parts—choreography, scenery, colour and music—were intimately and indissolubly united. One critic was even said to have inquired whether Signor Scarlatti had been specially commissioned to write the music.

The "Good-Humoured Ladies" is the first really successful production or rather interpretation of an old play with music which belonged to the same period, and it would be idle to pretend that part of its success, vitality and charm did not depend on Scarlatti's music. It is interesting to compare the various ways in which the different parts of the spectacle had been treated. They were none of them, to begin with, in their original form. The dancers did not follow the action of the play so much as interpret it, and the same might be said of the scene-painter's

representation of a small town in the Veneto. The dresses, again, did not really belong to the eighteenth century at all ; they suggested rather than copied it. And the music itself—harpsichord pieces scored, not for a band such as would have been playing in Goldoni's time, but arranged for a large modern orchestra—seemed to interpret the "Voltairean" spirit of Domenico Scarlatti quite as much as a performance on a modern pianoforte. All the component parts of the spectacle belonged to the eighteenth century, yet they were presented in a form which was immediately intelligible to a twentieth century audience, and to this fact the success of the ballet was due. It seemed a complete whole ; all the parts belonged to each other, and it was impossible to think of any one episode without remembering all the attendant circumstances of action, colour and music. Yet it was music that was nearly two hundred years old, and most people before seeing the ballet would have thought that to "cook up" such old music for the theatre and listen to it was an occupation for antiquaries and an enjoyment for hyperaesthetes.

In Madrid, in the autumn of 1919, another comedy by Goldoni, "La Vedova Scaltra," was brought out under the name of "Rosaura, la viuda astuta." It was acted as a play, but in all other ways it had been modernized as freely as "The Good-Humoured Ladies." The sparkling prose dialogue of the original had been well translated into modern colloquial Spanish, partly in prose, partly in verse, and various modern allusions were added. Milord Runebif, for instance, was made to express his preference for whisky—a statement and a point of view which does not occur in the original, and was not in accordance with the spirit of the age of "three-bottle men." In Goldoni's play, however, there is a delightful scene where milord drinks punch with Rosaura, the widow,

when she is disguised as an Englishwoman. The Venetian scene was as charmingly designed, and very much in the same manner as that in the "Good-Humoured Ladies"; the astute widow's dancing helped to interpret the story without being definitely of any particular period, ancient or modern.

Music had been specially written for the occasion. It was well scored, sometimes exquisitely so, for a small modern band, but it spoiled the performance. It was not its modernity that destroyed the effect; a frankly modern setting, with turns of melody which obviously belonged to the present time and effects of orchestral colour and harmony which might have matched the amazing charm of some of the curtains and fabrics, might have carried it off, and would have supported and completed this new interpretation of Goldoni. But it was vulgar music, and its only redeeming feature was that it was quite openly and honestly the music of musical comedy. It was very well done—as music for musical comedy—but it was not up to the standard of Goldoni or Galuppi, even of a Goldoni with "additional numbers" and a certain amount of modern "gag." And beside being vulgar, it was unnecessary. It is quite legitimate to use a play of Goldoni as the basis of a Spanish *zarzuela* or musical comedy; just as it is a perfectly reasonable thing to turn Goldoni into a ballet. But the sense of incompleteness and failure of the one, compared with the complete satisfaction and success of the other, surely suggests that the music is the vital point, and the point at which most care should be taken in arranging such performances.

An experiment in the form of a *zarzuela*, more perilous but at the same time more successful, was to be seen at Madrid in the same week. Under the name of "La Nochecita de San Juan," performances were being given of a musical play founded on "Mid-

summer-Night's Dream." The plot owed, after all, very little to Shakespeare, for it was confined to mistaken identity and fairies in a wood. But the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" was mentioned both in the announcements and in the text of the play, and one had to listen to it as a derivative of English "wood-notes." It was interesting as a Spanish interpretation; the fairies seemed to have left England (perhaps because of vexatious regulations of "Dora"), and to have established themselves in the gardens of Aranjuéz or among the Duke of Wellington's elm-trees on the Alhambra. They had grown raven locks, and had put on orange cloaks instead of the traditional fairy green. And they had learned to sing the characteristic turns and twists of Spanish music with assurance and grace. The rustics were the conventional Andalucians of numberless Spanish plays, or of the stories of "El Solitario," or of Alarcón, the author of the "Three Cornered Hat." The music, by Sr. Lloret, was very interesting. He had definitely made it incidental and subsidiary, and he seemed to realize when the emotional and imaginative moments of the play imperatively demanded it. Yet he missed his greatest opportunities. At the end, for example, when the comedy of errors is at its height and the two pairs of mistaken lovers are squabbling round a tree, behind which Puck is hiding, the only thing possible for the music to have done would have been an ensemble, in the style of Mozart or Sullivan—or of Ansenjo Barbieri in delightful zarzuelas, like "El Barberillo de Lavapies"—the kind which Mr. Dent has so aptly named "an ensemble of perplexity." What a finale it would have made! Beginning as a quartet of the still mixed and mutually abusive lovers, and breaking into five parts when Puck discovers himself and gives the explanations necessary to make all end happily, it would have rounded off the performance

and shown music in its true function and in its proper place. But the ensemble of perplexity is either unfashionable or a lost art, and the great moments of the play were allowed to go by without a note of music. Even the entry of Puck into the conversation was unaccompanied by music, and the few bars of stupid little chorus at the end only made things worse.

The fault in both these cases lies in the same causes. Composers often misunderstand the true function of incidental music, and are unable to see that there are moments in the play when the emotional content or the arrival of supernatural beings should make music inevitable. Audiences do not realize that music should be as carefully chosen to suit the play as scenery or wardrobe, and that if the use of an overture is to call people to their places, it and musical entr'actes also have another purpose—namely, to put the listeners into a frame of mind appropriate to the spectacle which they are about to witness.

II

THE MUSIC OF OLD SPANISH PLAYS

It is a curious and interesting thing how many old Spanish plays definitely require music. A glance at the lists of *dramatis personæ* in a volume of Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina or Calderón will show that *Músicos* are almost always mentioned. They are definite characters; although their parts, because they were not spoken, were not often printed in the play, and have in most cases been lost. It would be interesting, if indeed it were possible, to try to discover what tunes they actually played and sang; but what is of more practical importance is to determine

what sort of music they are to use in a modern revival of the play.

Various possibilities suggest themselves. New music may be written especially for the play. It may be frankly modern and endeavour to express the feeling of the situation in the idiom of contemporary music, and this sometimes is the most satisfactory solution; or it may be written in the style of music of the period. This is, however, the most dangerous plan. Few composers are good enough musical archæologists to be able to write in both the spirit and the form of the music of two or three hundred years ago. It is easy to copy its outward appearance; but the result is a piece of work which any one who is at all acquainted with the music of the period can pronounce at once to have caught some of the appurtenances while it has missed the essential features altogether. The only men who really understand the style of a past period of history well enough to be capable of writing music in it will probably prefer to arrange some genuinely old music for the performance, so that they and others may have the indescribable thrill of hearing strange forgotten works made to live once more, proving that old music of real beauty has only to be performed with understanding and scholarship to make it a living and interesting thing.

The original music of the play may, of course, be discoverable; and in that case every effort should be made to present it in such a way that it may be interesting and arresting to a modern audience. Again, it may be possible to find music written some time after the play, but still far enough from our own time and our own musical language to give it something of the feeling, something of the effect on us—the nobility or serenity, the fancy or remoteness—which would be given by a real contemporary music, such music, for instance, as Purcell's "Tempest" or

"Fairy Queen." The one essential thing, however, about music for the revival of an old play is that it should be interesting. Scrupulous accuracy in archæological detail is of small importance compared with the necessity for arresting the attention of the spectators where the dramatist required music to arrest it, and of expressing to them what he brought on his musicians to express.

It cannot be proved that music which was written for the first performance of an old play, or which belongs to the same period, is the best for a modern revival of the play. The test of theatre music is that it should put a modern audience in the right state of mind, that it should (in other words) explain to them what is happening in the play, or what is going to happen—that it should tell them just those things which the dramatist found it impossible to express in words. An idea of what this means may be gathered from hearing the classical plays of a foreign country. One's acquaintance with the language is probably imperfect; one may not have been able to read the play beforehand, or one may be sitting too far away to hear comfortably what the actors are saying. In such conditions the help given by carefully chosen entr'actes and incidental music is incalculable. Here at last is something that you really *can* understand!

Before I went to Madrid, people said, "Oh, no! They never do classical plays now." But the day I arrived, towards the end of October, I was confronted by the choice of Lope de Vega, Calderón or Ruiz de Alarcón, not to speak of modern plays by Pérez Galdós, Guimerá, and Rusiñol, and contemporary comedies by the brothers Quintero and Martínez Sierra. There was also a performance of "La Importancia de llamarse Ernesto!" I chose the Lope de Vega, "El Castigo sin Venganza" (Punishment without Vengeance), and the performance has remained

in my mind as one of the most clear-cut memories of Spain and one which left the most profound impression. The thread of the plot was easy to follow—it was the old story of Parisina Malatesta at Ferrara. But Lope's unerring dramatic sense enabled him to seize upon the essentials of the story and make it an extraordinarily good play. I was carried away by the sheer lyrical force of it ; the queer, short lines of Spanish tragedy have a wonderful cumulative effect, like music or the development of a rhythmic phrase. The beauty of the language, a quality which one sometimes misses in ordinary conversation, was brought out at its best by the admirable diction with which the lines were spoken. Another point was the restraint of the acting. It was all most carefully planned, the embraces were kept back, and for two acts Federico and Casandra never touched each other ; in the third even it was only a grip of hands—not a welter of passion and kisses. The play had every advantage in its presentation ; the general level of the company was high, and the principal parts were taken by Ricardo Calvo and Carmen Moragas, two of the foremost players in Spain. Calvo's strong point is his diction ; he plays upon the Castilian tongue as on an instrument of which he is completely master, and one which is capable of all gradations of tone, varieties of pitch and inflexions of rhythm. He can build up the most overpowering emotional climax merely by the rhythm, music and onward sweep of his lines ; he trusts to the poetry in them rather than to violent action. And to a stranger with whom Spanish has not been his mother tongue, there is always the peculiar charm of what has been called the "thelestial lithping" of good Castilian speech. Srta. Moragas has a musical voice, trained to express every shade of emotion, and a sense of the poetry and beauty of words equal to that of Sr. Calvo. She has also the advantage of

looking immensely decorative, owing to her pallor, her renaissance manner and her long Florentine neck. She made one realize that the women in Lope's play have brains, personality and force of character ; they are not like the various ladies in the " Burlador de Sevilla," the first of all the Don Juan plays ; for these women seem deliberately to have been made thoughtless and empty-headed so that Don Juan might deceive them.

The whole performance left on me an effect like music, and the effect of it was intensified, not diminished as I feared it might be, on second hearing. The actual music played between the acts was curious and not altogether inappropriate. It consisted of a Beethoven Adagio taken from one of the pianoforte sonatas, and a Mozart minuet. For the entry of Casandra in Scene 2, when she arrives in the ducal barge and comes in sparkling majesty down the few steps at the back of the stage, a piece of music was obviously required, and the producers had arranged for a short movement in an archaistic style to be played behind the scenes. It was, as I afterwards discovered, a free arrangement of one of the " Cantigas " of King Alfonso the Wise.

The next classical play I witnessed was " El Alcalde de Zalamea." There is a Spanish proverb which says

Todo espectaculo está
dentro del espectador.

—Every spectacle lies within the spectator himself. Perhaps this may explain why I, an ignorant barbarian from the north, felt an immediate preference for Lope de Vega as compared with Calderón. Yet subsequent reading of plays by both Lope and Calderón has not led me to change my opinion. Beautiful, poetical, full of thought as they are, it seems as if it would always be very difficult to make plays of Calderón

"come off" on the stage without a good deal of faking; while those of Lope, one would think, have only to be put on with intelligence—and a double stage, to allow of continuous action—to be as alive and as moving as when they were written. I can imagine Calderón's "Constant Prince" being put on somewhat as if it were a fairy play; but it would have to be listened to in the spirit of Mr. Walter de la Mare; I never saw "Life's a Dream" or "El Mágico Prodigioso," or any of the "comedies of cloak and sword." Much of Calderón seems nowadays more suitable for reading than for representation. The exceptions are precisely these "comedias de capa y espada," so full of charm and vitality and so unjustly despised by modern critics. Yet the "Mayor of Zalamea" is a great play, and one that is not inappropriate to these times, since it turns upon the dishonourable behaviour of an officer who is billeted on the Mayor, and on the summary execution to which the Mayor condemns him.

It is true that a play like "El Alcalde de Zalamea" labours under every possible disadvantage. There is a traditional way of doing it, which weighs so terribly on the play and the players that no satisfactory performance is ever likely to be given until it is acted by people who have never seen it, as if the MS. had just been discovered in the Royal Library. Again, it is a "star" play, or is treated as such by the actor who takes the part of the *Alcalde*. Whenever I have seen it, the *Alcalde* has been played by Sr. Borrás. Now Sr. Borrás is an old and experienced Catalan actor who has deserted the Catalan stage for that of Madrid. He is admirable in modern plays, but he does not succeed in making the *Alcalde* anything but a talkative bore. It is difficult to accept the moralizing and prosiness of the old gentleman. For a Spanish

classical drama to deal with the subject of honour is natural and inevitable; but is it necessary to make it into a "pi-jaw"? Lope de Vega's characters talk of honour often enough, in "The Star of Seville," for instance, and in other plays where there can be no suspicion of faint malice in the words; but Calderón shows a curious weakening compared with Lope. His sense of the theatre seems to have been obscured by something; his fervent belief and his mysticism made him always feel sure of himself, but they make him remote and difficult for a modern audience. He shows a falling off from Lope, just as Tasso shows a falling off from Ariosto. Crespo, the mayor, is like a master at a public school trying to explain away some awkward question to his house; he is almost as bad as Gurnemanz.

In these performances of the "Mayor of Zalamea" Calderón was hardly given a fair chance. There was no illusion, no magic circle rounded by poetry or music in which the players moved and the spectators followed them. In "El Castigo sin Venganza" I was within the magic circle from the moment the curtain went up; but in "El Alcalde de Zalamea" there was nothing of the kind. There was no lyrical feeling; the players spoke their lines with little sense of poetry, and even the great lyrical passages failed. It was taken too slowly. The lack of illusion of which I was conscious may have been due to the insignificance of the music. The play is so popular in Spain that it might be worth some modern composer's while to write incidental music to it, though it would be uncommonly interesting to arrange some contemporary music; and this could easily be done, from the seventeenth-century "Cancionero de Sablonera" for instance, which has lately been edited by Don Jesus Arauja, or from some of the music actually written for performance in other plays of Calderón

during his lifetime, and reprinted by Pedrell in his "Teatro lírico español antes del siglo XIX." Selections from musical comedies, such as are played between the acts of most modern performances, are worse than useless; it would be better to have no music at all.

That indeed was the method employed by Don Jacinto Grau in the production of his tragedy "El Conde Alarcos" in November 1919; and, as it happened, this was exactly the sort of play which needed music to make it artistically reasonable. Large posters on the hoardings of Madrid announcing the performance of "The Tragedy of Count Alarcos" pulled many people up short and made them late, or later than usual, for their appointments. "Count Alarcos" is the sort of name at sight of which not only Spaniards, but Englishmen and Germans as well, will stop a moment to ask themselves where they have heard it before; for Count Alarcos is somewhere up a backwater in the romantic literatures of both England and Germany, while in Spain he is in the main stream, but so far back that people sometimes forget exactly where he comes. There is, in fact, an old Spanish romance about him.

Retraída está la Infanta
bien así como solía
viviendo muy descontenta
de la vida que tenía. . . .

And as is the case of so many of these ballads, the original tune to which it was sung has been preserved. It is given in one of the musical examples in "De Musica libri septem," and has been reprinted and harmonized by Don Felipe Pedrell in his book of folk-songs.

Count Alarcos lived in the time of an "indeterminate" King of Castile, about the eleventh or twelfth

century. The king had a daughter ; but he also had a past, as the *Infanta* knew. She was unhappy—it was a stroke of genius of Sr. Grau to make her sweep majestically across the stage at the beginning of the first act without saying a word to any one, and it revealed her personality at once. She wanted to be married.

" But, my dear," said the king, " you could have been Queen of Hungary had you wished it. Yet you sent all the ambassadors away without so much as seeing them."

" I want to marry Count Alarcos."

" Count Alarcos ! But he is married already, and while the countess lives . . ."

" Let her *not* live ! "

The king was horrified. " But I can't do a thing like that," he protested.

The *Infanta* reminded him that she had been present when the queen had mysteriously fallen over a cliff. So the king sent for Count Alarcos ; he was told to go home to his castle, dispatch the countess, and come back and report in the morning.

" But I can't, your majesty," said the count.

" But you will," said the *Infanta*. And so he did.

Once, years before, in an orchard. . . . But, you see, the whole chivalrous machine has been started. The count was bound by his duty to the king and by his word of honour to the *Infanta* . . . and certainly she was a lady of uncommon loveliness.

In the nineteenth century a story like this would have been treated as a drama of intense and unrelieved passion, mounting to an intolerable climax, and only broken by a *Liebestod* and suitable transfiguration. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it was made into a play by Lope de Vega (" La Fuerza Lastimosa "), and also by Mira de Mescua and Guillén de Castro. Nowadays, the only

way in which it could be made interesting or reasonable would be to treat it so fantastically as to make it almost a fairy story ; it would have to be approached with the naif wonder and happy confidence of a child, and plenty of music would be required to make it "come off" at all. Sr. Grau had this happy confidence ; but he was too serious to be fantastic, too romantic to be serene, and he wrote it in prose.

At the first performance people in the foyer said hard things about "El Conde Alarcos" : it was a German romantic play born out of due time ; it was full of archaisms ; it was badly constructed ; it was insufferably dull. What saved it was that it kept close to the romance ; the characters were presented in all their primitive, childish simplicity, and gave the play that kind of nobility and dignity with which one had long ago imagined the Kings and Queens in the ballads and story-books. I did not consider it very German ; the passion was hardly real enough for that. The language was queer and stilted, to be sure ; but it suited the persons of the drama. In construction it kept pretty close to the romance ; and I myself certainly did not find it dull. What I did find was that it should most certainly have been written in verse, and that without music it seemed cold and disconnected. "*¿ Al Infierno ?*" said a man behind me, echoing the *Infanta*, "*Al Infierno ? No, hombre*: I'm going home !" I stayed until the end ; but I was interested rather than held by it.

III

THE ROMANTIC DON JUAN

On All Saints' Day and for a week or more after nearly every theatre in Spain puts on a play about Don Juan. I was not able to discover why Don Juan should be particularly suited to the Communion of Saints, or even connected with it; most people whom I questioned remarked, "Oh, it's a custom!" *Costumbre, Costumbre!*; and one or two, when I pressed them, thought that the reason was that Don Juan had a good deal to do with dead men and cemeteries. It was disappointing to find that not a single theatre was doing the Don Juan of Tirso de Molina, Molière or Mozart; they were all performing "Don Juan Tenorio, drama religioso-fantástico," by José Zorrilla. Attempts had been made in Madrid some years before to give the Don Juan play of Molière, with a condensed version of Mozart's music, but they met with no great success.

It would be interesting to trace back this custom of doing Don Juan plays on All Saints' Day, and to see what versions had been given before the time of Zorrilla (1817-93). But to many people in Spain such an inquiry would appear pointless and irreverent. Zorrilla boasted that at the time when he wrote "Don Juan Tenorio" he had never read the original of all Don Juan plays—the "Burlador de Sevilla" of Tirso de Molina; had he done so he would probably have written a much better play himself. As it is, he produced an incredibly romantic affair which always seems to be on the point of parodying itself. It is one of those plays in which the nearness of the sublime and the ridiculous is made only too manifest. The point of the original Don Juan, as Tirso de Molina

imagined him, is not that he is the greatest lover of fair women, looking "after white and red and the weaker beauties of the night." He is the best hater of women. He despised all whom he knew for their brainlessness and the ease with which any one could deceive them. All through the play he is a *burlador*, a practical joker ; and though he gets a certain amount of enjoyment out of pursuit and conquest, what really pleases him and interests him is deception.

The performance at the Español was all that Zorrilla could have desired or his play deserved. It was done beautifully ; no expense was spared, and even the change in fashion between 1545 and 1550 was brought out. The only thing forgotten was music. Ragtimes and selections from comic operas definitely did not do as entr'actes ; and in the course of the play one could not help realizing how right Shakespeare was in never bringing supernatural beings on the stage without music. There were other opportunities for music which were missed, and the play suffered in consequence. Act IV. showed one of Don Juan's villas near Seville, on the banks of the Guadalquivir with a terrace overlooking the river. The scene represented a lovely room, in plateresque style, perfectly balanced and formal, richly decorated with tapestry and panelling. But a house like that near Seville would certainly never have been without the sound of singing and guitars, especially at sundown ; and it would have been so easy to engage a trio (like those which sometimes play in the gardens of Granada) and arrange some sixteenth or seventeenth-century music.

And how one did miss the music when the statue comes in to supper ! Zorrilla, unluckily, has left out all the humour of the story and most of its vitality. Don Juan Tenorio apparently never invited the statue to supper at all, and when it arrived it did so in a most

stupid fashion. The stage was blacked out, and the statue appeared "gashly white" in a sort of grandfather clock case, like a conventional ghost. Then another statue appeared, that of Doña Inés. In the last act, which was the seventh, there were no less than six statues, who walked on at the same time and cried in wailful choir, "Don Juan! Don Juan!" The effect of so much statuary was fatal, both to Don Juan and to the play. He repented, and the audience looked at their watches. The play ended in a sort of transformation-apotheosis in which an endless vista of hoops covered with crimson ramblers led away to a sunlight-soapy sunrise over a sea of gore or everlasting fire, I am not sure which.

Yet I should be the last to speak disparagingly of "Don Juan Tenorio." Zorrilla's Don Juan is very interesting and much more worth going to see on its fantastic side than most English pantomimes, much more attractive on its religious side than most oratorios. And a drama which has been performed for nearly eighty years in nearly every theatre in the country must have some qualities of interest or association to commend it to the affections of the men, women and children of all classes who flock to witness it. Don Juan is, of course, Everyman; and the part should be acted with such conviction and such persuasiveness that (as some one remarked to me once) every man in the audience will think that he himself is like Don Juan, and every woman be ready to fall in love with him.[1]

The Madrileños, like the Viennese, are not so overawed by their native language that they are unable to parody it. Vienna has produced at least one

[1] Readers of "La Regenta" by Leopoldo Alas—perhaps the most interesting of all modern Spanish novels—will remember the performance of "Don Juan Tenorio" described in Chapter XVI. and how it affected the Regenta herself.

extremely clever skit on "Tannhaüser," the most German of all operas; and Madrid, which has witnessed numerous parodies of "Don Juan Tenorio," has been regaled by a kind of synthesis of Spanish classical tragedy in "La Venganza de Don Mendo."

Parodies in a foreign literature are always worth studying; they often help one to understand points which would otherwise be difficult to grasp. Parody is by no means a new art in Spain, and Sr. Muñoz Seca is perhaps not yet a master parodist. But he can be very entertaining; and he is, of course, a successful playwright. It is impossible to listen to "Don Mendo" for many minutes without realizing, in between one's chuckles, that it is a parody of the romantic manner rather than of a tragedy of the "golden age" of Lope de Vega or Calderón. It reminds you of "La Esposa del Vengador," "El Conde Alarcos," the conventional, romantic way of doing "El Alcalde de Zalamea"; but most of all it reminds one of "Don Juan Tenorio." Indeed, in many ways it seems more directly a parody of Zorrilla than any other writer. Sr. Muñoz Seca has got the Zorrilla manner so much into his head that he writes naturally in that style, and chooses unerringly the forms of expression and forms of verse which the romantic poets would have used under the circumstances. His play is perfectly organic and logical; yet it makes perfect nonsense. His characters rant and rave just as they do in many romantic plays; they come on and strike attitudes which are only a little more absurd than they are sometimes in serious drama. They pour out floods of rhetoric; but it takes sharp ears to detect that for metrical reasons some tenses of the irregular verbs have been made more irregular than they ever were before, and that some words are used in senses to which they are never likely to be put. I can never see a tragic king or men in

armour, a prison scene or stage corpses without thinking of "Don Mendo." The only thing which might have improved the play is its form. Four acts of undiluted parody are rather a large order; it might have been more interesting to make it a play within a play, like "The Critic" or the "Rehearsal." The *estreno*, the first night of a new play, is such an event in Madrid—some people never go to the theatre at all, unless it is to an *estreno*—that it might have been possible to bring a few types of a first night audience on to the stage at the beginning and the end to round off "Don Mendo" and give it a setting. It would be such a success that one wonders that it has not been tried already. Perhaps it has.

IV

A NEW GOYESQUE OPERA

THE Royal Opera at Madrid has many of the features of Covent Garden. It is "Grand opera," it has a syndicate and a tiara'd audience. No one in Madrid can quite make out who chooses the operas for performance, or why they are chosen. In 1919 at the very end of the opera season at Madrid a new Spanish opera was produced. It met with a mixed reception from the critics and from the public; but a series of lucky accidents enabled it to be put on again at the opening of the season of 1919-20. "El Avapiés" takes its name from the densely populated district of Madrid surrounding the Calle de Lavapiés. It may be less interesting to Spaniards than it is to people who do not know Madrid, for the Calle de Lavapiés is quite an ordinary-looking street, and Madrileños can go to the Prado twice a week and see all the Goyas for nothing. A London audience, however, would find "El Avapiés" extremely attractive.

Sr. Borrás, the author of the book, has taken certain episodes in the life of Madrid as it was about 1800—something between that reflected in the comedies of Ramón de la Cruz (a contemporary of Goldoni) and in the volume of the "Episodios Nacionales" of Pérez Galdós which describes the court of Charles IV. The music has not been published; and unfortunately there seems to be no immediate chance of its being printed. Sr. Del Campo and Sr. Barrios have set about their work with an inexhaustible flow of melody. They have taken the various forms of Madrid popular song as types, and raised them to the level of opera. The procedure has one excellent effect, namely, that you can never hear any one singing in the street—the old clothes-woman in the Calle Mayor, for instance—without thinking how much better they would do that sort of thing in "El Avapiés." With a single exception, none of the tunes in the opera are real popular songs; yet the supply of melody seems to be unfailing. It might be urged that it is not always expressive or relevant. It does not always seem to belong to the situation or help the listener to understand the personalities of the characters. Occasionally it appears to be outside the action altogether. A good opera, it has been said, should have a drama in the music going on at the same time as the drama on the stage, reflecting and illustrating it. In "El Avapiés" this is made difficult by the fact that for more than half the time a large crowd is on the stage. Whenever there are only two or three people, the drama going on in the music is not only perceptible but unmistakable. The music which accompanies the crowds attacks the problem by a heap of lively tunes and dances; and by this means the composers definitely express the confusion and turbulence of a street. They have not aimed at letting their music fix your attention on the personalities and thoughts, actions

and passions, of the chief characters; and even visually the principals only stand out from the rest when the opera is seen not from the stalls, but from the gallery. Whenever a few people are left alone they become entirely intelligible and reasonable.

The weak points of "El Avapiés" are probably not so obvious to an Englishman as they are to a cultivated Spanish musician. For a listener to whom the various types of Spanish melody are not yet so familiar as to be uninteresting, music like that of Del Campo and Barrios is not only delightful in itself, but serves the purpose of making other forms of Spanish musical thought intelligible. It is a step, though not a very long one, in the direction of De Falla, whose music London has approached from the wrong end. If we had had the chance of hearing "El Avapiés" and then De Falla's opera "La Vida Breve," no one would have found the music to the "Three-Cornered Hat" cold or difficult to understand. Falla is the central figure in the group of modern Spanish composers, and anything that helps one to understand him is of value for that alone.

"El Avapiés" is interesting for other reasons. It seems to take an English hearer deeper into Spanish musical thought than before; and this is noticeable in the course of the work itself. What might be objected to as a mixture of styles, arising from the maturity and sense of mastery in the third act compared with the other two, turns out to be a logical development. The confusion, noise and endless strings of tunes which seem almost, but not quite, folk-songs are gradually simplified and gathered together as the drama shapes itself and the issue becomes clear. The method of the composers is then seen to be not a haphazard jumble of styles at all, but a perfectly logical process. At the beginning they fling you into a hurly-

burly of people, singing, shouting, dancing and running about—as if all the figures in Goya's tapestry cartoons had escaped from the Prado and come to do their tricks at the Royal Opera ; and in the festival procession at the end of Act II., with *pasos*, giants, the *Tarasca* (a kind of " Riesenwurm ") and the little figure of the *pelele* tossed in a blanket, it seemed as if all the queer things in the history of the Spanish drama had been dragged in to confuse one. In the third act, however, music and drama emerge on a higher, clearer level, on which the course of the opera can be followed clearly until the end. Let us hope that London will one day be given an opportunity of hearing " El Avapiés." It is a work which should be known by every one who is interested in Spain and Spanish things.

V

THE FOUNDATIONS OF SPANISH THEATRE MUSIC

In an earlier chapter something was said of the number of old Spanish plays which were meant to be performed with music, and which included musicians in their *dramatis personæ*. But any one who went to a Spanish theatre in the time of Shakespeare or in the time of Sheridan would have found that the musical interludes which came in between the acts were as long and as interesting as the play itself. A performance of an old Spanish play was, in fact, almost as much a musical event as the " Midsummer Night's Dream " with Purcell's music lately performed at Cambridge. The difference is that in Purcell's " Fairy Queen " the music and dancing is put into the action of the play and connected up with suggestions afforded by the words or situations of the characters, while in Spain the interludes or *entremeses* of music and dancing

always seem to have come definitely before or after the acts and not in the middle of them.

Whatever were the origins and descent of music in Spain,[1] it has always been used to express all aspects of Spanish life. Its origins do not concern us here, nor the extent of Arab influence upon it. A collection of folk-songs from all parts of the peninsula, such as that lately published by Sr. Pedrell, shows the several tendencies at work at the beginnings of modern popular music. There are indeed as many different kinds of folk-songs as there are points of the compass.

As regards the native melodies of the north—from Galicia, Asturias and the Basque provinces—it is not difficult to say which province they come from. But they are alike in one thing : they are less oriental in character than tunes from other parts of Spain, and more like tunes which one has heard before in northern countries. In eastern Spain, in the Mediterranean provinces of Catalonia and Valencia, and in the Balearic Isles, the tunes seem occasionally to bear traces of Arab influence ; but they have become more nearly like tunes from Provence. In León and the Castiles —the middle-north and central provinces—the tunes seem more definitely " Spanish " ; they are believed to be derived from or influenced by those brought from the north by the Visigoths, blended with turns of melody which are apparently Moorish. In the tunes of the south, and especially in those of Andalucía, on which has been founded nearly all the music which we in England immediately recognize as Spanish, every one seems to be in agreement that there has remained a frankly oriental sediment at the back of people's minds, and that it reappears constantly in

[1] It has been necessary to make the following summary more detailed than was originally intended. There is no English book on Spanish music which gives the information. A bibliography of Spanish secular music will be found on pages 202-12.

the songs of everyday life. *Cante flamenco* is the name given to a curious and characteristic form of Andalucian melody with free rhythms and often with intervals of less than a semitone. The origin of the name *flamenco* (Flemish) has never been satisfactorily explained. There are various theories—all rather fantastic and all equally probable. One theory suggests that *cante flamenco* was brought to Spain by Flemings who came direct from Flanders in the time of the Emperor Charles V. In this case it must have lost much of its primitive character of northern melody and have been influenced by native Andalucian ways of singing. Another theory is to the effect that the tunes of *cante flamenco* are really Arab melodies from Africa, adopted by Flemish gypsies, or by Flemings who were not gypsies, whom Charles V. brought to Spain. They do not correspond at all closely with any known Arab melodies; but it is possible to trace in them suggestions of the complicated Arab modes. Again, they may have been brought by Bohemian troops in the imperial armies. There is no evidence, as far as I am aware, that many gypsies came to Spain with the emperor; and it seems, on the face of it, unlikely that he should have brought any. Don Antonio Machado (father of the two well-known poets, Don Antonio and Don Manuel Machado) who edited a collection of *Cantes flamencos* in 1881, was of opinion that *flamenco* was a term of abuse. The Spaniards of the sixteenth century hated the Dutch for their excessive influence at court, and resented their interference in public affairs. The gypsies who, then as now, were very numerous in Andalucía called the Andalucians *gachós* (a term "of vulgar endearment"), and these retorted with the most abusive epithet of the moment—*flamencos*, "Dutchmen!" Nowadays the term *cante flamenco* is used in Andalucía for various kinds of song and dance, especially those

performed by gypsies. It includes *soleás*, *tonás*, *livianas*, and, in fact, almost anything. One day in a garden at Granada I was idly clacking a castanet which I had found lying in a flower pot. "Ah," said the cook, suddenly appearing from nowhere, "*Cante flamenco*."[1]

But theatre music is, of course, cultivated music, and its history is not the study of how certain types of folk-song and dance have persisted through the ages, but how the primitive melodies and rhythms have been worked up and converted into civilized artistic performances. Spanish theatre music follows the same general lines of development as other civilized music. It began in the dancing and singing in the first vestiges of drama—representations of the Passion, the Passing of the Virgin Mary, the Three Kings. Whenever there were words, there was music as well ; music and verse have always been as inseparable in Spain as music and dancing, and the same word was, and is still, frequently employed for a form of verse, a piece of music and a way of dancing.

In the beginnings of Spanish drama two tendencies have been observed : the mystery plays (or rather operas) which have just been mentioned, and queer performances, which began as orations and dialogues in praise of virtue and condemnation of vice, and gradually led to satire and so to comedy.

Less conjectural, however, are existing remains of fourteenth and fifteenth century musical entertainments : the *Canto de la Sibila*, sung by a boy at Christmas time in the cathedral of Palma, Majorca ; various

[1] Unlike many Spanish modal tunes, *cante flamenco* shows little trace of the western ecclesiastical modes ; and it cannot be said of it, as has been said of certain folk-songs from the north of Spain, that it is merely a perversion of the music which people were accustomed to hear in church. The only melodies of which this is indisputable are the folk-songs which Padre Otaño took down in the sacristy from the lips of his own bishop.

dances of Death ; a Dialogue between the Soul and the Body ; and, lastly, the Mystery of Elche, described elsewhere. Contemporary with these there were numbers of wandering musicians who went about singing ballads and romances in dialogue, and so contributed to the development of opera-ensemble.

The development of a Spanish national theatre began in the fifteenth century, when the performers threw off the control of the Church, and were able to act things which were no longer ecclesiastical and really reflected the life of the people. Music was employed to fill in the gaps in the action of the drama and complete it, and the performance ended in a general dance. Examples of this kind of entertainment were *Farsas*, *eglogas*, *pasos*, and primitive *entremeses* (interludes). They were shows in which music always had a large share ; and as the experience of the players, the taste of the audience and the technique of the music increased and improved, it became usual to begin and end with a chorus in three or four parts (*Cuatros de empezar* or *concluir*). The band at first was limited to a lute or primitive guitar (*vihuela*), "always very much out of tune," says Rojas, who had often heard it, "and with several strings missing." The stage manager—a sort of Peter Quince —used to come in front of his bit of curtain with the guitar in his hand ; he would chant a prologue explaining what the piece was to be about, and sing the first few lines to attract the attention of the audience and dispose them in his favour.

Juan de Encina, who lived in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, and was about twenty years old when the discovery of America was announced, was a considerable musician as well as a poet. His dramatic pieces contain a large number of *villancicos* set to music for three or four voices. *Villancico* is one of those Spanish musical terms which are so hard to

explain in a few words. By derivation it is a diminutive of *villano*, rustic, and was used for a form of verse (a stanza of three lines with an *estribillo*, or refrain) and the kind of tune to which it was sung. Later on, some of the three-line *villancicos* had a fourth line added to them, and so, strictly speaking, became *coplas*, although they often kept their old name. Many of the older *villancicos* had been on the subject of the Nativity ; and any three- or four-line stanzas sung at Christmas time and the tunes which went with them became known as *villancicos*. Eventually in the eighteenth century the *villancico* developed into a kind of Christmas cantata, a highly organized piece of music with chorus, solos and a band, demanding a fairly high standard of musicianship from those who performed it. It was especially popular in Catalonia, where part-singing has always been practised more than in other Spanish provinces ; the musical archives of the Escurial contain a large number of these compositions in MS. Many of the *villancicos* of Juan de Encina were reprinted in 1890 in Barbieri's " Cancionero musical de los siglos XV.-XVI. " ; they are often extremely lively compositions, especially those in which Barbieri thought it prudent to suppress or bowdlerize the words.

Gil Vicente, a contemporary of Juan de Encina, was a Portuguese actor and playwright ; many of his songs were set to music by his daughter, Paula, who was in her day a noted composer and player on the *vihuela*. His dramatic pieces contain a great deal of music. In one of his *autos* (a kind of sacred opera something after the style of the " Mystery of Elche "), Solomon, Isaiah, Moses and Abraham, sing and dance a *folia*. In " The Barque of Purgatory," three old men sing a romance with their oars in their hands, and at the end a number of devils appear singing " in a terrible and discordant fashion."

Sánchez de Badajoz brought in allegorical figures, such as Justice, singing and playing an instrument, and gave careful directions how his chorus was to sing, and when it was to remain hidden. Lucas Fernández made use of popular songs whenever the occasion allowed or demanded it.

Lope de Rueda, whose name in the history of Spanish drama is held to be the greatest before Lope de Vega, was a musician as well as a dramatist, actor and manager. He had none of the advantages of good voices, varied instruments and a certain wealth of decoration which were available in churches and palaces. He always performed in the street or in backyards, or at the fair on a saint's day. But he had a celebrated travelling company which played all over Spain ; and although, says the author of the "Six Hundred Apophthegms," published at Toledo in 1596, he had only two flutes and a tambourine, he put music into nearly all his works, and finished them off with songs, *villancicos*, and dances. He divided his performances into acts, and added a carefully written prologue (which was afterwards called a *Loa*) ; his guitar players never came before the public but were always hidden in the wings. They were, however, seldom in tune. Lope de Rueda drew on Italian materials for his plots, and in some cases used the same sources as Shakespeare. His "Eufemia" is the story of "Cymbeline," and is taken from Boccaccio ; "La Comedia de los Engañados" comes from the same place as "Twelfth Night."

The theatre music of the early seventeenth century shows a great advance upon that of Juan de Encina and Lope de Rueda ; and though it is disappointing to the folk-song enthusiasts, it is much more interesting as music than most of the earlier productions.

The new monodic music and the declamatory style

which began with Peri and Caccini at Florence in the last years of the sixteenth century did not reach Spain until the time of Calderón. The music for the plays of Lope de Vega and Tirso de Molina was all in polyphonic style—like English madrigals and virginal music, only less interesting. It had been vastly improved in technique, and no doubt the composers learned much from Victoria (who was still living at the beginning of the century) and the other Spanish church composers. But a better model was the admirable secular music written by Luis Milán and the other lute and guitar players, who lived in the time of Charles V. and Philip II., and left fine musical settings of the old ballads and the best poetry of their day—sonnets and stanzas of Garcilaso and Boscán, and the "Coplas" of Jorge Manrique.

With improvements in the music went a betterment in the social and economic condition of the actors. They became "sober citizens" instead of outcasts and wanderers; their stage properties grew more varied and more adequate, and the level of their performances rose to something which had real artistic value. The opening chorus was generally sung by women, wearing such fine clothes that the music they sang received the name of *princesas*. The *cuatro de empezar*, the quartet at the beginning, was generally a serious composition; the final chorus was often replaced by a comic duet or by a dance. Parodies and burlesques of serious plays were not infrequent. The type of theatre music at this time, though essentially polyphonic in character, had a marked melodic tendency; and the practice of accompanying the singers on the guitar gave great liberty to the player and opportunities for a display of virtuosity, besides opening the way for the development of a real instrumental style, differing from that of music which was purely vocal.

Early in the seventeenth century arose the *zarzuela*, a characteristically Spanish form of musical comedy, consisting of spoken dialogue interrupted by songs and choruses. It took its name from the villa or hunting-lodge near Madrid known as the Real Sitio de la Zarzuela, where such performances were first given. Opinions are divided as to whether it was derived from religious dramatic music (and if so, it is a striking case of the effect of a "life and liberty" movement on the services of the church), or from the comedies by Lope de Rueda and others which had musical interludes. "La Selva sin amor" of Lope de Vega is considered to be the earliest example of a *zarzuela*; the musical plays of Calderón, such as "El Laurel de Apolo" and "El Jardín de Falerina," are more obviously so.

By the time of Calderón, in the second half of the seventeenth century, the declamatory harmonic style of music had almost entirely replaced the polyphonic style; and the theatre music is quite different from that of the *villancicos* of Juan de Encina, the interludes of Lope de Rueda, or the liturgical music dramas like the "Mystery of Elche." The sense of the older tonalities was being lost, and Italian influences were becoming noticeable in their effect on the shape of melodies and their treatment, and on the setting of words to music. Several different instruments, too, were introduced into the band; and it was no longer possible for the wits to describe an actor-manager as a person who travelled with two flutes and a tambourine.

VI

THEATRE MUSIC IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE foregoing pages have been necessary to explain what the incidental music was like at the first perform-

ance of a play by Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina or Calderón. The scheme has been worked out by Don Emilio Cotarelo y Mori in the introduction to his collection of *Entremeses*. A musical entertainment was put at the beginning, at the end and between each of the acts, so that the show became a sort of composite sandwich in which three slices of bread (the three acts) were separated by different kinds of jam and coated outside with sugar. The scheme was generally as follows :

1. *Tono*, sung by all the musicians.
2. *Loa* (prologue).
3. First act of the play.
4. *Entremes* (comic interlude).
5. Second act.
6. *Baile* (ballet).
7. Third act.
8. Finale (*fin de fiesta* or *Mojiganga*), only used in royal festivals and in *Zarzuelas*.

Besides these, a *jácara* was sometimes included ; but it had no fixed position, and came in the *entremes*, ballet or *mojiganga*, or by itself after the first act. There were practically no intervals ; the whole spectacle was over in two and a half hours.

The *tono* with which the performance began was sung by several musicians on the stage, accompanying themselves on guitars or supported by a band of guitars or harps. In the plays of Lope de Vega there are often stage directions such as, " Enter three famous musicians, who sing as follows to the sound of their instruments." Tirso de Molina on one occasion says, " Enter six singers with different instruments, four musicians and two women." In 1635 a performance arranged by him began with guitars and singing for eight voices, three *serranas* (mountain shepherdesses) and eight shepherds, followed by a romance and then

by the *Loa*. His band on this occasion included trumpets and *chirimías*, which were primitive oboes. Each company had two principal musicians, who played the harp and the guitar and taught music to the ladies of the company, for these had seldom had any musical education. Curious light is thrown on this question by "The Rehearsal" (*El Ensayo*), an *entremes* of Gil Enríquez. The *tono* itself was a composition of two or three verses, rather like a madrigal; the words were a greeting to the public, or a pastoral romance, erotic or humorous. The singing of the ladies of the company was much in demand, for *la maligna intención y travesura que las actrices sabrían dar a su canto*. They interested the audience, as has been said, in other thoughts besides music.

To give the music more variety and scope the *jácaras* were invented. The word *jaque* literally means "check," taken from the game of chess. A *jaque* came to be used for a street rough and then for a knockabout comedian. In performance *jácaras* were danced and sung, with solos, dialogues and choruses —anything, in fact, which would go down with the audience. Calderón himself wrote two, in which joking dialogue is constantly interrupted by music.

All Spanish dramatic performances, whether sacred or profane, began with a prologue, explaining or praising the spectacle which was about to be presented (*Loa*, the act of praising). The appearance of the actor-manager in front of the curtain with a guitar in the plays done by third-rate companies of strolling players had developed in the seventeenth century into a written prologue in prose or verse. The speaker came before the curtain with a gesture of apology (*Perdonen vuesas mercedes* . . . "I claim your indulgence"), and begged for silence; then he formally recited the prologue. In the plays of Lope de Vega the prologue was always spoken; Calderón realized

that it might be made effective with music and dancing. He always used the term *loa*, and made it a highly organized part of the performance. In the "Gulf of the Sirens, a piscatorial eclogue," which was performed in 1657, the *loa* is described as employing four choruses. In one of the earliest Spanish plays on the subject of Orpheus, the "Euridice y Orfeo" of Solís (about 1643), the *loa* was almost all sung; in "Apeles y Campaspe," it included dancing with castanettes. The *loa* to "El Laberinto de Creta" (1664) was entirely danced. Four ladies and four gallants entered to the tune of the *Gran Duque*, with masks and torches. While they were dancing, Curiosity and Explanation appeared from opposite sides and joined them. A *loa* of 1698 was accompanied by a band of trumpets, horns, harps, guitars, violins and basses. There were special kinds of *loas* for certain occasions, *e.g.* for Christmas, for the performance of religious plays and *autos sacramentales*; there were *loas de presentación* written for the first performances given by new companies, and *loas inaugurales* for the opening night of the season.

In the eighteenth century the *loas* were short, dramatic compositions which included instrumental music, singing and dancing. The employment of allegorical figures gave opportunities to ingenious parodists. In one of these Doña Loa herself appears and scrutinizes the list of characters. "*Hablan en ella el Silencio.* . . . What, Silence has a speaking part, too!" They hasten to assure her that such a thing is quite usual and natural.

The *loa* was followed by the first act of the play, and then came the *entremes*, or intermezzo. This form has a long history in Spanish drama. In the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth the *entremes* was not so much a performance as a set of wooden figures, which at first were fixed in a definite position

(as they are now in groups representing the Nativity, in Spain and Italy), and afterwards seem to have become marionettes. The *entremeses* exhibited in Barcelona for the entry of Alfonso V. in 1424 were sets of wooden figures; but Valencia had already got beyond this stage, for in 1415 men were paid for singing in *entremeses*. Exhibitions of the same kind were given in Castile, where they were called *momas*, and in Portugal; in Italy they grew into musical *intermezzi*, like those performed at the court of the Medici in Florence in the seventeenth century. In the Spain of Charles V. *entremeses* were put into religious *autos* and other serious entertainments to liven them up, and they never lost the characters of lightness and humour. Music naturally formed part of them, and one or two musicians are generally put down in the list of *dramatis personæ*. Cervantes produced several, and they were written by all the great Spanish dramatists. Some of them were entirely sung—those, for instance, published by Quiñones de Benavente about 1645. Others were parodies of the serious plays of Calderón.

The *Sainete* was another musical entertainment of the same kind, which grew out of the *entremes*, and was not really distinct from it. The word was applied in a wide sense to anything witty. A diminutive of *sain* (grease or fat), it was given to any well-seasoned dish, and then was used generically for any kind of theatrical interlude. Originally it was a word used only in cookery. The first dictionary of the Spanish Academy—the "Dictionary of Authorities"—makes it synonymous with ballet. About 1700 the livelier musical *entremeses* seem generally to have been called *sainetes*; towards the middle and end of the century the word was used for all the comedies of Ramón de la Cruz, the Spanish (or rather, Madrileño) counterpart of Goldoni. *Sainetes* are still being written, some-

times with music, sometimes without it ; in the latter case they are little more than curtain-raisers. The little square volume of "Sainetes" by Don Carlos Arniches (published by Calleja) contains some of the most successful of recent years. Some of them have music, and the prose dialogue drops naturally into verse as the voice breaks naturally into song. They are all full of life and intensely Madrileño and form what is known as the *género chico*, one-hour plays.

In classical times, then, the *entremes* was a comic musical interlude, sandwiched between the first two acts of a serious play. It was a point of repose for heads which were a little tired of unravelling tortuous intrigue, or following the dramatist's thought through his lyrical flights and passionate climaxes. The characters were types rather than individuals, and came into every *entremes* saying much the same things and acting in much the same way—the mayor, the scrivener, and two policemen ; the barber, playing on his guitar and arranging every one's affairs like Figaro ; the apothecary, the poor student, blind men, Frenchmen, gypsies and mountaineers. And there was always a Portuguese, haughty, eloquent, bragging, a good musician and irresistible lover, and the sacristan (who, of course, was really meant to be a priest although it was impossible to give him his real title), a favourite with all the ladies of the place, married and single, always merry, always joking and sometimes (but not often) penitent.

Between the second and third act of a Spanish play came the *Baile*, or ballet. It was more like a comic interlude than a modern ballet, for though dancing and singing formed the principal ingredients, there were sung or even spoken words as well. A *baile* was strictly a dance in which the arms were used as well as the feet. "*Danzas* consist of grave and measured movements in which the arms are not used,

only the feet; *bailes* admit of freer movements of the arms and legs together." This description occurs in a work of 1633, "Nueva idea de la tragedia antigua," by Gonzáles de Salas; but the difference between the dance and the *baile* had already been made in "Don Quixote." There is also a great deal of interesting information in the plays called "The Dancing Master" (*El Maestro de danzar*) which were written by both Lope de Vega and Calderón, and in Lope's "Dorotea." Dancing and singing at the same time is mentioned in Cervantes' "exemplary" novel, "La Gitanilla"; and a dance with spoken words (a masque, almost) was seen by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza at the wedding of Camacho (Part II. chapter xx.).[1]

The subject is so vast that here it can only be surveyed in a very superficial manner. Juan de Encina (see p. 186) brought popular dances into his pieces before 1500, while his players had to dance and sing at the same time. Lucas Fernández and Gil Vicente often ended their works with a *villancico* (see p. 187), which was danced as well as sung. In a sixteenth century *auto*, "The Fountain of Grace," Vice enters playing on the Spanish guitar and singing a *folía*, which was a very gay and noisy dance—not the "solemn melody" which modern violinists make of it when they play Corelli's variations. The plot and designs of the *bailes* varied widely, though the characters were types, something like those in the *entremeses*, including the doctor, schoolmaster, confectioner, herbalist, miller, mason, fisherman, washerwoman, old clothes women, flower-sellers, etc.

[1] The *representación de la fábula de Céfalo y de Procris* which Cervantes describes in the "Persiles" (Bk. III. Ch. ij.) was probably an early opera, or a play with incidental music in the style of Lope de Rueda (p. 188). The performance was given in the house of the Resident Magistrate (*Corregidor*) of Badajoz. The *Corregidora* and other ladies of fashion were present; while Periandro, Auristela and the rest of Cervantes' pilgrims were invited as distinguished strangers.

The names of the individual dances have often a varied significance. The word *Seguidilla*, for instance, one of the oldest Spanish dances, was given originally to a form of verse and afterwards to the tune and the dance which went with it. *Coplas de la seguida* were originally the "couplets" (of four lines) which followed the principal couplets, the "verses" of the song. In the sixteenth century, however, they began to be used by themselves, with a lively tune and a new dance, which, like all new dances, was described by old men as being full of licentious gestures. In Cervantes' story of "Rinconete and Cortadillo," which is supposed to refer to the year 1589, Monipodio asks "La Gananciosa" to sing some *seguidillas*. They are also mentioned in some of the other "Exemplary Novels"—in "La Gitanilla," for instance and "La Ilustre Fregona." In the second part of "Don Quixote" the travellers met a delightful youth who was singing *seguidillas*, because the way was long and he was rather tired; and the Countess Trifaldi described them as producing "a dancing of the soul, a tickling of the fancy, a perpetual agitation of the body and a kind of quicksilver of all the senses" (Part II., Chapter xxxviii). They are danced in some of the plays of Calderón and in the *entremeses* of Quiñones de Benavente.

After the third act of the play, the performance usually ended and the audience went home. But on state occasions a rowdy finale was added. The *Mojiganga*, like many other things connected with the drama, began at a street show, and only made its way eventually into the theatre. In the seventeenth century the word was used for a masquerade, especially at carnival time, Christmas and Corpus Christi. The earliest written *mojiganga*, though it has a forged signature of Lope de Vega, is obviously an eighteenth century production. The music shows Italian influences;

there are arias, duets and recitatives, but no dances. It ends with a *tonadilla*.

Tonadilla is one of those words which appear sometimes in Spanish pianoforte music—the *Goyescas* of Granados, for example—and are extremely puzzling, even to any one who has a Spanish dictionary. In form the word is a diminutive of *Tonada*, the tune or music to a poem, ballad or dance. A *loa* printed in 1651 is entitled, "*Loa* between a galant and a lady, wherein are discussed the conditions of men and women, with a curious *baile* to the *tonadilla* of '*Agua va*.'" The name "*Agua va*" recalls an odd piece of social history. It dates from the days before the accession of Charles III. in the middle of the eighteenth century, when every one in Madrid used to empty the slops into the street and shout ¡*Agua va*! ("water coming") after they had done so. There is an episode in "Gil Blas," taken from the Spanish story of the "Life of Marcus de Obregon, Esquire," in which the youth, going on tip-toe down the street to play and sing outside the doctor's house, is regaled with some *agua va* which spoiled his clothes and his voice. Even noblemen going to court were sometimes wet through as they sat inside their coaches. In a *baile* of 1660, "Las coches de Sevilla," the coachman sings a song which he explains is something new, a *tonadilla*. The name was then given to a collection of *coplas* (sometimes extempore, like Welsh "penillion") sung at the end of the *entremes* or ballet in a play.

The *tonadilla* gradually took shape as a collection of stanzas sung to one or two different tunes. In 1757 a new form for two voices was written by Luis Misón, to go at the end of a *zarzuela* by Durán (see p. 130). Its success was so great that it was separated from the *zarzuela* and became an independent work. At Madrid special *tonadilleros* were appointed and paid by the City Council; piles of their

works in MS. are preserved in the library of the *Ayuntamiento*.

The *tonadilla* in its final shape, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, had at last become a sort of cantata, with solos, duets and instrumental preludes and interludes. It was often topical, often amusing and always intensely national in feeling. Eighteenth-century *tonadillas* are an interesting study of the way melodies and rhythms of a decidedly Spanish complexion were fitted into the outlines of the music of the time. Much of the later theatre music also is unmistakable, while modern *zarzuelas* and musical *sainetes* are, as a rule, consciously *castizos* and national, and full of those sorts of airs and dances which most Spaniards admire and like to think of with a certain pride as being peculiar to themselves and possessed by no other nation. But of the incidental theatre music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries none was more individual or more true to the Spanish character than the *tonadilla*.

VII

THE NECESSITY FOR MUSIC IN THEATRE

THE last few pages have shown how much music there was at an ordinary performance of a classical Spanish play. It is very unlikely that a drama of Lope de Vega or of Calderón will ever be given again with its full complement of incidental music, but the music helps so much or hinders so much in modern performances that it is useful to think out what that music ought to be.

Experience seems to show that, with an old play, modern incidental music fails to provide a satisfactory setting. It is only a complete success when the play

is entirely refashioned and turned into an opera, as in "Falstaff" or in Mr. Nicholas Gatty's beautiful handling of "The Tempest." Contemporary music, on the other hand, is strangely satisfying, even when the audience is not familiar enough with the music of the period to be able to see what is good; or when as would generally happen, most of them do not know that the music is of that period. We can never recapture the state of mind of the people who witnessed the first performance of an old play, and even if we could there is no need for us to try to do so. The thoughts and preoccupations of the actors and the audience on a first night were probably very much the same as they are now—those charged with little anxieties as to whether their parts and the whole thing will come off in performance, these with a sort of listless interest for something which may be interesting and may not, but which is most important because it is new. As to what people felt on hearing certain celebrated lines, certain passages of pure poetry, for the first time, we can never know, any more than we really know what we feel ourselves when listening to a new work.

An old play comes to us charged with what might be called the historical results of it—the accretions of time and association. Plot, lines, names, dresses, the habits and actions of the characters all bring something of a period, even if it be an imaginary one and the association of ideas is unconscious. It is sometimes forgotten that music does the same thing; there is no music in the world which does not bring with it some association. Yet the object of the revival of an old play is not to recapture a period. It is to produce a work of art which shall be not only beautiful in itself but a useful and helpful experience to a modern audience. The component parts of the spectacle need not necessarily belong to the same period, but they

must be in a suitable style. No revival can be a success if it depend on nothing but historical accuracy ; the exact distinction between the fashions of 1550 and 1555 did not make "Don Juan Tenorio" into a more interesting play, and the exact copying of fashion plates for "El Audaz," the dramatized novel of Pérez Galdós, only made the groups look dowdy.

Incidental music to a play is not an addition, or even a decoration. It is really more important a thing than scenery, for it expresses—and expressed in the dramatist's life-time—just those things which could not be expressed in any other way. The old dramatists brought in music not as decoration, but to put the audience in the state of mind which they wanted. They called the attention of their hearers at the beginning, and reminded them when any important man or supremely beautiful lady entered. And for the entry of any beings who were supernatural, or outside the course of daily experience, music was inevitable, as Shakespeare knew. The appearance of the Statue in "Don Juan" is utterly unconvincing without music, and music and nothing else can "drag an angel down" and make his arrival natural and inevitable.

Music is so deft at expressing these things, and goes so straight to our consciousness that it is not necessary to be steeped in the period for it to have its effect on us. Neither is it necessary for the music to be "evocative." Seventeenth-century music cannot really evoke the seventeenth century, for us who never knew it, any more than dress can, for that only reminds us through association with the pictures we have seen. It is surely as reasonable to use music of the period as it is to have dresses and decorations which, if not slavishly copied, should have some fantastic resemblance to what we have always believed the period represented to have been like.

What is wanted for the success of an old play in a modern theatre is not so much archæological accuracy as a sense of fantasy and remoteness—the sense of poetry, in fact, which is part of true scholarship. We do not want to revive the old conditions of performance, for they would be merely a nuisance. Modern methods of lighting and staging are convenient, and differ only in degree from those of three hundred years ago. It would be as absurd to have a band of instruments out of tune as to have an Elizabethan stage in a courtyard, or an audience eating oranges and spitting in the faces of important government officials like Mr. Pepys. The music should be old in conception and modern in execution, as it was in the " Good-Humoured Ladies."

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THREE MEMORIES OF MUSIC

I

THE MYSTERY OF ELCHE

ELCHE differs from all other Spanish towns by being built in the middle of a forest of palm-trees. From the tower of the cathedral you look down on the flat roofs of an oriental city, with the palms, the desert, the mountains and the distant sea, and can almost believe that you are in one of those pictures of the Holy Land in the books which good children used to look at on Sundays. Down in the town, however, Elche is not very different from other places in the south of Spain ; but in one respect it differs from them all. Every year, on the 14th and 15th August a sacred music drama is sung in the cathedral, a "mystery" on the Death and Assumption of the Virgin Mary, with the same words and music and, as some say, the same stage properties which have been used since the fifteenth century.

The affinities of the Mystery of Elche seem to lie with opera ; opera, at any rate, is the nearest thing to it in modern life. It differs from "Everyman" and from the Passion play because all the words are set to music. It might be compared with "Parsifal," if "Parsifal" had never been performed away from Bayreuth ; or it might be compared with an opera on a subject with which every one is familiar, like the

story of Orpheus, where the audience knows not only the story, but who the characters are and what has happened before the play begins.

In May 1266, or (as others say) in December 1370, an "ark" drifted to the coast of Spain. It was labelled "for Elche," and was found to contain an image of the Virgin Mary as well as the words, music and ceremonial of a liturgical drama, written in Limousine.[1] These dates may be compared with the record that Elche was taken from the Moors by James I. of Aragon about 1238 and became formally part of the kingdom in 1296. The population at the time of the conquest consisted partly of Moors, and partly of Mozarab Christians who spoke Arabic and used an Arabic version of the Bible. The Mystery was performed, according to the directions given, until the death of the Infante Don Carlos in July 1568, when it was forbidden by Philip II. Towards the end of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century, heavy rains fell in the middle of August, hail destroyed the crops and the gardens were ruined. In many parts of Southern Europe to-day calamities of nature, such as eruptions, showers of ashes, storms and floods are attributed to the anger or forgetfulness of the tutelary saint; processions are organized (like that described by Norman Douglas in "South Wind" or by Blasco Ibáñez in "Entre Naranjos") and often are still in progress when the storm ceases. The people of Elche naturally remembered the Procession and the Mystery which they used to celebrate at that time of year, and the town council resolved in 1603 that the traditional festival should be restored, and the costs borne by the town. They decided at the same time that, as Philip II. was dead, no event however terrible, not even the death of the sovereign, should prevent the celebration from

[1] See page 85.

being held. This looks like a struggle between the civil and ecclesiastical authority. It is known that Mysteries were often censored by the bishops ; the decision of the *Ayuntamiento* to bear the costs and keep the festival going in spite of the Church shows that the Mystery and Procession were so deeply rooted in the affections of the populace that they meant more to them than their religion itself. Besides, if any more storms came at harvest time and there were no procession, public order would only be maintained with great difficulty. Since 1608 the expenses of the festival have been met partly by a capitation tax and partly by the bequest of some few plantations of palm trees, known as the *Huertos de la Virgen.*

The story of the Mystery, the Death and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, is taken from the apocryphal gospels ; it is also to be found in the " Golden Legend." The existing text dates from 1639, but is undoubtedly taken from some manuscript far older than that, and is written, in four-line stanzas of different metres, in the Limousine dialect. The earliest existing copy of the music is dated 1709, about the time that the present, the third, cathedral at Elche was finished. It has been closely examined by Don Felipe Pedrell, the most learned of living Spanish musicians ; and was described and illustrated by him in the *Sammelband* of the *International Musical Society* for 1901 (II., 203-252). The copy was made by a certain Lozano y Ruiz, who seems to have worked from a sixteenth-century manuscript ; not only has he preserved the diamond shaped notes of sixteenth-century notation, but he has written out the vocal parts separately and not in score. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries this was the regular practice ; the large illuminated choir-books still used in many Spanish cathedrals are placed on a lectern, and the singers read from whatever portion of the page their

own part may happen to be, *i.e. cantus*, at the top of the left-hand page, *bassus* at the bottom of the right-hand page, and so on. The same system was adopted in early printed editions of Henry Lawes ; and Mr. Dent in his life of Alessandro Scarlatti (p. 93) has described a beautifully executed MS. of enormous size, in which four parts are written out separately in the same way. Yet the notation and the arrangement of the parts would hardly be enough in themselves to prove, as some have thought, that Lozano y Ruiz was copying from a sixteenth-century original. Diamond-shaped notes were used occasionally, in printed music, down to the end of the eighteenth century—by Padre Martini, for instance, in the illustrations to the great book on counterpoint, written to prove that the Spanish Jesuit, Padre Eximeno, had after all been talking a good deal of nonsense.

The music performed in the Elche Mystery clearly belongs to two different periods. Much of it is sixteenth-century polyphonic music by Spanish contemporaries of Palestrina, Lasso, and Vittoria (*c.* 1560) or of our own Byrd and Gibbons (*c.* 1590). The names of some of the composers who set choruses in the second part of the Mystery have been preserved. Juan Ginés Pérez was born at Orihuela, a little town between Elche and Murcia, in 1548, and was thus about eight years older than Vittoria. Another name mentioned is Ribera, whom Señor Pedrell identifies with Antonio de Ribera, cantor in the pontifical chapel in Rome from 1513 till 1523 and composer of church music, most of which is preserved in the cathedral library at Tarazona, near Saragossa. It is unfortunate that the most lively of his compositions, the three choruses of Jews, with their strong rhythms and suggestions of the fandango, should have been cut out from the modern performance, for they would provide the same effect of contrast as the minuet in " Samson "

or the hiccoughing Dagon-chorus of Philistines. The work of the other composer whose name is given, Lluis Vich, has nothing striking about it. It is only in the second part of the mystery that the names of composers appear. The music of the first part is more archaic, though it contains one of the most beautiful numbers in the Mystery, the " Chorus of the Blest " at the end. The most striking pieces of music are, however, the long solos of the Blessed Virgin ; and these, curiously, are not sung as they stand in the score of 1709, but to a profusely ornamented version of a variant of the original, which has been handed down by tradition. It has been concluded that these are fragments of the music of an original fifteenth-century drama ; they have certain affinity with the Mozarabic chant sung in Toledo, and were made unusually interesting in performance by being sung by a boy, who threw them off with as much ease and simplicity as if he were singing in the street.

The Mystery of Elche, then, seems to be the seventeenth-century version of something much older. But no one who witnesses it now can have any doubt but that he is assisting at a festival which belongs essentially to the baroque period. As in all baroque art, it will be found that the " aberrations " condemned by the Gothic enthusiasts of an earlier generation are carefully and deliberately planned, and are superimposed upon a strictly formal basis derived now from Renaissance, now from Gothic forms. It will be apparent too that the union of classical paganism with romantic Christianity, achieved for a moment by Ariosto, by Milton and by Goethe—the union, in fact, between Helen and Faust—is, or might be, achieved in the Mystery of Elche.

It is difficult at first for a traveller from the north of Europe to accommodate himself to the conditions of performance. The thought of a medieval mystery

celebrated in a cathedral suggests darkness, lofty aisles lost in dim perspective, a hushed expectant audience —something, in fact, between Bayreuth and Westminster Abbey. The background at Elche is none of these things ; it is more like a mixture of Covent Garden and a crowd waiting in the street to see Marshal Foch. The performances are given in broad daylight. The cathedral which like those at Valencia, Játiva and elsewhere shows the influence of Herrera, the architect of the Escurial, is filled in every corner. The sloping gangway in the middle aisle by which the characters enter is thronged with spectators and policemen ; most of the side altars have been cleared of their contents so that they may be stood upon without desecration ; the two pulpits hold from six to eight people each ; the galleries are full, so also are the railed-in spaces in front of the windows of the dome ; a certain number of people are perched somehow in mid-air, in front of and between the enormous candlesticks on the high altar ; and a large sheet of yellow canvas is stretched from the west door to shelter a few hundred people who have not been in time to get standing room inside. The crowded cathedral and especially the galleries suggested Goya's frescoes in San Antonio de la Florida—a sea of mantillas, fans and ceaseless chattering. Under the dome is a wide stage (*cadafal*) with a wooden railing. The dome has a canvas drawn across it, on which some attempt has been made to represent heaven in the style of Correggio ; behind the canvas is a stout wooden floor with a trap-door, and a powerful derrick in charge of a young sailor.

The celebration of the Mystery occupies two afternoons : the *Vesprá* on the 14th August representing the Death of the Virgin, and the *Festa* on the 15th, the Assumption and Coronation. The stage as set for the first afternoon shows a large bed of ebony

inlaid with silver, surrounded by properties representing the Garden of Gethsemane, Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. On the stage are a number of priests, the master of the ceremonies, two standard-bearers, an officer in uniform and the three "camareras" of the Blessed Virgin—all in modern clothes. Until the performance actually began the camareras were a disturbing element; for they reminded one irresistibly both in bearing and demeanour of *Donna Anna* and *Donna Elvira* in "Don Giovanni," and one knew instinctively what sort of music these would sing if they were given the chance.

The Mystery begins with the entry of the Blessed Virgin. She appears at the west door, with her attendants, and walks the full length of the cathedral up to the stage. She wears blue and white robes and a golden halo, and is accompanied by a number of children—the "Two Maries" dressed like herself, "angels" in white lace, and the "elect"—delicious small boys in orange-coloured shirts with crimson sashes. They group themselves in front of the high altar, and a boy's voice is heard in a cascade of runs, turns, triplets and flourishes—

Ay trista vida corporal!
O mon[1] cruel tan desigual![2]

—which are repeated with different words in front of the Gethsemane, the Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre; after which the Virgin kneels on the bed and sings the *Vexilla regis* in Limousine, to the same kind of endlessly wavering, immensely decorated plain-song chant.

Then the heavens open, and what appears to be a large orange is let down to the accompaniment of peals of bells and full organ. When some little way above the stage, the golden fruit opens like a pome-

[1] world. [2] unfair.

granate, revealing the radiant form of an Angel with a palm branch in his hand, standing as it were in the middle of a flower with the petals open below him. During the burst of applause which follows, the angel sings a few words of greeting—

Deu vos salve, Verge imperial,
Mare[1] del Rey celestial,
Yo us[2] port saluts é salvament
Del vostré Fill omnipotent.

—the Virgin Mary is expected in paradise, and on the third day will be proclaimed Queen of heaven and of all angels. The palm shall be borne before her to the burial. The angel kisses the palm branch and lays it on the bed. The virgin replies in the same plain song chant as before—

Angel plaent[3] é illuminós . . .

begging that one thing may be granted her before her death—to see the Apostles once again. Singing that her wish shall be accomplished, the angel ascends into heaven, and St. John, the first of the Apostles to arrive, enters by the west door.

By this time the excitement of the audience and the heat had increased to such a pitch that the "beloved disciple" was almost inaudible, and the swinging, popular melody he has to sing was completely lost :

Saluts, honor é salvament . . .

While the Virgin, to a characteristic, wavering chant, is giving St. John the palm, St. Peter, St. James and two other apostles force their way through the crowd, followed at a short distance by the rest. At the foot of the stage they are collected by the conductor and a man with a big brass instrument, and sing a trio. St. James, the patron saint of Spain, has returned hurriedly from a missionary journey in the peninsula :

[1] mother. [2] you. [3] pleasant.

De les parts de asi estrañes[1]
Som venguts[2] molt prestament.

Eventually all the apostles succeed in reaching the stage and sing the *Salve Regina*, partly in Latin, partly in Limousine, supported by the booming brass instrument ; but this, at a temperature of about 120°, would have failed to keep even gentlemen of the Chapel Royal in tune. To St. Peter's question as to the reason for this gathering of the glorious company of the apostles, the Virgin replies with almost her last breath and falls back upon the bed. A lighted candle is put into her hands, and the apostles kneel round the bed singing :

O cos[3] sant glorificat de la Verge santa y pura !

Once again the heavens open, and the *Ara Coeli* descends—a golden swing in which is an angel surrounded by angel musicians (as in many Italian pictures), harp and guitar above, and two smaller (dummy) guitars below, singing a chant with a characteristic rhythmical figure which is repeated whenever they reappear in the course of the Mystery. Having descended lightly on to the bed on which the Blessed Virgin is lying, the musicians of the "Ara Coeli" sing a chorus which, in beauty and serenity, should surpass all the other choral music of the Mystery. Unfortunately, the enthusiasm of the audience makes it almost inaudible, while the fussing of priests moving about in front of the bed renders it very difficult to see exactly what happens. At last, however, the *Ara Coeli* ascends once more to the dome, the angel carrying a small image of the Virgin, representing her soul ; and so the first day of the Mystery ends.

On the morning of the second day, the Feast of the Assumption itself, there is a very curious procession ; an image of the Blessed Virgin is borne through

[1] strange, foreign. [2] we are come. [3] body.

the streets on a litter in circumstances which, down to the black gloves worn by the Alcalde, all point to its being a solemn funeral. The *Santa y Venerabile Imágen de nuestra Señora* appears to date from the seventeenth century; it is a beautifully executed piece of work in painted wood, with a dignity and real beauty not always found in such things. The embroidered robes are of indescribable richness; the arrangement of cushions and hangings was obviously very carefully planned at some time during the baroque period. The feet of the image rest between the horns of a silver crescent, a fact which no one in Elche could explain. The explanation is, however, to be found in "The Golden Bough."[1] Who is this goddess, whose festival is celebrated at the hottest and most luxuriant period of the year, and whose sacred image is borne to burial with feet resting upon the crescent moon?

Neither the procession nor the Mystery is purely a church festival. It was through the efforts of the town that the Mystery was revived at the beginning of the seventeenth century; it is the town which pays the apostles who act as pall-bearers, and other important functionaries in the procession. And the town, in the person of the new and capable Alcalde, Don Antonio Rodríguez Giménez, is trying to infuse some order and stage management into the crowd of priests and deacons, choristers and acolytes, as well as to marshal the band, the town council and the local notabilities into an orderly and dignified cortège, instead of a disorderly rabble of perspiring individuals spilling candle-grease over each other's clothes. The Alcalde got the procession to start well, directing it in person at the church door and by deputy within the church. But by the time the procession had traversed three or four streets the intense heat had made nearly every one forget what he was supposed to be doing or what

[1] See bibliography, page 230.

part of the column he belonged to ; and those who bore the canopy never seemed to know whether they were sheltering the Miraculous Image, the " Two Maries " who walked behind it, or St. John who preceded it with the palm-branch. Apart from the Alcalde, the only dignified figure in the procession was that of the Virgin-Goddess herself, whose impassive loveliness made up for the shortcomings of the others and seemed to connect the present with a civilization and a view of life which, as far as Elche was concerned, had long passed away.

The second part of the Mystery opens with the entry of the " Two Maries " in their blue, starry robes and golden halos, accompanied by the little lace-clad angels, by the elect in their crimson and orange and by the apostles in their traditional " masks " : St. Peter with an enormous key, St. John, St. James in his curious, rather sixteenth century Spanish dress, which he (like George Borrow) adopted when travelling with the Bible in Spain—all indeed except St. Thomas. They mount the stage, leaving the " Two Maries " at the foot of the steps, and sing :

Par nos germans devem anár[1] . . .

—the " Maries " should know that they had come to bury the Virgin. They go down the steps to where the Maries are standing and, having obtained their consent, mount the stage once more. St. Peter takes up the palm which is lying on the litter and gives it to St. John—

Preneu[2] vos, Joan, la palma preciosa . . .

upon which all the apostles gather round the litter and sing a chorus.

At this point Jews (and, in the earliest versions of the mystery, even the Devil himself) used to break in upon the scene. Señor Pedrell prints three charac-

[1] to go. [2] take.

teristic choruses by Antonio de Ribera, full of fresh popular effects ; and the libretto on sale in the church (1881) prints the words of the Jews who interrupt. The episode was suppressed originally because the realistic struggle between St. Peter and the *Judiada* led on one occasion to the shedding of blood ; and even in these days the confusion is so great that it is impossible to see whether the Jew episode has been left out altogether or whether it is formally represented by one man. The intervention and conversion of the Jews must have formed part of the Mystery before 1492, for in that year they were expelled by order of Queen Isabella.

The next episode is a repetition of the procession, round the stage. It is well managed ; the priests and policemen for once get out of the way, and the brightly-coloured masks of the apostles, the orange and crimson of the "elect," the blue of the *Dos Marías* and the stately beauty of the sacred image itself are clearly visible. Meanwhile a tomb is erected in the middle of the stage and, the procession over, the sacred image is lowered into it. Then the heavens are opened. Amid frenzied and vociferous excitement and the pealing of the organ, the *Ara Coeli* descends once more and hovers above the sepulchre, the angel in the middle bearing the little image, the soul of the Blessed Virgin. The heavens are opened a second time, and the Holy Trinity itself appears, carefully let down to about a fifth of the distance between the dome and the chancel, where it hangs "at the gates of heaven" while the sacred image is fastened in the *Ara Coeli* and begins its ascent.

But suddenly above all the din and clatter a powerful, well-trained voice was heard from somewhere near the cathedral door—St. Thomas, returning late from his missionary journey to the Indies, an episode which must clearly have been added later than 1492, the

year of the discovery of America; for the New World was at first believed to form part of the East Indies, to which tradition had appointed St. Thomas apostle since the third or fourth century. He went on singing as he forced his way through the crowd, and thoroughly deserved the embrace which St. Peter gave him when he reached the stage. Then all eyes were turned to the dome. There was a moment's pause, but not silence, and then a crown descended from the Trinity on to the head of the Virgin. There was a wild burst of applause, the apostles began a final chorus accompanied by the organ and by the euphonium which was not in tune with it, the bells rang and a brass band which has been concealed behind the high altar played the *Marcha Real* in a different key, while the Virgin, crowned and majestic, ascended gloriously into heaven.[1]

What is the Mystery of Elche as it is seen to-day? The earliest existing text, without the music, has the title *Consueta de la Festa de Nostra Señora de la Assumptió que es celebra en dos Actes, Vesprá y dia, en la insigne villa de Elig . . .* 1639. By *consueta* was meant originally the book of ceremonies or ritual for use in cathedral churches; but the word came eventually to be used in Catalonia and Valencia for any liturgical drama or *auto sacramental*. The Mystery of Elche is not strictly an *auto* as this word signifies a spectacle in honour of the Holy Sacrament, and was not introduced until later.

The Spanish people had been accustomed from very

[1] Two men standing next to me in the crowd had been talking about other things, while the Mystery was going on. "It won't do, Don Manuel," one of them was saying, "it won't do! Appointments are appointments, and must be . . ." The burst of applause made him look up at the dome, where at that moment one of the men representing the Holy Trinity was dangling a golden crown over the head of the image of the Blessed Virgin. "By God," he cried, "that's pretty! *Viva la Santísima Trinidad!*"

early times to hearing primitive musico-religious dramas and entertainments of various kinds, such as *villancicos* at Christmas, and there was nothing new or strange about a performance in which all the words were set to music. The most successful composer, both of words and music, was Juan de Encina (1468-1529?). Lúcas Fernández wrote a famous "Auto de la Pasión," and Miguel de Carvajal produced the mystical tragedy of "Josefina" in 1520. The music of these works was polyphonic, not greatly different from what was sung in church. The performers themselves were often priests, besides choir-boys, children and laymen of good character, so that in some ways the show was merely a continuation of the church service. But the dramatic possibilities of the form, and probably also the incompetence of cathedral authorities in all questions of stage management, led the music drama gradually away from the Church; and eventually it seems to have turned into that characteristically Spanish form of comic opera, the *zarzuela*. In the Mystery of Elche is preserved an example of a *consueta*, the Catalan and Valencian form of these early religious music dramas. The words and music of others, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are preserved in several of the churches of Majorca. A characteristic feature of these is the predominance of unaccompanied plain-song. They are on various subjects: the Temptation, the Prodigal Son, Lazarus; but at the moment of their highest artistic development the ecclesiastical authority intervened and in 1594 the Bishop of Majorca forbade the performances "for abuse and irreverence in the treatment of the symbolic text." Learned musicians, however, who have been in Majorca at Christmas or during Holy Week, have detected suggestions of these vanished *consuetas* in the processions and celebrations which they witnessed.

It is unlikely that the *consueta* form could have developed further on its own lines. The character of dramatic music was changing, in Spain as in Italy ; and the theatre music of Calderón's time is quite different from that of the earlier *villancicos* and *autos*. The sense of the older and modal tonalities was being lost, and instruments were being introduced to accompany the voices. Thus the music of the festival held at Toledo in 1555 for the conversion of England seems to have been mainly vocal ; but at the canonization of St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier at Toledo in 1622, there were different " choirs," one consisting of sackbuts (trombones), bassoons and horns, and the other of voices accompanied by an organ. The music was described by some one who was present, as " new and very curious "—as no doubt it was.

The nearest thing to the Mystery of Elche[1] is a *consueta* discovered by Don Juan Pié and reproduced by him in " Autos sacramentales del siglo XIV." It is on the subject of the Assumption, written in Limousine, and dated 10th March, 1420. Like the Mystery of Elche, it makes use of the emblem of the palm-branch, the gathering of the apostles about the death-bed of the Virgin, and the singing of the *Vexilla Regis*. It contains also the episode of St. Peter's struggle with the Jews which has dropped out from the performance at Elche, and one scene in which Lucifer himself comes on the stage—a dramatic point which must have pleased the audience, but which was cut out by the Church for appearing less terrible than

[1] Mitjana (" La Musique en Espagne," p. 1943) mentions another liturgical drama of the same character, which also was entirely sung. It was performed every year on Holy Thursday and Good Friday at Játiva (near Borja or Borgia), by a special privilege of Pope Alexander VI. (Alessandro Borgia). Baixuli (see p. 203) thinks that the music of the original *consueta* was retouched by St. Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandía and Viceroy of Catalonia.

comic ; the faithful would never really believe in a hell which they could laugh at. There are traces of other Assumption plays having been performed in medieval Spain. Plays of the same kind were given in Florence and Modena in the fourteenth century, at Bayeux (1351), Montauban (1442), and the Assumption forms one of the episodes in the " Mystère des Actes des Apotres." The popularity of the story was derived from the cult of the Virgin Mary, which is the motive of the *Cantigas* and *Loores* in praise of the Madonna written by Alfonso X. (the " Wise "), who was King of Castile and Leon at the time of the birth of Dante. This in turn had grown out of the respect for women taught to a barbarous continent, Christian indeed but savage and superstitious to the last degree, by the Provençal poets ; and afterwards developed by Petrarch in the direction of passion, and by Boccaccio in the direction of intellect.

The evidence, then, seems to show that the Mystery of Elche dates originally from the fifteenth century. It is, however, in a seventeenth-century setting, like one of those side chapels in a cathedral, in which the altar-piece is a " primitive " though the frame and surroundings belong to the baroque period. It is like Spain itself, where the " mystery " may be medieval, though the appearance is mainly seventeenth century.

Neither modern Spain nor the Mystery of Elche need, nor will they tolerate, prejudiced or unintelligent criticism on the part of foreigners. But as the former will always welcome the well-informed and sympathetic study of experts (especially of experts in economics), so the Mystery of Elche will repay the attention of cultivated musicians. Before any suggestions can be made, it must be decided once and for all whether the Mystery is a church service or a dramatic representation. If it is a church service, then no criticism is possible, and all attempts at stage management are

out of place. But if it is a liturgical drama, then an attempt might be made to observe some of the conventions and exigencies of a stage play. The stage itself should be kept clear of all except the performers. It should be possible for the officiating clergy and the policemen on duty to remain in their places, like the members of the *Ayuntamiento* and the Master of the Ceremonies. As it is, they interrupt the performance far more than the "Galants" and the "Citizen's Wife" in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle." Again, if the singers cannot keep in tune (and owing to the great heat and the obscurity of some of the music, no one could blame them much for losing their pitch), the euphonium player who supports them in the bass part might stay in one place, instead of following them about. The conductor, too, should be in some position where he can really direct the performance, instead of running round the stage after the singers. Above all, the Mystery wants a stage-manager, and more rehearsing than is given to it at present. The Alcalde is perfectly aware of this, and showed by his handling of the procession that he realizes what may be done in this direction, and the necessity for it. He is, too, profoundly convinced of the greatness of the Mystery as a civic festival, and is likely to do a great deal in the way of improvement.

The Mystery is so beautiful in itself and in its intention, it offers such marvellous opportunities for lovely effects of colour and grouping of the traditional masks, and such tense moments of collective emotion in a vast audience, that very little would suffice to make it a spectacle worth going to Spain to see, and Elche a place of pilgrimage for those who love colour and music all over the world.

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II

SARAGOSSA AND THE TROUBADOUR

"THE use of the appearance of things" is a metaphysical explanation of reality which is profoundly true of travel in foreign parts. It is not what we see that matters, but what use we make of it; not the impression which a place leaves on our minds, but the suggestions which it provokes in them. And the suggestions can only be the product of the new impression and something that was there before; there must have been an idea already there for the new idea to catch hold of. The ultimate reality of travel is not what one sees, but what the sights make one think of.

What does the name Saragossa suggest to one? A famous siege perhaps—but we have grown a little tired of famous sieges. Or Goya—but Saragossa does not help one to understand his art, and his frescoes in the cathedral of "Our Lady of the Pilar" are almost invisible. The cathedrals themselves—there are two of them—surely should produce some reflexion; but if they do so, they do not lead to any very interesting train of thought. The "Pilar," in spite of its fine proportions, is the ugliest church that I ever was in; there is nothing noble about it, and one carries away the impression of a pompous performance which has not been improved by whitewash and candles.

I sat for a long time watching the worship at the sacred shrine, where stands the Pilar on which Our Lady appeared to St. James on his missionary journey through Spain. There is little chance of really seeing the statue which St. James put there. I went at various times; but the place was always full of pilgrims, and sight and sense were dazzled by a blaze of candles. Worship at the shrine is utter prostration, it was truly a case of "upstair gods." Up there in Castile, I thought, people are devout, only too devout, yet they worship with dignity if not always with moderation. But here . . .

The other cathedral, the *Seo*, has the beauty of all good Gothic buildings; when your mood, the light and the music are propitious its appeal is irresistible. In the morning I thought the *Seo* unattractive, in the evening I was struck by its beauty the moment I entered it. The door on to the *Plaza* leads into the top of the north-east aisle—the points of the compass are rather confused—and I was caught up at once by the dim perspectives and lofty pointed arches, which took a new meaning in the rays of evening light streaming through the upper windows. The *Seo* wants all these things—the light of evening or early morning, and the singing; it needs all the accessories of light, colour and music before it really makes an effect or attains the proper air of mystery. It was not like the cathedral at Avila which I had just left, for that is equally beautiful in all lights. *La Seo* has much which can make it beautiful; and besides that, you feel that it has the love of the people of Saragossa, while *El Pilar* only makes them afraid. Yet . . . I walked across the *Plaza* thinking of Carducci's poem, "In una chiesa gotica":

> Addio semitico nume! Continua
> nei tuoi misteri la morte domina.

. . . and really, coming out of *La Seo*, you are almost

in Italy for a moment, for the *Lonja* just opposite is built in the style of a Florentine palace.

There is another building in something the same style as the *Lonja*; and this suggested a train of thought which occupied me all the rest of the time I stayed in Saragossa. It was the "Palace of the Giants," the town house of the Counts of Luna; and I remembered then that it is a Count of Luna who comes into "Il Trovatore," and that the scene of the opera is laid in Saragossa itself and the mountains near it. The palace where the events take place is, however, not the "Palace of the Giants," but the *Aljafería*, outside the gates of the town.[1] It is in the vestibule of the *Aljafería* that the count's retainers are waiting for him at the beginning of the first act; it is in the gardens that Leonora waits to hear the Troubadour and falls into the arms of the count by mistake. The convent near Castellar in the second act is in the mountains somewhere to the north of Saragossa, and in the third act there is a scene in the *Aljafería*, where Manrico and Leonora are talking when they hear that Azucena has been taken by the count, and Manrico rushes out to save her. And in the last act, when Leonora is outside the prison and hears the *Miserere* before the execution of Manrico, she must be standing again in the courtyard of the *Aljafería*.

The figures of opera are just as real to one as the figures of history. If anything they are more human, and they are certainly more convincing. You think of them as always existing. You can use the present

[1] Another famous and distressed damsel is connected with the Aljafería. Readers of the second part of "Don Quixote" will remember the puppet show of Maese Pedro, and that it was from the Aljafería at "Sansueño" that Melisendra (Melisande) was delivered by Don Gayferos, while the Ingenious (and excitable) Gentleman fell upon their pursuers with his sword and broke all the puppets.

tense with them ; and you know that they will always act as you have seen them act before, as soon as the magic circle of the music has been drawn round them. With historical figures it is often uncertain that they ever acted as they are supposed to have done ; while any magic which endeavours to make the figures of history alive is unpopular with modern historians, and waved aside as bad history. One of the few ways of making history alive is to visit the scene. With opera this is not necessary. Indeed, it is irrelevant. The *Aljafería* was almost entirely destroyed by the French during the siege of Saragossa in the winter of 1808-9, and what the French army left the Spanish army has whitewashed.

Antonio García Gutiérrez, whose drama was the basis of the libretto of Verdi's opera, was born in 1813 ; his "Trovador" was performed for the first time in 1836 at Madrid. He was not a native of Saragossa, but of Chiclana, near Cadiz, where he studied medicine. At Madrid he became a familiar figure at the Café del Principe ; there he used to meet his friends belonging to the circle or *tertulia* of the *Parnasillo*. It does not appear that he was ever in Saragossa himself ; but he could have become familiar with it, as it was before the siege, from any of those weighty tomes of Spanish antiquities which were printed during the eighteenth century. An ingenious wit, Antonio María Segovia, who published in 1839 a set of "Lessons in the Art of Writing Romantic Poetry," gave some advice which Gutiérrez may well have followed. "Do you wish to become celebrated?" he asks, "then dedicate yourself to *el genero romántico*, and write a drama in the following way—it will certainly give you a good deal of trouble. First of all you must imagine that your hero was born at the end of the eleventh century or thereabouts. He must be a man of somewhat strange habits and rough genius, and have a

frowning look and melancholy appearance ; but he must be possessed of an imagination that is not only lively but volcanic." This suits " Il Trovatore " very well, except that it was not the eleventh century but the fifteenth in which it is placed. There is (according to Professor Bonilla y San Martín) hardly anything definitely historical about it except the names of some of the persons, the references to the Count de Urgell, and the death of the Archbishop of Saragossa.

Gutiérrez' play has certain characters who do not appear in the opera. Leonora has a brother, Don Guillén de Sese. Manrique, the troubadour, belongs to Count Urgell's faction ; there is a rumour that he was killed at the battle of Velilla, and Leonora resolves before giving her hand to Don Nuño, Count of Luna, to enter a convent. The Troubadour, however, reappears alive and well, finds his way to Leonora, and persuades her to fly with him. They both hide in a tower in the castle of Castellar in the mountains. Meanwhile the count's men have caught Azucena, the gypsy woman who is believed to be the Troubadour's mother ; and she admits that it was she who burned the count's brother when he was a baby, in revenge for the death of her own mother. Manrique, the Troubadour, who from his prison sees what is happening to Azucena, breaks out of it in order to save her ; but he is taken prisoner and condemned to death. Leonora tries to save him, and pretends on that account to be ready to yield to the advances of the count ; but as she cannot bear to think of complying with his wishes she takes poison. The fatal dose has its effect while she is with the Troubadour, who has been set at liberty. He is led away to execution ; and when the axe has fallen Azucena tells the count that the man he has just beheaded is his own brother, whom she had carried off as a baby, leaving in his place her own

son. Thus the claims of poetic—and romantic—justice are fulfilled to the uttermost farthing.

Visiting the *Aljafería* is rather a business. One is brought up against the military machine ; and though the " competent military authority " was as polite as it was competent, the fact of having to report at headquarters and attend an orderly room reminded one harshly of things which one had come to Spain to forget. When a written order had been obtained from the commandant in the town, I went out to the *Aljafería* and presented it to the sentry, who promptly turned out the guard. How I cursed the idiot ! A sergeant appeared and led me to a little court. " Would I wait one minute ? " I waited about thirty ; but there was a band practice to entertain me, and the band was full and good like they used to be in Austria or Italy. They were playing some part of " Lohengrin " not " Trovatore " ; but after twenty minutes it melted into the " Marseillaise," and then to an incredibly luscious version of " God Save the King." Eventually an orderly appeared and we began the round. Under loads of whitewash one could make out the form of a small mosque ; above thousands of stacked rifles one could see the remains of a fine panelled *artesonado* ceiling. The prison of the Troubadour was not at all impressive, and though I peered through all the windows, from none of them was it possible to make out the Castle of Castellar.

Visiting the scene of an opera is not impressive ; its only use is to make one think of the music. And in Spain, where are the scenes of so many operas, one is always running off on a musical thought. A reminiscence of " Il Trovatore," far more real and more agreeable, was the little *Bar Azucena*—a wooden thing on wheels outside the Puerta del Portillo, and it was kept by an old woman who looked as if she might quite well have belonged to Azucena's tribe.

III

MUSIC IN THE GARDENS OF GRANADA

GRANADA is a thing for painting or for music. Words are not the proper medium in which to express it, for it is impossible to write two lines without falling back on the stock phrases of romanticism. The old clichés can hardly be avoided, for in Granada they are all true. You cannot avoid saying, for example, that it is enchanting. All Spaniards pronounce it *encantadora*, and they are quite right. But its enchanting quality is only another reason why words are inadequate as a means of expression. The words describing enchantment are always meaningless—meaningless, that is, from the point of view of ordinary conversation. They express magic by their sound rather than by their sense, which means to say that they are used for their musical value. Music has always been the only way of signifying enchantment, as Shakespeare knew. Queer clothes and cabalistic signs are the preliminaries; the magic circle itself is rounded in music. And Granada is interpreted by a music of its own—the strange, oddly-twisted melodies of *cante flamenco*—from which Albéniz, Granados, Falla and Turina have gathered inspiration, and which is the most obvious mark of their definitely Spanish outlook upon music.

The first time I met Don Manuel de Falla was on a blustering September evening at the "Villa Carmona" on the Alhambra Hill. It was the first suggestion of autumn. The tops of the Duke of Wellington's elm trees swayed in a high wind, and the pomegranate under which we were dining dropped pips in luscious, sticky envelopes on to the tablecloth. Suddenly there was a burst of rain, and every man

seized his bread, plate and glass and ran for the house ; I never realized the possibilities of a romantic situation so thoroughly as when I trod lightly on a rotten quince which was lying on the garden path. Sr. de Falla described the whole episode as a mixture of " La Soirée dans Grenade " and " Jardins sous la pluie " ; but the setting was, he added, more thoroughly Spanish than Debussy could have known, for his acquaintance with Granada was derived from books and picture postcards of the Alhambra which Sr. de Falla had shown him.

In the day-time the Alhambra is difficult to understand. It is too strange, too remote to be completely intelligible. My vision is somehow set at the wrong angle, and I have never been able to adjust it. I cannot imagine it as a scene for the " Thousand and one Nights," nor yet for the " Thousand and Three." I can hardly see the Moorish kings there, although there is a fresco of them in one of the ante-rooms of the Court of Lions. The surpassing loveliness of the views from all the windows, and the matchless beauty of the gardens of Generalife are the only parts which have any meaning. Most of the buildings seem to have no foundations, no reason. They are like music without counterpoint, or like the improvizations of a composer of exquisite pianoforte pieces, suddenly called upon to produce innumerable operas and symphonies, and having to fall back upon repetition and decoration for lack of constructive power. It was always with a sense of relief that I went into Charles V.'s palace—a noble example of real architecture. And then Sr. de Falla with Sr. Vázquez Díaz, one of the most modern of Spanish painters, took me at night. The moon was waning, but it showed about half, and covered everything with an intense, queer light which was now violet, now greenish, but emphatically not white. The atmosphere seemed friendly, familiar, not strange and

uncomfortable as in the daytime. The long tank in the Court of Myrtles stretched away into an uncertain distance; and a man with a lantern passed slowly under the arches in front of the Hall of the Ambassadors. Then I realized what had happened. The atmosphere of the Alhambra at night is the atmosphere of opera. The man moving under the arches with a lantern is a figure of countless operas, and he showed me that to understand the Alhambra as Sr. de Falla does, you must receive it in the state of mind in which you go to an opera-house. Wherever we went the effect was the same. The strange light gave everything a sense of form and veiled all ornament that was inessential. It lent to the proportions of the Court of Lions a nobility and reasonableness which they never seem to possess in the daylight. Most architecture is intended for the daytime; renaissance glories in the sun, while Gothic needs a dimness "where form is lost in vagueness." The Alhambra was built to be seen at night; it was carefully planned, I think, for that and nothing else. Parts of it which seem almost meaningless in the sunshine seem to "come off" completely at night. In the daytime it all seems vague and disconnected; at night there is a feeling of mastery and certainty about it which is quite convincing. Moonlight and Moorish art gain indefinitely by their association. From the small double windows of the palace we looked across to the houses in the Albaicín, which with their pale walls and dark gardens, with here and there a pointed cypress and the steady glow of not too many lamps, appeared as a background to all the rest—a curtain of incredible richness. Then we passed into the blackness of the bathing apartments, where the holes in the roof gave it the appearance of a firmament in which stars of more than mortal size had been hung symmetrically. It was as if the Great Architect of the Universe had for once

neglected the laws of science for the rules of decorative art, and produced a design for the cover of "Simplicissimus."

Sr. de Falla, however, enabled me to increase my imaginative perception of Granada by introducing me to its music and its guitars, not so much in folk-songs, nor yet in the gypsy entertainments got up for strangers, but in cultivated music played in private houses and gardens. One is inclined to look upon the guitar as a piece of romantic stage furniture, or as the instrument for expressing or accompanying a way of life which is essentially "Spanish." To any Englishman who has sung songs after dinner "playing on the Spanish guitar" has an irresistible suggestion of Cadiz. One has to stay in Cadiz itself before one realizes that the favourite instrument there now is not the guitar but the pianola; yet in spite of that, the tranquil beauty of the place makes it one of those one longs to revisit. During the Mystery which is performed every year at Elche, the descent of the Angel of the Annunciation in a golden swing, accompanied by a guitar, struck me at first with a feeling of incongruity, and then with the thought, "How exquisitely and beautifully 'Spanish'!"—an impression which is confirmed by the discovery that the celestial instrument was made in Seville in 1778. It is important to distinguish the guitar as almost every one can thrum upon it, from the guitar played in a musicianly way. The three or four chords which most people can manage are far from real guitar playing. In the hands of a real musician the instrument becomes a very different thing. One evening Sr. de Falla took me to a house just outside the Alhambra. In the *patio* the fountain had been muffled with a towel, but not altogether silenced; there was a light murmur of water running into the tank. Don Angel Barrios, who is part composer of the charming Goyesque

opera " El Avapiés," described in an earlier chapter of this book, sat there collarless and comfortable with a guitar across his knee. He had tuned it in flats so that in some odd way it harmonized with the running water, and was extemporizing with amazing resource and variety. Then his father joined us, and Sr. de Falla asked him if he could remember any old songs. The old gentleman sat there with eyes half closed, while the guitar kept up a constantly varied " till ready," chiefly in D flat and in B flat minor, sliding down with the characteristic " false relation " to F major. Now and again he lifted up his voice and sang one of those queer, wavering melodies of *cante flamenco*, with their strange rhythms and flourishes characteristic of Andalucía, while Sr. Barrios accompanied, sometimes thrumming simple chords, sometimes producing a sort of orchestral " melodrama," sometimes playing a counterpoint, sometimes treating the song as a recitative and punctuating it with staccato chords. Sr. de Falla wrote down those which pleased him, or those which it was possible to express in staff-notation, for one of the best of them was full of " neutral thirds and sixths " —intervals unknown and inexpressible in modern music.

My most memorable *Soirée de Grenade* was one in which music had a large share. In honour of the *Maestro* there had been a concert at the Arts Club, at which the instruments had been a trio of guitar, Spanish lute and bandore. This lute (*Laud*) has nothing in common with the lute, which, as the " instrument of all work," stood to the seventeenth century in the same relation as the pianoforte to the nineteenth or the gramophone to the twentieth. It might be described as a tenor mandoline ; it has four double strings and is played with a plectrum. The bandore (*Bandurria*) is a smaller instrument of the

same kind, tuned an octave higher. The performers gave various pieces by Albéniz and Barrios, Debussy's Minuet from the "Petite suite à quatre mains," and two works by de Falla; "Andaluza" and a dance from "El Amor brujo," full of real stuff and solid musicianship, especially the former, which was like a suite of Domenico Scarlatti, seen through an Andalucian temperament. The great charm of a trio of "twangly" instruments is that it makes the music as clear and translucent as Scarlatti played on a harpsichord. It was immensely interesting to hear the little minuet of Debussy played as transparently as if it were held up against the light—almost X-rayed, as it were—so that its workmanship was revealed far more clearly than is possible on a pianoforte. In the same way the contrapuntal ingenuity and boldly moving bass of de Falla's work was made exquisitely clear. But the memorable part of the evening began when the concert was over, and we were taken to a *Carmen* (a villa and garden), in one of the highest parts of the town, facing the Alhambra Hill. It was an enchanting place, and the word may be used deliberately because the enchantment had been most carefully planned, and art had made the utmost use of the natural possibilities and beauties of the situation. The Carmen, which belongs to D. Fernando Vilches Jiménez, is built on the site of one occupied in the seventeenth century by the painter Alonso Cano. A wide verandah runs along the front, and the garden falls away below, at first in terraces, then in a gradual slope. Half a dozen slender cypresses planted close together shelter one end of the house from the sun. The stone work is covered, but not hidden, by plants in pots, creepers, oranges, pomegranates and quinces. The musicians took their "strange lutes" to a carefully chosen spot on the terrace, out of sight of the verandah, and by the side of a pool so that the utmost resonance might

be obtained ; and there they played part of their programme over again. Some of our admiration may have been due to the unconscious and inevitable influence of the beauty of the night, and to the enthusiasm we all felt for Maestro Falla. But the experience of the exceptional moment had not altogether laid reason to sleep, and one was able to a certain extent to clarify one's impressions by analysis. In the concert room it had been clear that the trio was able to interpret music in such a way that its intimate structure was plainly revealed and the beauty or inadequacy of its workmanship easy to gauge. Here, in the "strange delight" of the garden, I realized how immensely the emotional and musical resources of guitar, lute and bandore are enchanted by the open air. It was not a case of romantic *Nachtmusik* or sentimental association, as of Bach fugues played in a darkened college chapel. There was no uncertain glimmer of star-light, but a serene and marvellous radiance. There was nothing mysterious about it ; the whole thing was most carefully staged. The hidden musicians, the tall thin cypresses, the masses of foliage and the indistinct scents which came from it, the light trickle of water even, were all carefully considered, and stage-managed with great skill by our host, Sr. Vilches. We felt that we were witnessing one of the best and most effectively produced operas which it was possible to imagine. Sr. de Falla, of course, has long realized what sort of music and what instruments are most suited to the gardens of Spain, as some people in England have learnt that the music most expressive for an English garden is to be found in unaccompanied madrigals.

Before leaving the Carmen, our host made us follow him upstairs to another verandah, just below the roof. Here we were above the tops of the cypresses, and a vast panorama presented itself: the curved backs of

the Sierra Nevada, the shadowy outline of the Alhambra Hill and its palaces, the greenish violet of the white walls bathed in moonlight with the rose-coloured blotches of the not too frequent lamps, the distant chimes, the bells to regulate irrigation, the gentle murmur of falling water. We shouted for the music of de Falla. And then, when the musicians had played till they were tired, a poet recited in a ringing voice an ode to the city of Granada. His voice rose as image succeeded image and his astonishing flow of rhetoric fell upon the stillness. What did it matter, he concluded, that the glories of the Alhambra were departed if it were possible to live again such nights as this, equal to, if not surpassing, any of the Thousand and One! He ended, and "the silence surged softly backwards." Then a clock struck four, and we stumbled down into the town over the ungainly cobbles and climbed up to the Alhambra under the Duke of Wellington's elm-trees.

Moorish art is only made intelligible by moonlight; Granada is only explained by its gardens and its guitars. The daytime is for reading or writing in a garden, or for painting in the Generalife. Sr. de Falla spent the greater part of the morning at work, though at luncheon he would surprise us with new combinations of mules and diligences to go to the Sierra Nevada. He planned one glorious excursion. Mounted on asses, followed by spare asses and asses laden with cold *tortillas*, *boquerones*, *pimientos*, bread and enormous *damajuanas*[1] of wine, we were to go into the heart of the mountains; and there "in the

[1] On hearing of the *damajuanas* a friend wrote; "*Damajuana* is interesting for a 'Demijohn.' I see Hoare refers [the Italian] *damigiana* to the French *Dame-Jeanne*. Does it refer to Pope Joan? You remember the story. . . . It is all in Casti."

Spanish etymological dictionaries derive the word from the Arabic; but the similarity to *Dame-Jeanne* is, at the least, interesting.

thin clear mirk of dawn" or the starry radiance of night, the muleteers would sing *coplas*, and de Falla would afterwards weave his exquisitely planned, firmly constructed movements about what we heard. The music is being written, but the excursion remained a plan.

EPILOGUE

THE CLOISTERS AT TARRAGONA

TARRAGONA is built on a broad headland which projects slightly, but not very much, into the Mediterranean. There is a wide, open bay, with a good harbour to the south of it, where are stacked countless barrels of "Campo de Tarragona," "Priorato," and the less choice wines which are exported to France and, it is whispered, sometimes sold there as genuine Bordeaux. Near the railway station exiled Carthusian monks prepare "l'elixir du révérend Pére Gauchet." These matters show that the trade of Tarragona is in a very flourishing condition. The town slopes up from the harbour. Standing at almost any street corner you have a view of open sea, harbour and mountains; and at the cross-roads the suddenness of the vision will take your breath away by its beauty, or a stray mule coming upon you from behind will accomplish the same purpose. A good deal of "cyclopean" wall remains, built even before the Carthaginians came. The town has been destroyed over and over again, taken by storm, burnt, looted many times before it was partly blown up and burnt by the French, after having been taken by assault at the beginning of the last century. The Tarragonese have always rebuilt their town—the old town, at any rate—and have always used the old stones. There never were any stones in Tarragona which the builders rejected. The

head-stone of the corner is just as likely to bear a Roman or Arabic inscription as any other stone anywhere else. As the Roman capital of Spain, Tarragona shows traces of what would be expected—amphitheatre, "residence," temples; the aqueduct is not missing, and its ruddy arches standing up in the middle of the luxuriant fields have a beauty and decorative value not possessed by all "remains," historical or archæological. There is a pleasant fiction that Pontius Pilate was born here; and there is accordingly a "Torreón de Pilatos," part of which is undoubtedly Roman and may have been the palace in which Augustus lived when he passed a winter in Tarragona.

I walked along the broad terrace leading up to the Tower of Pilate—a terrace with a view of the coast and the wide expanse of the Mediterranean comparable with that seen from Taormina or Syracuse. I entered the town walls by the Gate of St. Anthony, and slipped into the cathedral. They sing well, with elasticity and good phrasing, qualities which may come to them from their folk-song; at all events, they made the plain-song sound like what they sang in the street. The cathedral is sober, majestic, rather heavy, but it has unity of conception and design, and is, in its interior, an artistic whole. The severity and hardness of outline were to a certain extent relieved by the red cassocks of the singers; but the choir itself was desolate, too grey, too severe, and there was an abominable wooden calvary planted in the middle of it. On feast days when the cathedral is hung with tapestry, it must be more attractive; but the Mediterranean clearness was too much for it as it stood, for Gothic architecture cannot stand the sunshine. And then I realized what was wrong. The cathedral is built where a temple once stood. Artemis of the Haven has been worshipped there; and where

the Greek gods have made men happy all other religions ring false. Gothic cathedrals in England and France succeed in conveying the air of mystery, the atmosphere of devotion, because of the symbolic value of their architecture. They aspire through gloom to a heaven that is unexplored, and have never known the clearness of another view—a view where the gloom is of the future and not of the present, and where there is no need to explore heaven when earth is full of light and colour, if not always of human happiness. The same end is attained by the Gothic cathedrals of Castile, where an Olympian peace of mind was won by unquestioning acceptance of doctrines which it was not worth while to reject, and the uncompromising yellow sunlight was carefully excluded from the repulsive models of human suffering, the symbolic representation of the life of the soul. But here . . . ? No ; I shuddered. The beautiful renaissance sculpture on some of the tombs was not enough to make up for the dreariness of the place, and I fled to the cloisters.

Here the feeling was different at once. Catalonia is full of fine cloisters ; Gerona and Ripoll, Barcelona, Montserrat and Vich. They cannot, perhaps, be compared with those of San Paolo Fuori or of Monreale. But they show that sense of form—of symphonic form, it might fairly be called—and they have the background of bright sunlight and blue sky. In the middle is a garden ; lemons and oleanders, palms and fountains, with low box hedges dividing the space into formal patterns, and one lone cypress growing not quite in the middle. On the roof are gay flowering plants in pots, and behind them again the intense blue of the Mediterranean sky. The whole thing seemed unspeakably alive and happy. The cloisters are built in groups of three small romanesque arches enclosed in a larger pointed one, of which the upper

part is filled in, except for two small round windows. Queer things are sculptured on the capitals: rats burying a cat which suddenly rises from the dead and devours them; bishops skinning a pig, and wearing their mitres and robes while they do it. There are chapels here and there opposite the windows. One, in the oldest corner, the *arx* of the Roman city, seemed still to be the shrine of Artemis; one side of it was hung with little anatomical models in wax—*Lenis Ilithyia, tuere matres*! I thought. But she did not attract the young and healthy who were walking or sitting about the cloisters. The image of the "Virgen de la Guia" (the "Guide" of Seamen?) looked rather neglected; her crown was crooked, as if from tossing her head at the folly and superstition of men. The ladies in the cloister were interested in other things. One side was obviously used for making appointments; the gazelle-like creatures in their mantillas sat under the little round arches, in attitudes of the Madonna enthroned, fanning themselves and saying "no" to elegant young officers in uniform and exquisitely turned-out young men. Farther along were other women in plain black, and men in the blue smocks of countrymen. A light wind stirred the lemons and palms in the garden, while from the cathedral came the miserable droning of an interminable litany. The singing, which had seemed so good when I first went into the cathedral, had no beauty and no meaning when heard from the cloister. I looked at the door which led into the cathedral. There was a lovely Byzantine column in the middle of it—lovely but repulsive. The door looked like the Gate of Darkness itself. I turned away in disgust and walked a little way along the cloister. There was another door which I had not noticed before; it led into a little porch and then into the sunshine. I could see yellow houses and sky, and a streak of very blue sea at the end of

a long street. Other cloisters have affected me like music ; they have the underlying form, the pattern which recurs, the details which are infinitely varied. Through the windows you look out on the world from a place where all is tranquil and well ordered. The cloister seemed to be a picture of the life of Tarragona throughout the ages. Men and women entered it from the darkness of the cathedral. They met with constant diversions as they walked round it—beautiful or amusing things to look at, queer shrines and superstitions and a place where they made appointments. But they were led back to the door by which they had entered, the door with the beautiful, grotesque, foolish carvings ; the door which they could not see until they came right up to it, and which led to the dismal singing and the blackness : " Down to the lamentable house of death." There was the other door, which led out into the sunlight ; but they had passed it by at the very beginning, and it never occurred to them now that there might be another way out.

I bathed and swam lazily about in a tepid, sticky sea which was so blue that I almost expected it to stain me. The effort of swimming in a heavy, clinging *traje de baño* is not unlike that with which you disentangle Greek or Roman or Renaissance ornament embedded in a Gothic church. How I envied those happy, shameless pagans bathing without *trajes* farther along the coast !

As the sun drew near to setting the harbour looked like a dish of mercury, and the fishing-boats came in as slowly as if it had really been a dish of mercury after all. The whole population collected on the *paseo* along the cliff, with soldiers and fishermen gazing at the sea and expectorating with deadly precision on to a projecting rock, hundreds of feet

below. The sky changed colour in blocks and bands, as if scenery were being shifted, and suddenly it all faded away and grew dark.

And beautiful creatures walked up and down under the trees, and the little hands of babes and sucklings learned to open their fans in invitation and close them with a contemptuous click.

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